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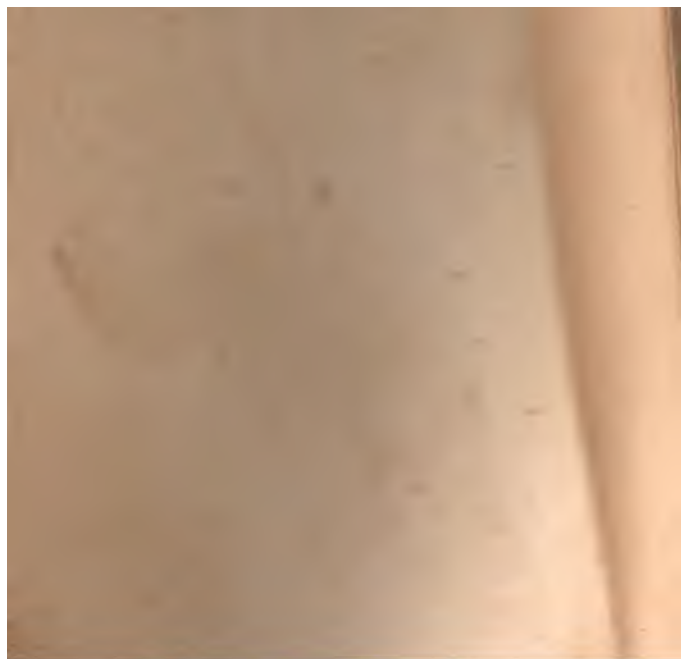
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FRANK ORBY.

A NOVEL.

VOL. I.

FRANK ORBY.

A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ONE OF THE DEANS.

THE DEAN OF ST. MARTIN'S, LONDON.

LONDON.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1840.

VOL. I.

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JOHNSON AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

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A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

"A youthful passion which is conceived, and entertained, without any fixed object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night: it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix, and even to dwell for a moment with the stars; but at length it falls and bursts, and its most terrible effects are produced on the spot where its course terminates.

GÖETHE.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

BYRON.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRINTED BY H. E. CARRINGTON, CHRONICLE OFFICE, BATH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

OF NATURAL HISTORY

IN LONDON

1851

THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, LONDON.

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PREFACE.

"WHO comes there? Advance, and give an account of yourself"—was the call of the sentries during the Peninsular War, to strangers who approached the piquets. The same challenge may be made to the interloper who appears on the confines of literature, and be received with more trepidation, than the appeal to the wanderer at the outposts; nor is the answer to so plain a question of easy solution. With the diffidence natural to all persons on appearing first in print, the author has pressing on him the consciousness of his own inability, that seems to point out as his best course to describe himself by negatives, and, by confessing his defects, deprecate the *fury* of criticism.

He acknowledges with grief, his ignorance of the prevailing topic of the day, or to be able to gratify curiosity by details of the indefinable region of Haut Ton; he cannot state with precision what was the exact conversation between an exquisite that is, and a divorcée to be, that took place on any given evening last season, in the press-room of the Opera; neither can he repeat verbatim the dialogue between a fashionable lady of Belgrave square, and her Marchande de Modes.

Of antiquities, as applied to novel writing, he is so deplorably ignorant as to be incapable of stating the simple fact, if the maids of honour of Anne Boleyn ate their bread and butter off trenchers, or by manual application alone, and whether the fardingale of Catherine Parr was of *velours cramoisi*, or damask of Tours; neither can he take upon him to say with certainty if the sun set "in a soft and melancholy glory" behind the Hartz mountains on any particular evening three hundred years ago.

Should the detail of a few events of every day life which have fallen within his own notice, though badly related, meet with any degree of favour, or should he succeed in raising a laugh in those hard times, the Author's views will have been quite fulfilled.



FRANK ORBY.

CHAP. I.

It was neither in the smiling month of May, nor the more genial one of June, that this history opens;—February, the variable and, in this particular year, the dull and melancholy, was the “time when”—the “place where,” the large country and market town of B——, which, never very lively in its external appearance, was now wrapt in additional gloom, under the effects of a great thaw; avalanches occasionally descended from the sloping roofs, to the alarm even of those defended by umbrellas, while the pendant icicles displayed their tearful noses, drawn out beyond reasonable proportion by the returning mildness of the time; here and there, were seen divers maids mounted on pattens, sedulously employed in scraping and *brooming*

away the remains of ice and snow from the foot-paths into the middle of the road, (under the terrors of municipal law, rigidly enforced by the High Bailiff,) where it was combined with heaps of unmelted snow, contrasted with black ashes, laid out at different times for the safety of the lieges, the whole gradually blending into one mass of discoloured puddle, affording no sort of pleasure, unless to the house sparrows and inn-keeper's pigeons that seemed to enjoy the relaxation of nature on their behalf. A sort of drizzling rain had been succeeded by a thick mist which, if neither so yellow or palpable as the London *particular*, was sufficiently dense to throw additional discomfort on the scene. At the entrance of the principal street, a figure was seen, *looming large* in the fog, making its way with some rapidity and great steadiness through the sloppy weather that surrounded it. On near approach, it was ascertained to be of the genus *homo*, and of that species designated as true blue, deduced in the first instance from externals. The coat and pantaloons were of that particular tinge well known on the quarter deck of most ships, and the upper man was farther cased in a spencer of solid materials, and of the like hue; the

seat of knowledge was surmounted by a beaver the breadth of whose brim was of that particular extent chosen by old general officers and persons who have served in Government offices; the lower extremities of the personage being guaranteed from the insinuating propensities of snow-water, by a pair of the lately invented caoutchouc *papooshes*. A certain smile of satisfaction seemed to rest on his countenance, that formed a striking contrast with the ruefulness of the weather, whether arising from some late pleasing intelligence, or the satisfaction he felt in possessing a new ly published number of the *Quarterly Review*, which he carried under his arm, and most likely was enjoying by anticipation the pleasure he would have, after cutting the leaves, of fortifying his principles by the perusal of some orthodox articles on politics. It is however time to say who it is that we have taken in hand. Mr. Reginald Orby, was the second son of Lucias Orby, Esq. of Selby Hall, situated within three miles of the town in which we have opened the scene. As soon as he had finished his education; young Reginald was, by the interest of the family, placed as a clerk in the Treasury, from whence he rose by slow,

but sure degrees, through various changes, until he had arrived at the full dignity of Commissioner of one of the Public Boards, and he had enjoyed the situation for a long course of years, until its final suppression about ten months before the commencement of this history. From his long services, Mr. Orby was allowed superannuation, nearly equal to the full receipts of his salary, which left him no reason to regret parting with the delights of making red tape ligatures for official documents, or affixing his signature to the eternal, "I have the honour to be."

The office he had held previous to that of Commissioner had been found sufficient, in a pecuniary point, for all his wants; he was therefore enabled to put aside the increased income derived from his new office, as a fund to provide for his children, aided by the produce of a small estate he derived from a maternal uncle. Having thus shewn how well he was situated in worldly matters, it is hardly fair to leave him in the street. He soon reached the door of his domicile and, with the aid of a well polished brass knocker, beat his one, two, three, which found a corresponding echo in the hearts of all

the inmates. Having got rid of his walking incumbrances in the hall, he thought he would, before proceeding to his own room to devour the pages already alluded to, take a peep into the drawing room, to see what the ladies were about, that is to say, his wife and three daughters. On his entering the room, the lady of the house addressed him,—“ Well, my dear Mr. Orby, I am glad to see you come back, it is such an uncomfortable day to be out, I hope you have not taken cold ; did you try the India rubber caloshes ?” “ Yes ; I found them rather hot for the feet, but an excellent defence against the snow, as I have come home from the reading room quite dry.” “ I knew you would be delighted with them,” replied his spouse, “ it is the finest invention in the world ; I told Pritchard to send me two pair for each of the girls, and two for myself.” “ My dear,” said the husband, a little alarmed, “ do you not think that is more than you will require ? you had better send word you only want half that quantity, as those things are not liable to wear out ; it would take you more than your probable life’s extent to get through them, particularly, as for a great part of the year there is no snow, and some years none at all.” “ Very true, my

dear," said Mrs. Orby, "but then consider what a bargain I get by taking so many pairs; Pritchard takes off two shillings on consideration of the number, and you know that in all kinds of wet weather they will be of use." "Your argument, my dear," said her husband, "is as well founded as that of the Yorkshire fabricator of cork legs, who persuaded a friend of mine who lost his limb in the Peninsular war, to take two artificial ones from him, saying that one leg was £50, but he might have two for £80, and when some one asking what use he would make of the spare leg, a wag, who was present, said it would do for a change, when he got his feet wet." Having gained a sort of triumph by this little anecdote, Mr. Orby made his retreat directly, not anxious, perhaps, to let his argument with his better half extend farther.

The tenour of Mr. Orby's official life was so monotonous, that he looked forward with some impatience in the early part of his career to the four weeks in summer, when he was allowed to escape from the trammels of the desk, and run into the country. In one of these flying excursions, he paid a visit to an old college friend of his father's, who had frequently invited him to

his deanery in the north. He was received with all the hospitality he could have expected. Dean Villiers had lost his wife some years, which had been a grievous infliction on him. Being partial to a domestic and retired life, he had, in some measure, consoled himself by the care with which he brought up an only daughter. He had been, in the course of some visits he had made in the early part of his matrimonial career, disgusted with the manner in which the forced accomplishments of some young ladies were brought forward, and was so annoyed with their French, Italian, and Music, that he vowed his own daughter should never be infected with what he called vile quackery. He consequently brought her up in a way altogether the reverse. His plan was to make her a good wife and mother, to be well instructed in all the arts of housekeeping; and the little reading with which she was to indulge, was to be of the most useful and practical nature.

It was presiding at her father's table, that Mr. Orby first saw Miss Villiers, and being something of an utilitarian himself, he was much struck with what he supposed a similarity of taste, and made such use of his *holidays*, that before

he returned to London, the principal points were settled, and the Dean promised to bring his daughter to town, when the intimacy might be ripened into a more close connexion. All things followed in due course; when the principal parties are willing, and fathers not averse, a great deal can be done in a short time. Before many weeks had elapsed, Mr. Orby was made happy by receiving from her father the hand of Miss Julia Villiers. He found soon after entering into the *blessed state*, that the prognostics he had made were amply fulfilled; no house could be better managed, it was the regularity of clock work; the lady was so intimately versed in all the mysteries of butchery, baking, grocery, &c. that her husband never found his annual bill under those seven heads of expenditure, vary above a few shillings. He was delighted, and for some time had no doubt on his enjoyment. At length, one slowly developed itself, which in a certain degree neutralised some of the perfections, alluded to, although it arose from the same source;—guess reader what it was—his wife delighted in making bargains; from this arose a passion for attending auctions, where her face became so well known, that a

seat was generally reserved for her, and it was a pleasure for a spectator to see how her eye lighted up in that extatic moment for a bidder, when the approving nod is given to the man of the hammer. At first, Mr. Orby was rather amused at the collection of odd things that were sent home, but as the passion seemed only to increase, like many others, by enjoyment, he began to be alarmed, both for his purse, and for elbow room in his own house; he thought it time to remonstrate, and a very serious scene, with accompaniment of tears took place. He, however, was firm in his determination, and the good lady thought it best to slacken her pace, although she secretly resolved not quite to give up so pleasing a pursuit, which she was likewise convinced was an useful one. The cares however of a family began to intervene, and for some years, while looking after the education of her daughters, the auction mania slumbered, but was not extinct. In her father's house the limited education she had received, never rose up in judgment against her; in fact they saw so little company, that she was not aware how deficient she must appear in more general society.

A slight knowledge of ancient history, some

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lines of poetry, got by heart from Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, with the perusal of the *Spectator*, and some other worthies of the same class, which her father brought to her notice, were all the stores of book learning she possessed; but her time had been amply employed by studies which her father judged more appropriate to the female mind. The whole mysteries of the sempstress, including the finer needlework, and the profound science of managing a family, were made familiar to her mind; but as to modern sciences, natural history, the progress of the fine arts, or the numberless subjects that now form the topics of ladies' conversation, she was profoundly ignorant. Of geography she had not even the most imperfect idea, and the whole produce of the circulating library had been interdicted at the Deanery. No wonder then, that when she came to mix with general society in London, she became aware of her own defects, observing that she often brought a blush on her husband's face, by the mistakes she made about the most common incidents mentioned in the course of conversation. With this conviction strong upon her, no wonder that she should become anxious that her girls should pursue another course, and she

firmly resolved they should have a first rate education. The means pursued to obtain that end were, perhaps, doubtful, but she guided herself by the example of others, whom she had reason to suppose were best calculated to furnish an example.

Music it was determined should be a leading article in the list of accomplishments, both because every body either played, or talked of it, and that she knew nothing about it herself. Another cause existed which was, that during the height of the auction fever she had attended the sale of a decayed musician, and there purchased a grand and a square piano forte and harp; the only excuse she had to make to her husband being, at the time, that they were handsome articles of furniture, and would be of value in case of any visitors who might be inclined to make use of them. She now saw through the vista of time, a triumphant proof of her foresight, in having procured for her own daughters these instruments at so cheap a rate. The resolution no sooner formed, than it was carried into effect. After consulting Mr. Orby as to the propriety of the scheme, and receiving some hints from a dear friend of the advantages that might

be gained in improving the *carriage* of the girls concurrent with their progress in the fine arts, the three unfortunate victims of maternal care and musical torment were perched on tall and shallow seated cane chairs, with the back leaning forward, which held the unfortunate patients in a constant effort to keep the back perpendicular, and in that constrained posture began their *sol, fa* rudiments.

The two eldest, Jane and Emma, being endowed with rather more powerful frames, resisted the paralyzing effects of this nursery machine and the muscles of their backs soon acquired a degree of rigidity, that made them look when they walked, as if they had swallowed the fire irons. Poor Charlotte, the youngest, whose form was more delicate, and whose tiny fingers could as yet scarce reach an octave on the instrument, began soon to feel the debilitating effects of this unnatural posture. Her strength gave way, the colour left her cheek, and her father becoming alarmed at her altered appearance, consulted a medical man, who gave his opinion that the spine was injured by the unequal power of the muscles to support the constrained posture in which she was placed for so many hours in the

day—recommended the torture to be abolished, and to repair the injury already inflicted, that the young lady should be sent to the country for change of air, at the same time recommending her to go to the famous spine shop in Leicestershire; he also advised some relaxation to the other two damsels, but on enquiring he found that they had obtained that desirable rigidity, which the Indian Faquirs are so anxious to gain, and that it would now be more easy to break their backs than to bend them: they consequently were allowed to continue their daily labour, while their sister was sent to the country; this consisted in two hours work before breakfast, as many afterwards, and all the evening after tea.

Such a system of drill, which almost all girls now undergo, must be, to those who have little or no taste for music, the most repulsive drudgery, between the ages of twelve and sixteen; then, however, they begin to see their way, learn to look upon it as an attraction, and consequently follow up their rudiments with rather more alacrity; to work their way through the labyrinth of chords, and to devote in music, some attention to father Time, whom on all

other occasions they have an antipathy to think of, until at last the Cramers, the Bochsas, the Kalkbranners and Crivellis are let loose, to put the finishing hand to these wonders who are declared fit for dishing up at *Soirees*; but shall we ask rather a malicious question, how many of these fair exhibitors cultivate music for its own sake? To this acme of professional excellence, Mrs. Orby had brought her two eldest daughters, before leaving London; pitying her youngest, the loss she had sustained by rather a prolonged sojourn at Hinkley. But she might have saved her feelings on this account, as her youngest daughter, who was the only one of the three that had a real taste, cultivated music for the pleasure it gave. She did not therefore fail to profit by the means afforded her in the country; and although she could not equal her sisters in the rapidity of execution they possessed, yet was she sure to have more attentive auditors when she sat down to play, or sing, to the infinite surprise of her mother, and something of envy on the part of her sisters.

French and Italian were not forgotten in the system, whilst drawings of every description were *attempted*. Mr. Orby who looked on the

whole arrangement with doubtful aspect, and who in his own person was a victim of regularity, had his feelings constantly put to the test by the litter that was made in the house. The drawing-room seemed to be something between a toy-shop, a repository of lambs' wool comforters, and a paper-stainer's gallery; the dining room, where was the square piano forte of *all work*, was strewn over with loose sheets of music; while the breakfast parlour, which was chosen as head-quarters for the harp, and the station for foreign languages, was equally incumbered with arpeggios, tuning keys, dog-eared romances of Madame de Genlis, and scraps of the "*soft bastard latin*," culled from the pages of Tasso or Ariosto. The poor gentleman used to felicitate himself that he had at least one port of refuge from all this frippery, and was consequently very jealous of any irruption on the quiet of his *own* room. Mr. Orby was looking forward daily with the hope of seeing the wonders of education, and hailing the farewell visits of the finishing masters, when the regulation was promulgated that placed him with others on the shelf, and it was only left for him to fix on his new abode. Mrs.

Orby wished for Cheltenham, but he preferred the town of B——, as being in the immediate neighbourhood of his elder brother, who possessed the family estate, and was endeared to him beside by being the theatre of most of his youthful pleasures, when he returned home at the period of vacations. All the houses and some of the inhabitants were familiar to his recollection, and to this scene of his boyish hopes he resolved to remove. He therefore advertised for sale the lease of his house, and furniture, and flattered himself with the hope of getting rid at the same time of all his wife's bargains; but in this he reckoned without his *hostess*, as many of her articles of *taste* she would not part with for *the world*. Enough however was allowed to go to the hammer, to increase very considerably the limits of the catalogue, and to cause a degree of shame to Mr. Orby, and surprize to the bidders, in finding so many duplicate articles in a gentleman's house. Quantities of blankets, and floor cloths, several whole pieces and remnants of silk, crape, and calicoes, cruet stands by the dozen, four sets of breakfast china, six work boxes, ten tea trays, unconscious of gossip, and seven

pairs of bellows, now for the first time employed to raise the wind, with or-molu clocks, brackets, and old china, *ad infinitum*. Many jokes were passed on this collection, and hints thrown out, that either Mr. Orby was connected with smugglers, or in partnership with some pawnbroker.

At length he turned his back on his care, and old china, by taking his departure from the modern Babylon. A house had been previously taken for him by his brother's steward. He was to have the furniture at a valuation, and when he arrived at B——, he had no further trouble than to walk into his new mansion; where, however, his tranquillity was disturbed for a few days by the news of the death of his father-in-law the Dean, who had gone off suddenly, leaving his fortune to be equally divided between his grand-daughters, when they came of age. Jane was now about nineteen, and Emma a year younger. They were both tall in stature, of fair complexions, with dark hair and eyes, good tempered and pleasant girls, and possessed of a certain degree of habitual grace, which, however, was strangely counteracted by the unnatural *perpendicularity* they had ac-

quired on the cane-backed chair of musical repentance; this threw an air of constraint over most of their actions, which their mother thought was the perfection of good breeding. Charlotte, the youngest, was under sixteen, not promising to be so tall as her sisters, and of rather more delicate form, arising perhaps in some degree from what she had suffered in her piano-forte training, and which was luckily taken in time to make her avoid deformity. She had before her arrival in B—— regained her strength and good looks, which was such as to draw forth the remark of all strangers of what a sweet pretty young girl she was, in contrast with her sisters. Her hair was of that pale golden colour, perhaps prized much on account of its rarity. Her face rather more round than oval, with fine colour in her cheeks, that added force to the laughing expression of beautiful blue eyes. The promise afforded by her speaking features was not belied, as never was there a more kind or cheerful creature than Charlotte Orby.

In devoting so much to the account of the fair part of the family, we had nearly forgotten that there was a male branch, and an only son.

Philip Orby stood in point of age between his two elder and his younger sisters. He was a strange sort of boy, exhibiting from his earliest years the most decided turn for all sorts of mischief, which he practised under his paternal roof, to the great annoyance of the family, until it was time for him to go to school. He was placed as a boarder with Mr. Ridgway, who had an establishment about a mile out of town, of the most respectable description, and over which he had presided for many years. Here the youth soon passed all his fellows in practical jokes, tricks on his comrades, and plunder of orchards. To the usher he was a perfect torment, filling his pockets with caterpillars, grubs, and cock-chafers, pinning his coat to the chair, boring holes in his desk, and either burning his papers with gunpowder, or deluging them with water; correction seemed quite thrown away, and all the complaints made to his father only seemed to tend the opposite way. He had acquired a degree of manual dexterity in his tricks that came near to legerdemain, while in all the courtesies of life, and at table, he was *gauche* and awkward to a degree. It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction to his father, and

to the manifest delight of his master and assistants, that the intelligence arrived of the youth's being appointed as a volunteer of the first class, on board of one of his Majesty's ships, then fitting out at Portsmouth, where he was to join, and his friends hoped that his wild oats, scattered on the sea, would not produce any evil crop. He had set out on his travels and voyages a short time before this history opens, and for some time there had been no intelligence from him; the ship having gone to a foreign station, his father hoped all would yet be well, and that if he passed through the career of midshipman with approbation, he might, by his interest, get him on rapidly in the profession. He had further satisfaction in knowing the first lieutenant of the ship, who on a former occasion had been indebted to Mr. Orby for his appointment as lieutenant, and from whom he had received the strongest promises of protection and favour for young Philip.

CHAP. II.

ON the day we introduced the family of Mr. Reginald Orby to the notice of our readers, two young Oxonians, who were about to lose that distinction, had cottoned down to their bottle of claret, after dinner, at Long's Hotel, in Bond street. They were both nearly of an age, had been school-fellows at Harrow, and both afterwards entered at the same college at Oxford. From early association and similar tastes, they had soon formed an intimate acquaintance, which had ripened with their years into sincere friendship. They had just bade adieu to the University, and were about to travel together. Francis Orby, was the only son of Mr. Orby, the eldest brother of the gentleman before mentioned, and possessor of the family estate; and, before describing the person or disposition of his son, it

is proper to say a few words of his parent and the head of the house. Mr. Lucius Orby, the eldest of three brothers, came into the world, contrary to the general custom of eldest brothers, endowed with great powers of both body and mind, and as he grew up, was the delight of his parents, as well as one of the wonders of the surrounding country, as a prodigy of precocity.

When first placed at school, the lessons which were matters of difficulty to his brothers and school-fellows, seemed but mere amusements; they were taken up by him with a rapidity which astonished his masters. He seemed by an intuitive glance to catch at once the subject before him, and, with scarcely an effort, to make himself master of it. To a form of the greatest symmetry was added extraordinary muscular power, rapidly developed as he grew up, that left him no competitor in all the manly games and exercises of youth. No one had any chance with young Orby in running, leaping, cricket or tennis; to this he added a perfect knowledge of horsemanship. He was, in fact, both in bodily and mental qualifications, quite beyond the usual run of young men, and ought to have had

an education apart, to give his talents scope. Finding that the tasks and lessons, which occasioned such labour to his fellows, were gained by him with scarcely any, he put off learning them until the last hour, and the intervals he thus gained were not, unfortunately, always turned to the most profitable uses, and served, in a great measure, to nourish a degree of indolence, which he naturally inherited, and that served all through his after life as a drawback on his talents and acquirements, that, from want of proper direction, in some useful and steady course, became frittered away in the generality of the objects that he pursued. In this way he passed through school, combining with a good deal of what was useful a considerable proportion of the frivolous, and the same course he followed at Oxford, where he became noted as a sort of polyglot genius, and was equally well known amongst the convivial parties and lovers of the chace. Having lost both his parents at an early age, he came at once into possession of his fortune on leaving the University, and this liberty to choose, gave still farther stimulus to the desultory nature of his studies.

Having taken a great fancy for music, he be-

gan with the violin, and made such rapid progress on that difficult instrument, that he might have been expected to obtain perfection; but happening to hear at a music meeting a solo beautifully played on the flute, he was immediately ambitious to do the like, and had well nigh succeeded, when a treatise on thorough bass fell into his hands; he immediately sat down to the piano forte, with a professor, to make himself master of the thing. In drawing it was the same. Possessing an instinct knowledge of the beauties of nature, he filled his portfolio with unfinished sketches; here the trees of a wood only half finished, there a belfry, deploring the absence of mother church, whilst in single figures, would be found a hero, minus an arm or a leg. Having a great fancy in every thing to please his own taste and take it for a guide, he chose the seventh daughter of a poor clergyman in his neighbourhood for a wife, being one day struck with the graces of her attitude and person in playing at, what had just come in as a fashionable game, the Devil on the Sticks. Not every man that would choose a wife for her playing the devil; but Mr. Orby had no reason to complain of his choice, as he found his helpmate kind and affectionate,

to wise interfering with his hobbies ; and when he lost her, at an early period of his marriage, he vowed himself to celibacy for the remainder of his life, devoting his family cares to bring up his only son, whom we have just now left absorbing his claret, and seated opposite to his friend, George Stafford.

“ Well, Frank,” said the latter, “ what do you think of young Broderick, that you got a glimpse of before dinner ?”

“ Oh,” said his friend, “ I thought him pretty well ; but where did you pick him up, and what are you going to do with him ?”

“ You shall hear. Last summer I had made a party to go down with some friends to eat white bait at Greenwich, but being obliged to do some business for my father in the city, I said I could not leave town with them, but should find my way there before dinner. After transacting my father’s business, and finding that the tide was running down, I took a wherry at the Custom-house, and pursued my way rapidly with the stream. When nearly abreast of Greenwich, I observed a boat a little a-head of us, tenanted also by a solitary individual, that seemed to be going right in the way

of a steamer, that was coming up the river at a slapping pace. The waterman who had charge of my precious body, pulled as hard as he could to get clear of the wake of this moving machine, and my attention was so taken up, that I did not remark the situation of the other boat, to which my notice was first called by hearing her hailed from the steamer. On casting a glance, I observed the wherry to be within the influence of the swell thrown up by the paddles. As the waterman seemed embarrassed and in danger, I made my fellow pull towards her, to offer assistance in case of need. We had scarcely done so, when I observed the strange wherry fill by the stern and go down. I was near enough to see that the passenger, whoever he was, could not swim. I, therefore, threw off my coat, and having only shoes on, I leaped out of them into the water in a moment. You know I used often to practise swimming with part of my clothes on, and at present felt no embarrassment. Not seeing any thing of the person I was in search of, I was about to dive, when I saw the end of one of the sculls rise above the water, and across it the figure of a man. I seized it with one hand, as an additional support, and was lucky enough

with the other to catch the person, whoever he was, by the hair, and held him until, by the assistance of my waterman, we were both lifted into the wherry, and brought on shore at Greenwich. The boatman swam to our wherry. My watery friend had suffered so much, either from fright or suffocation, that he appeared insensible. I had him carried up to the inn, put to bed, and a medical man sent for.

“I myself followed the example; borrowing one of the landlord’s shirts, I had my clothes sent down to dry off my visit to father Thames, and when thus amusing myself in idea with the adventure, I was told my new friend was beginning to shew signs of life. As this affair had occurred some little time before dinner, I had got up and put on my dried clothes before the arrival of my friends by land. They were much interested in the adventure, and we all went to see the patient, who was now able to sit up in his bed, to digest some hot brandy and water and dry toast that had been administered to him. As soon as he learned to whom he was indebted for his safety, he overwhelmed me with his gratitude and thanks; said he should remain that night at Greenwich, by the advice of his doctor,

“The next morning brought him
to my lodgings, in Bury street, and
ed that the senior was Mr. Broderic
been famous in days of yore for su
East and West Indies with prese
meats, cherry brandy, and other go
and in recompense for many years o
amassed a princely fortune, with wh
tired from the *sweets* of trade a few y
He had been left a widower; his only
had been married to a celebrated fox-
a midland county, and had materiall
to keep his establishment on good foo
his only son was the youth I had prev
taking up his lodgings in the Thames

“You may imagine how I was ov
with all these good people’s gratitud
nial would be taken to my dining wit

er the first flood of thanks, &c. had gone by, as much struck with the kindness and *bonnie* of the old gentleman and his son, the son of whom has, in a manner, thrown himself under my protection, and I have undertaken the task, not of bear leader, but helping to bring the truth forward in the world; his father having what he calls made a man of him, by settling a large fortune which he wishes to know how to spend. He has such confidence in me, that I could coin him into money; but I wish to put him on his guard against all the false friends that he may meet with, and he comes this evening to consult me on his progress. My father, who is now confined to his house in Essex, had entrusted me with some business, which was the occasion of my visit to the city on the day I mentioned.

"You know the *Governor* is long-headed in matters of business, and seeing that the fanaticism of the saints was likely to draw ruin on all West India property, he commissioned me to try, in the quietest way possible, to get rid of a mortgage for him for £10,000, which he held on one of the best estates in Jamaica; knowing the connection these Brodericks must have had

with the West, I confided my mission to the old gentleman, who entered warmly into the cause, and, by good management, procured the sale on terms that I could not have looked for, and some thousands more than could have been possible to procure in a week afterwards. Of course, my papa was well satisfied with the result. I told him of my acquaintance and how it began. In consequence, as soon as my father could come up to town, he went to visit Mr. Broderick, and a certain degree of intimacy has been cultivated. I did not tell you of all this previously," continued Mr. Stafford, "as I don't like much to be the hero of my own tale, and besides, that adventure in which you and I were engaged near Woodstock quite drove the thing out of my head; but here I think my new friend is coming up stairs."

On entering, Mr. Broderick was introduced to Mr. Orby, and it was intimated to him, that being Mr. Stafford's most intimate and particular friend, any thing that passed in conversation would be perfectly confidential.

"You recollect, Frank," continued Stafford, "that I would not let you stay with me at Oxford when I was detained after term by the hurt of

my leg in hunting; in place of you, Mr. Broderick had the kindness to come down, and undertake the office of nurse, and in the way of conversation, I told him much of our manner of living, so that he will not be at a loss to understand some of our peculiar language, should we chance to make use of it, and he knows besides several anecdotes and names of persons that are familiar to you and me."

A fresh bottle of claret and olives being called for, the business which brought Mr. Broderick to visit them came to be canvassed, and many were the projects broached among three young men, none of whose ages exceeded 22, and who were all three in a great measure independent in circumstances.

"I yesterday returned," said Broderick, "from Northamptonshire, where I had been to see an estate for sale. The house is of moderate size, and would answer me very well, as it is a sporting country; and with that further in view, I went this morning to Tattersall's to see a pack of harriers which I have taken a fancy for."

"I put a veto on your project at once," said Stafford.

"Why?"

“Why, because you talk of going into an old county; what do you mean by an old county? one where they are all old settlers, and don’t like to see interlopers, or *nouveaux riches* come amongst them. No, no; you must have nothing north of London. Choose between Sussex, Hants, and Wilts, there you will find plenty to keep you in countenance, and who, with their wives and marriageable daughters, will hail your arrival with joy. You will here meet in *retirement*, the former commissary and army clothier, the apothecary to the Forces, and the one who administered to the weaknesses; those ornaments of the squirearchy, the Turkey fig merchant, and Russia tallow factor *en retraite*, with the ex-linen draper, and silversmith; people, who from having been in the Sedentary Militia, or Volunteers, stick smoke jacks in their servants’ hats, and call themselves Colonel. You will also meet with the consumers of mulligatawny, with their tallow faces, adust livers, and fourteen-year-old Madeira. You will qualify as a dispenser of the laws, will see your name in print, as forming part of the great unpaid, and, finally, have your ears delighted in listening to the

magnates of those provinces, loan contractors, and bankers, while they lecture delinquent attorneys at quarter sessions, and present, with proud humility, the report of the visiting justices. As a climax of your rural felicity, you may some day feel yourself titillated with the pleasing sensation of being pricked for sheriff, and the chance of becoming, for the time being, the greatest man in the county, greater, as Justice Shallow's man says, 'than Goodman Puff of Barson.' "

"Come, come, George," said Orby, "you are too much of a caricaturist; but," turning to Mr. Broderick, "there is, amongst my friend's ridicule, a good deal of what is just; and I must start my objections to your harrier project. Do you think any young man about town, my friend Stafford here, or myself, for example, would go sixty or seventy miles into the country to hunt with your harriers? No, you must leave those animals to the patronage of stable-keepers, brewers, and what they call gentlemen farmers, and addict yourself to fox hounds."

"You are right, Frank," added his friend, "I would recommend a year or two with a subscription pack, to learn the trick of the

thing. Fox hunting requires a little apprenticeship, and although my friend Broderick rides as well as any man, and has the best cattle, yet he has much to learn before he undertakes a kennel of his own."

In chat of this nature the evening passed away. Frank Orby was to go down the following day to receive his final instructions from his father, previous to travelling; in the mean time it was agreed, that Stafford should accompany Broderick on a house-hunting expedition in the south, make a run into Essex to bid good-bye to his *dad*, and meet Orby in London in about three or four weeks, when they were to proceed together to the continent.

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning Stafford, with Broderick, set off on their house-hunting expedition. Their plan was to make Bath their place of departure, and from thence to *darn* the country in an easterly direction as far as Brighton. Having secured two outsides, they started with the Emerald, for the city of the west. Their travelling companions being two well-known sporting characters, a fat cook and Madame Vestris's monkey, in a leather box, they were edified on the road with various anecdotes of men and women, not forgetting horses and dogs, and arrived in due time in the evening at the York House. They devoted the next day to an essential part of their business—procuring descriptions from the multifarious house agents; but they had

leisure, at the same time, to see some of the wonders of the place.

They were present when a saintly meeting was held at the Rooms, where it was proved, to the satisfaction of a numerous auditory, that the people in the West Indies had no title in their own property. Several anti-treacle resolutions were passed, and the affair concluded with a distribution of tracts. Returning from thence, the friends met the famous Hygeist, who cures diseases by contract, at so much per week. They also saw the painted widow, the walking woman, and two Bath dandies, with swallow-tailed coats. They took a review of the wild beasts in the Pump-room, and finished the evening at a ball given by the holder of an unexpired patent for carriage lamps—the dancing indifferent—the waltzing enormous.

The next day found them fanning over Salisbury Plain, where, if a hail shower is wanted, it is sure to be found; and from thence they plunged into the New Forest, where they had been attracted by a flourishing description of a hunting box, in a beautiful country, with every thing fit for a family of the first respectability, the ground within a ring fence, &c. On ar-

they found the possessor to be an un-
dian, who had wandered thus far from
pton in search of seclusion, which he
d with a vengeance ; there was nobody
en miles of him, and the only people he
were the keepers. The ring fence,
a circumvallation, was in stricter sense
contravallation, as the sharpened palli-
of which it was constructed, appeared
eeble barrier to the King's deer, who
the winter a great propensity to visit
elds.

ng their mulligatawny friend to his
nts, they turned off to see another beau-
picturesque spot, where they found the
or had built his principal sitting-room
into another man's rick-yard, and having
ted his mansion on ideas and plans of
, had finished his house and not dis-
, until the ladders were taken away, that
as no means of getting to bed, as a stair-
d not come within his plans. He was,
ently, obliged to construct one outside,
at is seen in a French auberge, and with
management, it might be reckoned a vile
ence. Heartily tired of one or two si-

milar visits, the travellers were happy to repose at the half way house to Southampton, where we shall at present leave them, and turn our attention to B——, whither young Orby was at present directing his steps, and where we left his respectable uncle under a course of the Quarterly Review, which was now drawing to a close. On the fourth morning he was, at the same time, making an end of his chocolate and of a long article on foreign policy, when a letter was delivered to him from Portsmouth, the receipt of which startled him very much, and that sudden feeling that anticipates evil came suddenly over him; some accident to Philip—he might be ill—possibly dead. With this agitation full on him, he replaced his spectacles that had been carefully laid down by the side of his buttered roll, and as he always breakfasted alone, he was not hurried by frivolous questions, but had full leisure to read the following epistle with feelings of disappointed ambition, balanced by the consolation that it was well it was no worse.

“My dear Sir,

“It is with feelings of great pain that I sit down to convey you tidings with respect to your

son, which I am sure will cause very great regret, by seeing the prospects which you had flattered yourself were unfolding in his favour suddenly close, in a manner you could scarce have expected. When you gave him in charge to me, you forewarned me of his propensity to tricks; these I supposed would be of the same nature as those carried on by almost all the youngsters in the cock-pit, such as cutting down cots, blacking faces with cork, and other pranks that go under the name of skylarking; but I soon found your son took rather a higher flight in his vagaries. The first thing that brought him into notice was merely laughable, and turned out in the end to the satisfaction of at least two of the parties concerned. A gentleman was on board, going out in the service of Government; he was a widower, but on his special application, he was allowed to take out with him his two grown-up daughters, very fine young women, and as we had several other passengers on board, these young ladies were accommodated with a cabin, on the outside of which their father had his cot slung. These young ladies had not been long on board, when one of them captivated our third

lieutenant, Mr. Pomeroy, who became desperately in love ; and as the attachment was mutual, little time was lost in making his wishes known to the father, who, however, appeared very averse, although he could not find fault with either the family or prospects of the young gentleman. He, perhaps, indulged in visions of higher connections, when employed on his mission. He, therefore, gave Mr. Pomeroy a civil refusal, and ordered his daughter to give up his company and conversation. This was a difficult task, seeing that they were in the constant habit of daily meeting, and although, when they met on deck, or at dinner, their eyes were powerful messengers to express what was passing in their minds, yet this mute converse was not sufficient to satisfy the young gentleman, who longed to pour forth all the overflowings of an ardent mind. After much importunity by letter, and having implored her sister's aid, he had succeeded in being allowed to visit them in their cabin, occasionally, for a quarter of an hour, which was managed should take place soon after they retired for the night, when their father and the other gentlemen generally went to take a turn on deck while their cots were

preparing. He was bound by the strongest promises to make his stay each time as short as possible, and to retire whenever the elder sister should direct. His mode of admission and retreat to be the same, over the ship's side and in by the port, which was to be left open for the purpose. Your son had been midshipman of the watch with Mr. Pomeroy some nights before these assignations had been arranged, and having been either late in turning up, or some neglect of duty, he was punished by the lieutenant, in a way which he thought exceeded his offence; in revenge, he watched the motions of this officer, and ascertained fully his plan of visiting the ladies. One still and calm evening, shortly afterwards, when Mr. Orby was midshipman of the watch, he observed, about ten o'clock, his adversary watching his opportunity to slip over the ship's side unobserved, and the moment he saw him fairly housed, (or shipped), your son set up the cry, "A man overboard." The alarm became general, and on the young man's being questioned, he distinctly stated, that he had seen a man go over the larboard quarter, that he had lost sight of him, and had no doubt he had fallen into the sea. All

was bustle for a few moments, the main top sail backed, and preparation made for lowering a boat. Mr. Hartland, impelled by some impulse that led him to look out for his daughters' safety, descended directly, and arrived at their door just as Mr. Pomeroy was about to issue therefrom, and who suddenly retreated. Having enquired if the young ladies were still dressed, their father desired them to open the door; the intelligence having just reached him from above, that the third lieutenant was the person missing, he began to think that his visit had been paid to a more agreeable companion than Davy Jones. He, consequently, desired, in something of a peremptory tone, that he might be immediately admitted. He found both his daughters in great confusion, and the unfortunate officer, whose retreat had thus been cut off, drawn up in a corner, awaiting the expected attack. A scene of some violence took place, which, however, terminated by the interference of our Captain, and the next morning Mr. Hartland and he were shut up together. At the close of their conversation, it was understood that things had been settled, and the addresses of the young gentleman were permitted. I hope you

will excuse this long history, when your curiosity is so much excited on other points ; but I could hardly shorten the account, as introductory to the subject of your son's subsequent misfortunes. The story I have related was, of course, the topic for some days on board. Young Philip was blamed for his interference, although it had terminated so fortunately for the lovers. On the day after it had occurred, when your son was going to sit down, one of the master's mates drew away the stool, and he fell on his back, hurting his head against the edge of a box. On starting up, in anger, he asked what that was meant for ? when, in reply, the other said, " It is for telling tales out of school." " Very well," said young Orby, " I owe you one." The next day we made the island of Madeira, and had got all ready for coming to anchor in Funchal roads. Your son was on duty in the fore part of the ship, when they were getting all clear to let go the anchor. The master's mate to whom I have already alluded, had just come down from his watch on deck, and was holding his boat cloak loose in his hand ; seeing Philip, he said, " Well, youngster, you told me you owed me one : when am I to be paid ?" " Now,"

said his antagonist, seizing his cloak, and giving it a jerk to throw it out of the port. A gust of wind, however, threw it back, and it unfortunately lighted on the cable, that was rapidly running out, the anchor having just been let go. One of the boatswain's mates endeavoured to catch it, but was too late, it ran with the cable to the hawse, which it fairly jammed, and prevented the cable running farther out. This was an unfortunate dilemma; some little time had elapsed before another anchor could be got overboard, and the ship had dropt off in deeper water, which a slight distance further from land, at Madeira, always occasions, so that it required the whole scope before the anchor reached the ground, and then the cable was right up and down. All this, of course, had to be reported to the Captain, who was in a towering passion; and only that he was persuaded the affair had been partly accidental, he would have proceeded to extreme measures. He had Mr. Orby called up, and in my presence pointed out the possible consequences that might have attended his folly; had it occurred in a tide way amongst rocks, the vessel might have been lost; as it was, the ship's company would have all the toil of

vessel might have been lost; as it was, the ship's company would have all the toil of heaving in both anchors and towing the ship to a better anchorage. There appeared so much contrition about the young gentleman, during this lecture, that I was in hopes he would mind his reckoning better for the future. He was, however, as a punishment, not allowed to land at Madeira.

"When we arrived at Barbadoes, Mr. Pome-roy was made happy with the hand of Miss Catharine Hartland, and was removed to a ship on the station where the lady's father had been appointed.

"Your son had been allowed to go on shore in his turn, and I was rather surprised to find that, by way of recreation, he had gone out into the country with a pair of forceps, he had borrowed from the surgeon, and a basket, and amused himself in his shore trips by collecting a quantity of insects, and it would seem that he had chosen the most ugly and disgusting of that class of animals to take on board. He had purchased a bottle of rum and some phials, and, while we ran down to the Leeward Islands, he amused himself in preserving these creatures.

But it seemed as if a fatality followed even his most innocent recreations. When sealing up the corks of the small bottles, as he filled them a drop of the lighted wax fell into the basin of spirits and set it on fire; while he, in his agitation, overset the bowl, and the rum ran burning over the deck. A booby of a boy seeing the light, and not knowing the cause, shouted out "fire!" and the alarm spread as rapidly as the element. The officer of the watch ordered the fire-drum to beat, and ran down to see what was the matter. The surgeon, in the mean time, who was sitting in his berth, having ran out and ascertained the cause, took a jug of water and speedily put an end to the matter, not before every one in the ship had partaken of the alarm, than which nothing that can happen at sea causes greater. Here it was again traced to the unlucky Mr. Orby, and the Captain had it in his mind to leave him at the first island that we touched at, when we received orders at sea, to proceed to Vera Cruz and take home a freight.

"Nothing material happened there or on the passage home, until we were within a week's sail of the Channel, when the spirit of mischief

ted your son to play a prank that might
ad serious consequences to us all, and has,
t, driven him out of the profession. Our
gunner, a man of very sedate and quiet
mour, had lately taken a religious turn, and
ecome what they call a methodist, which
ght have been supposed, by strengthening
ith, would have fortified him against im-
ions that had been implanted on the credu-
f his youth, but this was not the case; on
ontrary, he had a full belief in witchcraft,
s, as well as in the actual visits of his
ic majesty in person; and although a
who would face all the dangers of fire and
r, not only with intrepidity and coolness
certain degree of gaiety, yet he was easily
ed by the bare relation of a ghost story,
even was not free from apprehension of
visits on board ship, where, of all other
s, a spectre might be supposed to have the
wish to promenade. This unhappy subject
ome means incurred your son's displeasure,
set about to annoy him. Knowing that the
er was generally in his berth about the time
ights were put out, he caught a black cat
was on board, and fastened small pieces of

wood on her feet to make a rattling noise; round her neck he placed the collar of a small spaniel, that had been either lost or left behind by Miss Hartland. There were two small bells on this collar which were to add to the noise. Finally, he tied a piece of sponge, dipped in spirits of wine and fastened with wire, and when all was ready, he let the cat down, near the gunner's berth, and set the sponge on fire, without calculating the dangerous experiment he had made. It produced its immediate effect on the director of our artillery, who shouted out "the Devil, the Devil;" and the idea was taken up among some of the superstitious part of the crew. The cat, in her alarm, flew all round the ship, and at one time passed close to the door of the fore magazine, pursued by several sailors, who were endeavouring to catch her fearing the consequences of the fire that the animal was carrying at her tail; while others of the watch joined in the chase out of fun. At length, poor pussy, in making a leap over one of the guns, missed her footing, on account of the pedals she involuntarily carried, and fell overboard, much to the regret of the seamen, with whom grimalkin was a favourite. The disturbance

occasioned by this chace did not fail to reach the captain's ears, and who soon found from whence it proceeded. Young Philip was made a close prisoner; and the next morning, hearing the boatswain's pipe turning up the hands, I hastened to the captain's cabin, to endeavour to save the poor boy from the infliction of corporal punishment. The captain guessed my errand, and anticipated me by saying,—“You have heard what happened last night, Freemantle, and you surely cannot think of wishing to avert the punishment this scape grace boy so richly deserves?” I could not but admit his fault, which it was not possible in any way to extenuate: I therefore put in my plea on the score of your feelings and that of your family, and the little likelihood of punishment of that nature effecting any good. At length I seemed to have made some impression; but all that I could obtain was the remission of the boatswain's lash. The captain said he would not be justified in allowing a person of that kind to remain at large; he was, therefore, placed in irons for three days, when I again obtained, as a favour, that he should be released from that species of thralldom and remain a prisoner until we arrived in England.

The captain's decision was peremptory—that Mr. Orby should be dismissed immediately on our arrival in England, with his determination to prevent his reappointment to any other ship. He will land to-morrow, and I shall furnish him what money he will require to take him home, hoping he will be more successful in some other profession.

“I had begun this letter at sea, but wishing to give you all the details, it has, insensibly, grown under my hand to be a very long epistle. The interest I felt in your son's welfare makes it doubly painful to have to communicate this intelligence, and at the same time not to be able to furnish any consolation under the misfortune.

“I remain, dear Sir, &c.,

“F. FREEMANTLE.”

As the reader may have formed some opinion relative to the precision and regularity of Mr. Reginald Orby's own movements, he will be able, in some degree, to judge of his feelings when he had finished the perusal of this letter. He sent for Mrs. Orby, and they remained in great affliction for some hours; it was at last agreed, that they should not wound the feelings

d not agree with him, and, consequently, he did make his appearance, his sisters quite delighted. The secret was also kept the families with whom they were in ntance. Frank Orby's arrival in the y served to blunt curiosity on this sub- s all their friends were anxious to pay on to the heir-at-law.

CHAP. IV.

STAFFORD and Broderick had pursued their errand after leaving Southampton, and at length, on the borders of Hants and Sussex, found a house to answer the purpose, which it was agreed should be taken ready furnished from the next month. Having settled the usual preliminaries, the friends adjourned to Brighton, where they agreed to stay together, until Orby was at liberty to join them in London.

They had not been there many days, when Stafford received a letter from his friend.

“Selby Hall.

“Dear George,

“I have been here a week, have gone through a whole round of visiting, and *counter-visiting*,

d have, at last, a leisure half hour, to give you
me account of my movements, projects, &c.
wait for certain instructions my father is
king out, as to my conduct in Greece. You
y recollect I once gave you a little insight
to the governor's character. With talents
ich might have led to the greatest results, if
nfined to one or two objects, he has, by the
sultory nature of his studies, been prevented
m shining in any one particular branch by
ich men pursue fame or fortune. His con-
rsation is, nevertheless, full of instruction.
ere are few topics, connected with useful or
amental literature, in which he is not well
sed; and he possesses a practical knowledge
most of the sciences. He is a first-rate
emist, a mechanician, an excellent draughts-
n, and a musician both by theory and prac-
e; but none of these serve beyond his own
mediate amusement, as he sees very little
npany, and they follow each other, not in any
gular succession, but by fits and starts. When
vent to Harrow, the chemical hobby was in
l gallop. All day long he was busy with
cibles, retorts, and galvanic combinations.
e last time I was at home, music was the

rage. With a rapidity and tact quite surprising, he made himself, in a certain degree, master of any instrument; but just as he was on the point of attaining perfection, he would hear some solo performed on another, and then he would fly off to it. At present he is deep in geology. The house is full of all sorts of specimens, quartz, hornblend, amigdaloid, and mica slate. Some immense pieces of coal have arrived lately from Wales, with impressions of tropical ferns, and unknown plants, and these masses are stumbling-blocks in all the passages. He has lately returned from a visit he has been paying to the caves full of bones, that have been discovered in Yorkshire and Somerset, and talks of treating me some day to antideluvian soup of hyena bones, which, he says, still retain a large portion of their gelatine. He is not so deeply plunged into these Tellurian researches, as to forget the inhabitants of the planet, and he has taken into his patronage the Hellenists, as he calls the Greeks. Notwithstanding what has been said against their character, and the way they have been cheated by ship-builders and share-holders, he says they must be a fine people, and will ultimately succeed. With that

view, I am to be entrusted with a mission to them, which I will gladly undertake, not only as affording me the means of seeing the world, but giving me the power of obliging my father, who has always been the most indulgent parent to me,—better, you will say, than I deserve. But let us change this subject. Did you ever hear me talk of a neighbour of ours, Mrs. Paulett? I think you have. She was the daughter of Mr. Moncrieffe, and at an early age she formed an attachment with her cousin, then Lieutenant Paulett. A certain degree of coolness had subsisted between their parents, which made them, on both sides, averse to the union, independent of the apparent means the young persons possessed, which were far from being adequate to the marriage-state. However, as it sometimes happens, by opposition the bonds of affection were drawn still closer. He was constant, and she was true, and continued to refuse several advantageous offers that were made him. At length, after the lapse of many years, when he had obtained the rank of Major, old Moncrieffe thought proper to die, and this was the principal obstacle to their union, which, after a proper interval, made happy

old gentleman having done tardy justice to his daughter, by leaving her all his property; a share of which, with the man of her choice, he had refused during his life. Major Paulett had been married above a year, when he was ordered to India, and not wishing yet to give up his profession, he went out with his regiment, leaving his wife and infant daughter at Boyle's Court, where they still reside. He had not long arrived in Bengal, when he felt the effects of the climate, and was soon afterwards obliged to return to England for his health.

"He had been at home about five months, and was recovering his health, when business called him to London; and on this occasion he thought it would be but proper to pay his respects to the Commander-in-Chief. On his name being announced, His Royal Highness said he was glad to find his health recovered, and added, that he was the very person he wished to see. "Major Paulett," continued the Royal Duke, "we have just had intelligence that the 2d battalion of your regiment has suffered very much in officers in the late action; in fact, there is now no Field Officer with it. I should be, therefore, very glad if you would go out and take the

command. You may find your advantages there, and when this campaign is over, your leave shall be doubled." To such a proposal, and from such a quarter, there could be no demur. Major Paulett wrote a few lines to his wife, furnished himself with what was requisite, and in three days was on his way to the Peninsula. In the first action after he landed he obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel as commanding, and continued to serve with distinction, until, in one of the later battles that took place, he was killed when leading his regiment into action.

"It would be vain to describe the distraction and grief of Mrs. Paulett in hearing this intelligence. It was almost too much for her senses to bear. The progress of affairs had been of late so encouraging, that reasonable hopes were entertained of a termination of the war, and as these were every day gaining strength, it added doubly to the stroke, to lose one so dear at the time when every expectation led to a certainty of a reunion of two fond hearts that had been so long and sincerely attached. The blow was overpowering, and Mrs. Paulett fell into a state of stupor, which continued so long that her friends began to fear for her senses. They had

her removed from her home to the sea. By degrees the sight of her infant began to wean her from the depths of melancholy, and she took a slight interest in looking at the child, which gradually increased, until the whole tide of her affections appeared to flow towards this object, for which alone she appeared to set any value on existence. Our families being connected, and living in the same neighbourhood, we have always been on terms of intimacy. When I visited Boyle's Court, during my Harrow vacations, young Harriet was my playfellow, and I was very fond of her as such, she was so full of life and good humour. Latterly I had not seen her. During two or three of my late visits to Selby, Mrs. Paulett was from home; one year at Cheltenham, another at Malvern, trying to restore her health, that had been impaired by her sufferings, and which, for her daughter's sake, she was anxious to re-establish. When, therefore, she burst on my view, at my first visit, in all the charms of ripening womanhood, I was quite taken by surprise, and, I suppose, looked foolish and sheepish as Mrs. Paulett said, "what, has your old playfellow grown out of your acquaintance?" However

I was inclined to make myself at once at home with my fair companion, a certain degree of constraint seemed to mix with our feelings on both sides, which, however, a little conversation and two or three visits quite wore away, and I was nearly on my former footing. These visits proved so attractive, that my movements to Boyle's Court soon became habitual. My horse even seemed to know instinctively the direction he was to take, and it appeared to me that my arrival was not unwelcome. Shall I say a word in description of this fair and enchanting creature? Harriet Paulett is—no she is not. Were it in my power to describe her to you according to the impression she has made on my senses, you would fly to see this paragon of perfection, I should be jealous, and that would never answer. Suffice it to say that, independent of the beauties of her face and person, she possesses that indefinable grace and ease of manner that throw a charm over those who are plain in their person; but with her, they add lustre to the simplest action. I could run on for hours in describing what showers of soft impressions are falling over my imagination, but you would be tired with my histories. I think I hear you say, "here is Orby

again fallen into *la belle passion* ; after all that has already passed, I am tired of his romances."

"Calculating what you might say, my dear fellow, has thrown me a little back on my own reflections, and I begin to fancy that I am hurrying too fast to a conclusion. I think of my engagement to my father to travel, my own youth, and that it is too early for me to form a connexion. But these sage ideas take flight the moment I am in her society, where I linger with something of the feeling of a truant school-boy in the midst of his pleasures. I don't know how to tear myself away, and yet feel a degree of remorse that I may be entangling this young creature's affections, without being able to make up my own mind. Do, therefore, my dear George, give me your advice, and if you find it needful, come and tear me away from my present intoxication. You have already aided me with your counsels under my earliest impressions at Windsor, and again freed me from an unpleasant position in the affair at Woodstock ; and although I think my feelings at present have taken a much higher flight, yet, knowing my own weakness, I cannot answer for their permanency, and, perhaps—but I shall

await your *wisdom*, and in the mean time discontinue, in a degree, my visits, as it would be the most unfair thing in the world to draw forth the tenderness of the fair one, until my own mind was completely made up.

“Your’s ever,

“F. O.”

From the same to the same.

“You are right, I believe, my dear George, in the view you have taken of the case, and I shall endeavour to follow up your advice *a la lettre*. As you fairly observe, that my father never having called on me for any sacrifice, it is but just and fair that I should comply with his wishes, whether exactly reasonable or not, and particularly as they offer the means of improving and enlarging my own mind, by seeing the world; that, as my stay abroad is not likely to be of long duration, and will probably have the effect either of lessening, by comparison, my present impressions, or on the other hand giving them fresh force, I should return to England with my mind fully made up, and, supposing my actual inclinations to preserve the same bias,

fore, began to pull up, and, for
my short stay, shall refrain, as
from the scene of my enchantment
do as Alfieri did when in love,
to the sofa to prevent me from going
shall seek other resources, among
writing to my friends shall be the
to furnish the means, I shall endeavor
as you desire, a sketch of my
and of one or two personages that
my fancy in the circle in which

“ You recollect seeing something
while revolving in his official orbit
but were, as well as myself, too
much occupied to pay attention to
character. Mr. Orby has brought
of his *manière de vivre* to

“ ‘ Madam,

“ ‘ Referring to my letter of the 14th instant, I have the honour to acquaint you, that the whitlow still remaining on Mrs. Orby’s finger, she cannot write herself; I have it, therefore, in command, to request you will have the kindness to enter a little more into detail, relative to the qualifications of Jane Lambert, as laundry maid; whether she understands getting up fine linen, ironing, and all other branches connected with that department.

“ ‘ I have the honour to be, &c.’

“ I think my uncle would die if he was obliged to finish a letter without the above formula, which he makes use of even in his own family, — “ I have the honour to be, dear brother,” &c. Since his arrival here, he has qualified as a county magistrate, and flatters himself he is rigid and impartial in the administration of justice. He piques himself, also, on his knowledge of character and powers of discrimination, of which latter he gave a striking proof the other day, by swearing to the identity of some hay that had been stolen from his loft.

“ My aunt is a good-hearted, kind creature,

taken up all day with her domestic concerns, and having no foible but a love of bargains, a room full of which she has got at the top of the house. Owing to her limited education in other branches, she makes strange mistakes, that startle her better half "from his propriety." I dined there yesterday, when a bottle of Lazenby's sauce was put on the table, and it occasioned the remark, that by getting a name even for so trifling an article, many people made a good thing of it. My poor dear aunt immediately said, she was sure Mr. Concrete must make a handsome fortune, as she saw his name on all kinds of bottles. After dinner, talking of modes of amusement, I recollected that there was to be that evening a total eclipse of the moon, and I asked Mrs. Orby if she would not come out, and look at it. She answered, no, she never went to such places without money in her pocket, and she had spent all Mr. Orby allowed her that morning. Their only son and my cousin, Philip Orby, arrived that morning, from Portsmouth, about as extraordinary looking a yahoo as you would wish to see. Imagine a pair of long shapeless legs, that bade farewell to each other at the knees, and rested on two

large ungainly pedestals of feet, far apart, that gave these giblets the resemblance to the letter Y capsised; a body above these supports rather pigeon-breasted, the protuberance there being gained at the expense of the sides, that seemed squeezed together, round shoulders, and, above these, the seat of knowledge, that seemed fastened on without the appendage of a neck. The visage somewhat lozenge-shaped and a pair of gooseberry eyes, divided by a sharp pikey nose, and a large mouth. To look at the sallow skin that bound up these features, devoid of all animation, you would say, coupled with the unmeaning eyes, that the youth was a simpleton. This, however, is very far from the case. I recollect him when a boy at school, where he showed the most extraordinary talent at mischief, that kept his master, Mr. Ridgway, in perpetual hot water. He was then sent to sea, from whence he has returned rather suddenly, the family say on account of his health, but I shrewdly suspect that he has been playing some prank inconsistent with the good order and discipline of a ship of war. They are at present trying to get him into the army. In company with my uncle, aunt, my other cousins (the

females), and this hopeful youth, I went the other evening to a route, given by a Mrs. Basden, a Lancashire lady, who has lately come here to live. The love, which many other ancient ladies, (after being forsaken by mankind,) bestow on tortoiseshell cats and pug dogs, has been by this one concentrated on old china. She has had one whole side of her drawing-room fitted up with shelves, like the dresser of a kitchen, and on these are deposited all the rare and ancient specimens of dishes and plates, the largest pieces forming the base of this crockery edifice, and beautifully diminishing in size to the upper tier, which is composed of Japan saucers. In front of this resplendent mass stands what looks like a prolonged chiffonier, on which are marshalled vases of all sorts, flower-stands, and sundry Chinese monsters in porcelain. These stand immediately below the shelves, and contrast finely, as the lady observed, by their variety, with the symmetry above. In the midst of this fragile temple of taste, were placed sundry card tables, and as the company arrived, and sipped their tea, they were told off by sets to the different tables. We all disposed of ourselves as suited our tastes. I observed my

called on to join a round game. He had long taken his station, when his retreat was cut off by the meeting of the salient sides of a whist table and the aforesaid casino forming two sides of a square, the *rectangle* being completed by the wall and the projecting end of the frame work that held the shelves, consuming all the hostess's riches. He had not long in *square*, when a great access of company occasioned a scarcity of chairs, and several dowagers were left without the means of being able to anchor. In this dilemma, Mrs. Basson, looking about in all directions, saw young Philip sitting at his ease. She requested him to take the chair, and hand it over to her nephew, who was standing with her. Luckless request! Philip, who is one of the handiest fellows in the world when any mischief is in the wind, is

dish, forced it from its place, and, as the row depended on one another, the whole rank and file, on that particular shelf, fell prone on the vases and Chinese monsters, with a crash infinitely more jarring than if a *feu de joie* had been fired in at the window. This mode of electrifying the guests had an instantaneous effect. Every one jumped up and abandoned the tables, as if an earthquake had taken place; except one old lady, who was so intent on her gains, that she did not move, although at one of the tables close to the scene of action. On her back, whether through accident or design, my worthy cousin let fall the chair that was still poised in the air, and the unhappy dowager rolled along the floor, in company with cards, wax candles, fish counters, and shilling points. The lady of the house, although not "mistress of herself when china falls," endeavoured to assume an unconcerned air, but it would not do. The trembling lip was visible through her forced philosophy of aspect, and I would not have given much for the beauty of my cousin's countenance, could she have met him in a convenient place. Whilst one party was picking up the pieces, and another raising the fallen dowager

and comforting a poor lady who had gone into hysterics, the author of all this mischief came forth from his retreat. I was standing at the fire with his old master, who had been disturbed from his rubber, and was very testy in consequence. As the offender passed near us, he said to me, "there, look at that clumsy boy; they took him away from school before he had learned any thing, not even the use of his limbs." I cast my eye on my cousin at the moment, and observed that he must have heard the remark, as an expression came into his generally dull eyes that was any thing but amiable. The dislocation of the party had been so complete, and many so much frightened, that it was not easy to restore things to their former state, and our family feeling more ill at ease than the others, took their departure very soon. Not wishing to hear a lecture, as sauce to the broken china, I stole off to bed as soon as we returned home. Two days afterwards, having ridden into B—— and put up my horse, I chanced to meet Squire Philip in the street, who said he was going to have something at the pastry-cook's, and I joined him. We, therefore, entered the shop of Mr. Allendale, which

is fitted up to suit his different customers; one side being devoted to the sale of grocery, and the other counter covered with various kinds of pastry, jujubes, and sugar drops: whilst the windows rivalled each other in attraction; one showing coffee at 1s. 10d. per pound, Turkey-figs, and muscatells; while its rival displayed pines, grapes, oranges, and an enormous wedding cake. At the back of the shop, and on the pastry side, was a small recess with four chairs, to allow visitors to masticate their penny buns at ease. On two of these rush bottoms my cousin and I were seated. I was just trying to draw him into a discussion on the china business, when a servant girl drew up at the grocery counter. "Well, Mary," said the alert Mr. Allendale, "what do you want?" "Half-a-pound of the best tea, and three pounds of loaf sugar." "Is it to be set down to Mr. Ridgway?" "No," said his mop twirler, "I will pay you for it myself; it is for my sister, who has been put to bed, and I be going to see her for a couple of days, as Missus has given I leave." While this short colloquy was going on, I saw the same sort of expression kindled in Arthur's eyes as on the night of the card party. He

hardly waited to pay for his ice, or till Mr. Alendale had discharged his wonder at Mr. Ridgway keeping only one servant, when he made some excuse about business that he had forgotten, and left me. I paid some visits, and rode home by the way of Boyle's court, where I found Mrs. Paulett just coming out in their carriage. I wished her to return, but she politely declined. I was for two days mostly employed in looking over my father's plans as to my course of travel, and particularly with regard to my conduct in Greece, which was now uppermost in his mind. He had all sorts of maps open before him. On one side of them, lay Thucidides, and Zenophon, and on the other a Romaic newspaper. Having agreed to all his proposals, and left him dictating to an amanuensis that he holds in regular pay, I got on my horse, to go to B——, but my truant steps, or rather his, led me to the abode of the divine Harriet. This time I was disappointed; the ladies were either not at home, or not visible. So, to fill up the time, I turned to Boyle common, for the sake of a gallop. Having amused myself in this way for some time, I was about to enter a green lane that leads direct to B——, when I observed, just at the corner, my worthy

cousin parting with some one that appeared to me like a labourer or miller's journeyman. I pulled up a little until they had separated, being rather puzzled to imagine what this conference could be about, and having waited till Philip was out of sight, I rode in the direction that I had seen the other person take. I soon overtook a boy that appeared in the dress of a mason, and having taken a good observation, to be able to recollect him again, I pursued my way, which also led more circuitously to the town. I had scarcely arrived there and asked the news, when my ears were filled with a strange story about Mr. Ridgway. One person said that he had been bewitched in the dark when from home, and could not find his own house, but had wandered all night in search of it. Another was, that the worthy pedagogue and his wife were going home, but met such a strong wind that they in vain attempted to struggle with it, for the greatest part of the night; but the most approved version was, that the worthy couple, after having discussed their rubber and sandwich, had returned to their own house and, to their great astonishment, could gain no admittance. The door was not to be

ound. Both he and his wife groped about the wall for a length of time, partly ashamed to go to look for other help, and partly convinced that they would at last find out their error. But they were completely baffled. The house was, or ought to have been, the centre of a new row, called Newbolt-row, that was just finished, and this was as yet the only mansion inhabited. It stood at some little distance from the town, and as they had been rather later than usual in returning home, the people in the nearest houses were all gone to bed. What was to be done? At length, after another half hour fruitlessly employed in groping about the walls, the ancient schoolmaster and his wife retired to the Swan inn, where they had to rouse the people up with their extraordinary story, but as they were known, were admitted, and postponed their enquiries until day-light should clear up the mystery. What then was their astonishment, on going there in the morning, to find their house exactly as they had left it the preceding evening. They entered it to make themselves sure, and then stared at each other in silent wonder. The old gentleman, although not at all superstitious, began to think that he

have done any thing in his power for any one belonging to it. He was, therefore, in some degree ready to comply with the young gentleman's request, but was rather staggered when told it was to build up the door-way of another person's house. He remonstrated, that he might be taken up for a housebreaker, and at all events, his trade would be ruined in the place if he was discovered. He was told, however, that it was a retired spot, no one living near, and that if he was observed working there in the night, it might pass for a job that was required to be finished; that if any thing was really discovered, Mr. Orby would take it all on himself as a frolic, and finally, that the mason should be well paid when it was accomplished. They had accordingly procured new bricks and mortar, which one of his apprentices was to carry, while himself and the other went on with the building. As they began a few moments after Mr. Ridgway went out, and the moon shining in the early part of the night, they had been able to complete the job in a workman-like manner, and had at the same time removed the stone step, and footscrapper. He said farther, that they had all waited in the neighbourhood till

d gentleman and his wife returned; and could not refrain from laughing at the despatch of their fumbling about the wall. As they returned from their fruitless labour, it was ascertained, by one of the boys dogging them, that they were fairly housed at the door; they began immediately to undo their work, and having replaced the step and scraper, carried off the materials, and left one of the boys as soon as the day dawned, to wipe away marks that might have been left of their work. Furnished with this intelligence, I returned to B——. I shall postpone giving you the remainder of this history until my next, as I have written you an unconscionable long letter that will require a frank and some postage to reconcile you to, &c.

“Yours.”

CHAP. V.

The same to the same.

“MANY thanks, dear George, for your history of the adventure at Mahommed’s baths, and your rencontre with the Greek professor, under the Chain Pier in a fog. You seem to take interest in the nonsense I write in return, and I will continue my history. I went immediately to call on my old master after I quitted the mason, and when I inquired of the nymph whom I had seen on the grocery errand, if I could see her master, the answer was, he was very poorly and could *not* see *nobody*. “Perhaps,” said I, “he may see somebody, so go up stairs, and say Mr. Frank Orby wishes to see him.”

“Before I take you up stairs, let me give you a little sketch of my quondam flagellator, before I was planted on the same form with yourself at Harrow. I wondered this day at my own courage in facing him, as we little chaps used to look on him as a terrible tiger, and a *tête à tête* with him would have been considered no joke, although in the main, a good-hearted man enough. My worthy preceptor was a regular mechanical scholar, and handled his words as a carpenter does his tools. He had a powerful memory, and as it was unceasingly employed on the same subject, no wonder it was perfect. He could repeat any number of lines, at any part of Homer or Virgil, or, you repeating them to him, he would tell you in what book and the line they commenced with ; he could point out where any liberties had been taken with the text, and could settle, dogmatically, how the reading ought to stand. With the whole *rationale* of dactyls and spondees he was familiar, but of the spirit in which the poets composed, he knew as much as he did of the manner of sawing timber in the *Georgium Sidus*. His wife was an excellent woman, took great care of the boys, though they thought her rather prodigal of black doses,

which, however, cost her nothing; but as she always gave them a large lump of bread and cheese afterwards, they bore their misfortunes with some philosophy. Having toiled through the best part of half a century, he began to think it time to resign the ferula to his usher, on a *consideration*, and to retire himself to *otium cum snuffing* and smoking. Having taken the house we have partially described, he was amused for some time in fitting it up, and the time did not hang heavy on his hands; but once all his work was completed, the dæmon of *Ennui* began to creep upon him. He combatted the enemy for some time, with the aid of his sociable pipe and kanaster, but he found him gaining ground, and at last he began to regret that he had abandoned the eternal "*as in præsentî*," and "*Concordantia prima*." What was he to do, what resource could he look to? At last, the brilliant thought struck him of composing an Universal Dictionary, and he set to work with vigour on the task, thinking, in the vanity of wishes, that it would be soon accomplished. I have now only, to finish the sketch, to give you a picture of the outward man. As he will appear to best advantage on foot, we shall take our reverend

preceptor in full street costume. To begin with the divine part, the seat of reason, and, with him, the depôt of noun substantives, adjectives and defective verbs, it was covered by a noble beaver, slightly shovel, which, during the existence of the first nap, was carefully preserved; on occasions of sudden rain, it was nicely covered with a cambric pocket handkerchief, that Mrs. Ridgway had always ready in her reticule for that purpose. What little sign of neck there was, appeared closely enveloped in a tight plaited white stock. We next come to the coat, and such a coat!—not all the tailors in London could construct such another; it was, indeed, *sui generis*, and the man who fashioned it ought to have had a patent. It was magnificent in all its proportions, but the skirts were the chief ornament. Their dimensions were so liberal, as nearly to reach the ground, and furnished with a pair of pockets, capacious enough to have held all the forfeited playthings of the boys under his controul. The waistcoat was on an equal scale of liberality, and being furnished at bottom with large lappets, his thighs were quite concealed, and his knee joints seemed to spring out of his waistcoat pockets. His *gams*,

as they call them in Ireland, were clothed in grey Nottingham hose, whilst his feet were covered by an unearthly pair of shoes, surmounted by enormous buckles of black lacker ware, that looked like young tea trays.

“When I was shewn up into his den, I found him shorn of all these ornamental appendages. In a corner near the fire, and packed in a low arm chair, he sat in one of those damask looking dressing gowns, and a night cap on his head, much like the old gentlemen you see on the stage with a candle in their hand, when a lover is breaking into the mansion. Having beckoned to me to take a seat, he said he was much obliged by my visit; that he had always looked on me as a steady boy, &c., and different from others he would not name. Having thanked him for his compliment, I said I was sorry to hear he was unwell, and to have heard the reason. “Aye,” replied he, “I find you have also learned the cause of my uneasiness, I only wish you could remove it. Only that my wife was with me, I should have set it down as a dream, or imagined I was going out of my senses; but her presence only confirms my own impressions, and what am I to think? To find

no means of getting into my own house, that I had left not four hours before, and then in the morning to find it just as I had left it." "Have you not had," said I, "some suspicion of a trick?" "Yes, once such an idea came into my head; but who could possibly think of taking so much trouble, and how could it be done?" "Did you never," I replied, "think of my cousin Philip? Do you recollect the remark you made at Mrs. Basden's? I am sure he heard it." As if a flash of light had been thrown on his mind, he started up and exclaimed, "Yes, it must have been that scapegrace; I will be revenged on him; do let me tell my wife." The good lady being summoned, I, after pledging them not to take any steps further in the matter, disclosed to them all I knew of the affair, and although exceedingly indignant at the trick, they seemed quite relieved by hearing its solution. They would have me to dine on a nice leg of lamb, that would be ready in half an hour; it had been sent a present, and as they seldom had house lamb, I had no doubt they thought they paid me the greatest compliment in asking me to partake of it, which I was obliged to decline.

"But, then, you will surely take a glass of wine," said the old lady. As there was no great hardship in that, I consented, when a large tray was brought in by the red-fisted damsel of all work, with decoctions of gooseberry, currants, and about four glasses of sherry in the bottom of a decanter, where it seemed to have lain until it had grown rusty. A large wedge of home-made cake, that looked like Castile soap, was the accompaniment, and that was rather a tax on my jaws. "Perhaps," said the dame, "Mr. Orby would like to eat a bit of the cold veal pie we had yesterday, it was very nice, made out of the neck, and nicely baked at Mr. Allendale's oven." Having parried this attack on my stomach, the conversation returned to the affair of the door-way. "You may depend upon it, sir," said my old master "that your cousin has a bad disposition. I recollect at school, some of his tricks were so malicious, that I used to be puzzled how one so young could have produced them; and you see he has lost nothing by practice. I appeal to you now, if among all the fine spirited boys you have met with, lovers of mischief or not, there is one who would not, when he saw the

John was carried too far, have come forward and saved me from the pain I have been in?" I was obliged to acknowledge the truth of the remark, and I begin to fear that master Philip has more devil in him than I thought."

"Before I have quite done with schoolmasters, I must mention that I met here the Abbé Du-rand, who used to teach me French. He has declined returning to his own country, on account of his advanced age, and having secured a competency, through the kindness of some of his Roman Catholic pupils, he is resolved to finish his days in the country that first gave him an asylum. We have been chattering French, as a preparation for my travels, and I have received some useful hints from him *thereupon*. I shall write you but one more letter from hence, as a sort of *amende* to my fair cousins, for having left them out in my description of the rest of the family.

"Yours very truly,

"F. O."

From the same.

"I promised you, in my last, a description of my fair cousins, which will, I hope, tempt you

some day to go and look at them, at least one of them. The two eldest, Jane and Emma, are tall, and fine girls, with dark hair and eyes and agreeable features, with sufficient expression to make them attractive, and I believe they are much sought after as partners at balls, &c. They are as straight as arrows, and more inflexible; if the fashion was ever to change for the ladies to bow in place of curtseying, they would have to begin the world again. Nothing short of a shampooing by your friend Mohammed, would have the power of making them supple, and that on the same principle as they bend planks for the curved part of shipping, by stewing them in steam. This effect has been produced by their mother planting them on a sort of torture-chair, which prevents the patient from falling into any other line than the exact perpendicular. The youngest sister broke down under the drill. She was sent into Leicestershire to be put to rights, where, being allowed to sit, stand, walk and lie, in the positions that nature dictated, or her own choice followed, she has attained both the grace of good carriage and that perfect ease of body and limbs, that contrast strongly with the upright posture of her elder sisters. She is of that

figure the French call *svelte*, and I have never seen an instance of a female (perhaps the fair Harriet excepted) in whom were combined so much delicacy of form, with elasticity of motion, bringing forcibly to my mind the descriptions I have read of the Spanish women, more particularly those of Rocca in his account of the Madrilenas. To the charms of so engaging a person, Charlotte Orby adds the beauties of a countenance at once ingenuous and intellectual. A *naïve* and tender expression seems to emanate from her clear blue eyes, and to accompany, with undefinable sympathy, the soft accents that fall from her tongue. Then her hair, it is of that rare and almost impossible colour, called light golden, which the ancients were so partial to, and which must be familiar to your classical recollections.

“You will ask, immediately, how, with all the charms I have described, one so inflammable, as you call me, should fail to fall in love? In answer I will say, I was previously fortified by what I thought a more magnificent style of beauty; and I hold it, besides, as bad policy *marrying in*,—I mean, relations intermarrying. When there are one or two good things in a

to tie them up. But if the time
to come down, I would not give
chance of your heart.

“ When I look at the *ensemble*
I am led to think that it is bad po
to give their daughters a much be
than what they themselves posse
the benefit of the mother's feelings
ters soon learn their own superior
with a certain degree of contemp
rent's deficiencies. Charlotte endeav
part, to cover her mother's failures
tion ; but the other daughters have
patience or kindness, and reproach
with ignorance of things it was near
she could have learned. I dined th
day with a Doctor Waldron, who :

xford and Cambridge, will you find the
and powerful eloquence of Jeremy Tay-
"Ah," said my aunt, directly, "that
gentleman we dined in company with
in St. James's square." "No, my
id her husband, "we have not dined
h ghosts." "La! mamma," exclaimed
e, "how you mistake; the person you
is Mr. Jeremy Bentham. I am sure
have seen Bishop Taylor's sermons
I have read them out to you." "Dear
Mrs. Orby, in her quiet way, "how
ake such a mistake." "I see how it
the Doctor, "I was at that moment
e dish before me; and although it was
t-ham, but quite the reverse, yet the
of ideas must have brought up the
to Mrs. Orby's mind. But after all,
said he, "there is not so great a dis-
etween a patcher of constitutions, and
at mends your soul; and as to his being
of high degree, I would rather have
bishop, than a discourse from under
." In concluding my account of the
should say, that Philip sits like a statue,
in with his ears the subjects of conver-

sation, possibly, with the view of extracting mischief. They have heard to-day that he is likely to get an ensigncy, and I pity, by anticipation, the adjutant, or whoever else has the charge of teaching the young idea the goose step.

“Tuesday.

“I had returned to close my letter, when I met my father in the park, in a high state of excitement. He had just received an express from London, and the cannon of Navarino still rang in his ears. “You must be off directly, Frank, or you will be too late to participate in the glorious triumph of the Hellenists. Would I could accompany you, but I feel too much the effects of the operation I underwent last year, to allow me to think of it. How I envy your prospects.” You will see that, as I promised, this will be the last letter from Selby. Tomorrow I mean to pay all my visits, including *la belle* Harriet, and the result I will let you know *viva voce*. I take the mail in the evening, and, as Dr. Waldron might say, you may find me on a chaise longue at Long’s on Thursday, if you come to town; and then for passports and post horses.”

We shall deposit for the moment the writer of this epistle in Bond-street, where he met his two friends, Stafford and Broderick, and to prepare for his journey. Meanwhile, let us cast our eyes on some of the friends he left in the country.

To begin with the divine Harriet, as her admirer was wont to call her.

Before Frank Orby's arrival in the country, the lady had called to her recollection the previous occasions on which they had met at their childish sports; and although children are in general selfish, and not prone to recollect benefits received, however retentive their memories may be on the other side, yet she recalled to her mind two or three interesting events in favour of her young friend, when he had given her his support, which tended to retain him in her memory, and exert a favourable influence over a later introduction. When he did arrive, and the first blush of embarrassment had passed, she found her anticipations fulfilled; the same air of candour and ingenuousness that had shone on the countenance of the boy, now, though somewhat more tempered, irradiated the features of the man, added to which was a tone of self-

denial, when the comforts and pleasures of others were concerned, with a constant attention to those little civilities and attentions to the ladies, which tell so much in favour of a young man, as well from the pleasure of the things themselves as from the rarity of their occurrence in the present days. From early intimacy, the conversation of these young people at once flowed in an easy and unconstrained manner. There was no hunting for topics, or stretching the imagination for subjects to expatiate on. The dialogue between them flowed at once in that familiar style that soon ripened into confidence, and it is easy to guess to what such a state of feeling leads. To say the truth, the fair Harriet, without being conscious of the matter, was in a fair way of being in love. The secret was first developed to her in a way not the most agreeable. When young Orby's visits suddenly ceased, as we have already alluded to, surprise was the first emotion, then regret, then wonder what could be the cause, and these attended with that vacuity of feeling, during which nothing can please except the object one desires. At first she thought it was particular business with his father that detained him, until she heard that he was almost

every day in the town, and, although Boyle's court was not in the direct road, it seemed odd that he should not have found time to call either going or returning. Then she began to torture her imagination, if any thing she had said, or any thing in her manner or conduct could have given offence; and after the strictest examination of herself she remained as much at a loss as ever. Her mother had observed, with pain, the effect of these emotions on her mind. Had she been to choose amongst all the young men in England, she would not have, perhaps, been able to fix on any as a partner to her daughter, more suitable than Frank Orby. It was with feelings of parental pleasure that she looked to the intimacy that had been formed, and she was, equally with her daughter, surprised at the discontinuance of the visits; as she knew there could be no serious obstacles on the part of the parents to such a connexion, she was quite at a loss to discover the cause, which she at last was obliged to set down to caprice, and, of course, felt much offended. When, therefore, Orby made his tardy visit, she saw him at a distance and hurried her daughter into the carriage, that was at the door, and, as already related, would not turn

back at his request. She also ordered herself to be denied when he called the next day. The sort of estrangement had continued for some time, when a note was put into Mrs. Paullet's hands, with the compliments of Mr. Orby, that he was going to London the next evening, and that, if the ladies were disengaged, he would call in the morning to take their commands. This note she handed, without comment, to Harriet, whom she observed directly to become suddenly pale, and so much agitated as to be obliged to leave the room. The next day when Orby was announced, he entered with an embarrassed air, and was received rather formally by the mother, and as much so by Harriet as the restraint she put on her feelings would allow. A few awkward apologies were made, that were received with a sort of incredulous smile; Mrs. Paulett was too well bred to make any remark.

The interview promised to be one of embarrassment; the parties seemed altogether at a loss, and the disjointed conversation was manifestly languishing to the point when a visitor begins to look out for his hat and gloves, when an exclamation from Harriet drew the attention

of her mother and visitor. She exclaimed, running to the window, "My poor little Finella will be killed!" Looking in the direction, they observed the little spaniel barking at the heels of a cow, which, in return, was chasing it round the small enclosure, and as the dog did not seem to be able to get out of the paddock, that was walled on three sides, and terminated with the haw-haw at the foot of the flower garden, Henry opened the French window, and ran down to the relief of the little animal. He leapt down the haw-haw just in time; the cow having disabled her antagonist with a kick, was just about to finish the catastrophe with her horns, when Orby interposed, and drove her away. Having taken up the frightened animal, he carried it in his hands and delivered it to its mistress, who had come down to meet him, and whom he joined by scrambling up the fence. This trifling incident produced an immediate *rapprochement*. The interest created by the dog's danger seemed to have impressed both parties, and while he was assuring the fair nymph that none of the animal's bones were broken, he could not but admire the tenderness she seemed to feel. If, thought he to himself,

she can thus be excited in the cause of a little dumb animal, how much more powerfully will all her sympathies be drawn out on behalf of the fortunate person who obtains a place in her heart. The pleasure that had beamed on her countenance, at seeing the little favourite out of danger, and the smile of thanks she bestowed on him for the rescue he had effected, quite melted all scruples on his mind. He felt, as he afterwards told Stafford, all his resolution, like Acres's courage, oozing out at the end of his fingers, and when they returned to the drawing room, he found his fortitude nearly gone. Mrs. Paulett had been called out on some particular business during their absence, and, on their return, they had the room to themselves. A few of what to others would have appeared unmeaning phrases, but which to persons thus situated were big with import, had passed, and gradually took that turn by which declarations are preceded, when the door was thrown open, and Doctor Waldron announced. We shall not say whether such an arrival, at such a time, was agreeable to the parties concerned, but an evident embarrassment appeared. Harriet was the first to recover her

self-possession, and, taking up her dog, which she carefully placed on a cushion, she took it in her arms to the doctor, and saying, with the sweetest smile, she hoped he would not think it beneath him to give his opinion whether her little favourite had any bones broken.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Harriet, I shall be happy to oblige you. I have had, but rarely, some practice among *puppies*, but I have never dealt with a full grown dog before. Although I am not much versed in canine diseases, yet I may be able to say something about wounds. I declare, a very pretty little creature, and though it is not collar of brawn round its neck, yet it is sufficiently attractive by bearing its fair mistress's name on it. Is your friend tractable, or is he of the breed of the Rector of Barking, before I trust my fingers on his ribs?"

"Oh, you need not be afraid," said the lady, "poor Finella is the gentlest thing in the world"—

"Except her mistress," interrupted the doctor.

During this sort of disjointed chat, Orby had time to consider the step he had been about to take, and the promises to his friend and father

came up fresh to his mind. He could not possibly, with any degree of consistency, give up his engagements, and he was confident that if he remained another half-hour at Boyle's court it might be for life. Working up his resolution, he resolved to make his retreat under the fire of the doctor's puns, and got up for that purpose, when Miss Paulett asked if he would not wait until her mother's return. He replied, that he had many calls to make previous to dinner, and must take leave. The doctor seized him by the hand, and wished him all sort of success.

"You are going," said he, "among the Greeks; take care that the London Greeks don't attack you on the way, and I hope to find on your return, that you will be like a fat female friend of mine who is always, like her cook, all over grease."

Had Orby been possessed of more patience, he might have heard a long string of equally bad calembourgs; but he sprung on his horse, and bowed adieu to the fair Harriet, with a mixture of feelings it would be hard to describe, taking credit to his conscience for the sacrifice he had made, at the moment he was tearing himself away from all that he most prized on

earth. When I return, thought he.—And what did Harriet think? That I must leave to the imagination of our fair readers, who may have been similarly situated, as they alone can form a judgment. The doctor, who had attended Mrs. Paulett during her illness, called in occasionally in a friendly way; but a degree of coolness having met him on this day, he did not prolong his visit, and he felt disappointed in being shorn of sufficient opportunities of “playing upon the word.”

Having introduced one of the medical tribe, it would be unfair not to exhibit to the reader the person and manners of the other disciple of Esculapius, who divided the cure of bodies in the town and neighbourhood with our punning friend.

Dr. Williams Boerhave Williams was the only son of a Welsh practitioner, near Crickhowel, who had destined his first-born, from the cradle, to his own profession, and had, consequently, conferred that name on him in baptism which was the object of his own admiration in study. Having gone through a course of education at Hereford, the youth was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine. He had, fortu-

nately, displayed much aptitude, was diligent in attending the classes, and soon was equal to any of his competitors in proficiency. His father having an opportunity of sending him out to India in a medical capacity, he left the modern Athens, without having taken out a degree, joined the ship he was to be attached to, in the river, and proceeded with her to Calcutta. Whether from the nature of the climate in which he was born, particularity of constitution, or accidental causes, Williams Boerhave shewed an early love of the marvellous, and was much addicted to making himself the hero of his own romances. This propensity was, of course, not diminished by doubling the Cape, and in India he added very considerably to the number and variety of his adventures. He had not left England long, when his father, who had been struggling all his life with difficulties, became heir to a Welsh cousin, of whose existence he was scarce aware, and although he did not succeed to a very large fortune, he found a handsome competence had been bequeathed to him, that would save him, if he liked, from farther practice. But he was an amateur of his profession, and continued to

fill all the calls in the limits of his small circle. He sent, however, immediate letters of recal for Boerhave, and on his return to Europe, caused him to revisit Edinburgh to complete his studies. In the course of two years more, he took his degree and qualified to operate on the lieges. Where was he to fix? After several projects of settlement, the old gentleman recollected a distant relation, an old maiden lady of his own name, residing at B——, very fond of gossip and backgammon, and with whom his son might fill up his time, and possibly improve his fortune while waiting for practice. He came to settle in the place much about the time that his rival did, and as their different propensities were developed, the one got the name of Dr. Wonderful, and the other Dr. Punsterful. In their manners and tastes these two rivals were quite antipodes. While Dr. Waldron affected the company of great people, gave dinners, and his wife splendid parties; Dr Williams Boerhave Williams, who had not yet embraced matrimonial cares, lived in a simplicity of celibacy that was quite edifying. He wore a coat of the old-fashioned cut, which with the waistcoat, were of the colour of ipecacuanha.

His *unmentionables* were even of that shade, and a pair of dove-coloured silk stockings completed the simplicity and quaker-like appearance of his costume. His manner, too, was stayed and reserved, and to look at him, you would say he was the last man in the world that would tell a —.

We hope the patience of our readers will not be put much to the task, if we take the liberty of introducing two or three other personages, inhabitants of B——, whose connexions with this veracious story will be found in the sequel, and into whose characters it is needful to gain an insight previous to their coming actually into action.

CHAP. VI.

IN the same street with Mr. Reginald Orby, and not many doors from him, resided Mr. Leslie, who, at the age of twenty-one, came into possession of a fortune of £50,000, without any obstacle to his spending it in any way that should seem good to him. In his disposition there was the strangest mixture of obstinacy and shyness that could be conceived. Whether the former arose from a degree of pride that would not allow him to consider himself in the wrong, it was a mode he indulged in with every one except—his wife. To a nearly invincible shyness of strangers, he added a most decided taste for horse-flesh, and, indeed, whenever he found himself annoyed by intrusion or out of

humour, his sure resource was in the stable, and the conversation of Jack Cruice, his groom. When the time of his majority had arrived, which was some time before the conclusion of the war, he was induced to take a company of militia, and after the pain of first introduction was over, he liked it so well, that he would probably have continued. He served four *campaigns*, two of them on actual service in *Ireland*, and had collected a good deal of military anecdotes. But the chief delight he had, was in going to all the neighbouring races, and betting with his militia friends. The itch for that species of gambling did not find food enough in this limited circle. When, being quartered at York, and dining one day with a friend at Harrowgate, previous to the Doncaster races, they were joined by an acquaintance of his friend, and Mr. Leslie was highly delighted to find him a person quite *au fait* in all matters relating to the turf. Mr. Davis was, in fact, one of that class of people about New Market, who, having little of their own to sport, make themselves useful to their friends, cross-question the trainers and jockeys, get initiated, partly, into their secrets, and can give good advice as to making

they also turn the information to their account in a small way, by hedging and manoeuvres, by which they cannot lose, and may gain a trifle. They are, of course, very good in horse-flesh — members of the Jockey Club to be found at all sporting dinners, and themselves sober where they know the money will be introduced. This hero of the race courses no sooner found out Leslie's love of the turf, and that he had been unwilling to gratify his taste, than he proposed to assist him in making his bets, which were thankfully received, and they met on the first day of the Doncaster races. Whether either fortune was favourable, or Mr. Leslie's advice excellent, the two principal races were won by horses that he pointed out; but as the result of the Leger, that confirmed Leslie's faith in his new friend. By his advice, he took long odds against two outside horses, one of which won the stakes, and put £3000 in the pocket of the anxious Leslie, while his adviser also profited by his advice. Our militia officer was delighted with this proof of his new friend's talents, and, as they must separate, he commissioned Davis to bet for him at

Newmarket and elsewhere, taking nearly as much pleasure in reading the result in the racing calendar as if he had been on the spot himself. This betting by proxy was carried on for two or three years, with great fluctuation, until, at the end of that time, our hero having had rather an unusual run of ill luck, thought it expedient to dot up his banker's account, and found that of his original fifty only ten thousand remained. He therefore, as the most ready means of reviving his fortune, bethought himself of matrimony. He was acquainted with an eminent law stationer in London, whose daughter, he thought, would answer his purpose. He lost no time in paying his addresses, was favourably received, and, in due time, the fair Caroline Palmer became Mrs. Leslie, and brought as much *tocher* as replaced the advances Mr. Davis had required. The first resolution the *nouveau marié* made, was to forswear the turf; but he might have saved himself the trouble, his wife had determined it beforehand, and he even found his amusements in horse-flesh must be confined to a little moderate fox-hunting, and driving Mrs. Leslie forth to take the air. Being deprived of the means of study-

noble animal" in his highest sphere, but gaining a knowledge of his physicalities by anatomy, and was, by the his reading and constant practice, to complete, with the help of John the groom aforesaid, a new system of that he was about to publish. His room looked half like a saddler's shop, like a museum of monsters; there were s of snaffles, bridoons, curbs, stirrups, f his own invention; with injected preas, illustrative of the anatomy of the in glass cases, and a large chest of medi- for the cure of all his diseases. He was with two children, a boy and a girl, the of whom, when quite young, sprained a in taking a leap beyond his strength. ther, who had been reading in some book riery the benefit of firing in all doubt- ses, could see no reason why the prac- should not be applied to men, particularly e had heard lately of some great cures rmed by caustic, which was only another es of cautery. Having, therefore, had his a's opinion on the subject, and his wife out of the way, he proceeded to fire his

son and heir, in due form ; but whether from the youth being averse to the mode of treatment, and making too many movements for the steady application of the practice, it entirely failed in utility. The noise that attended the operation brought in several of the neighbours, and, before their retreat, his wife had joined the group, much to his terror and discomfort. "Here is a pretty piece of business, Mr. Leslie. Is it thus"—but we shall not follow the enraged mamma in her denunciations against her better half ; suffice it to say, that it served as a theme for many months, until the lady herself, in despair of curing her daughter of convulsions by regular means, applied to a dabbler in witchcraft, which Mr. Leslie found out, and was enabled, thenceforth, to parry her attacks on the firing of their first-born.

At the outskirts of the town, stood a handsome mansion lately built, surrounded with a *bran* new wall, to which young fruit trees were nailed, and having still that air of rawness, that betokens a *new place*. The house was in itself sufficiently striking in its appearance, and near enough to the London road to draw frequent answers from coachee to his outsides, as

to the name of the proprietor, &c. It belonged to Mr. Newbolt, who had lately purchased the land, built the house, and become a resident. He had, in early life, and in a distant part of the country, commenced the world in the unpretending career of a carpenter. When out of his apprenticeship, he had been so attentive in all the branches in which he was employed, that he gained the confidence of a master, under whom he served, soon became his confidential person, finally married his daughter, and succeeded to the business, after his father-in-law's death. In the course of his progress, he had been saving even to parsimony, and, as money makes itself, he found himself, on becoming head of the business, well in funds. As from a chrysalis to a butterfly, so is the natural transition from a rich carpenter to a builder. Mr. Newbolt had followed the usual course, and being extremely fortunate in *running up* a handsome crescent at a watering place, he was able soon to extend his speculations in different directions. They turned out well, and, in a comparatively short time, he had realised a handsome fortune, and then began to look out for a place of residence. He had not the usual

object in wishing to settle, that of being near his friends; on the contrary, he had not the least desire to keep up the acquaintance he now possessed, but rather to gain a fresh circle, and any place a good way removed from the scene of his money-making operations would answer. Whilst in this disposition, he saw an advertisement for the sale of a place near B——, or rather adjoining to it. The house was the last remains of an old abbey, and was nearly dilapidated, consequently, when brought to the hammer, it sold with the ground for less than it was intrinsically worth. Mr. Newbolt became the purchaser, and the first thing he did was to pull the house down, and construct one after his own fancy. He surrounded it with a wall and plantation of young trees, and dubbed it Myrtle Villa; although it soon acquired the nickname of Carpenter's Bench, which the shape of the house, being long in proportion to its height, seemed to entitle it to. With that sort of idea that often accompanies people who have made their money from low beginnings, he did not like to trust his cash out of his sight, and, with the exception of what he laid out in building leases, or small purchases of ground, the

whole of his accumulations were placed in a double iron safe in the wall of his house. When he was about to change his abode, he first felt the inconvenience of his hoard, and consulted a friend what was best to do; the safe was so ponderous, and it would disfigure the house to have it removed. His friend, who knew rather more of the world, said, "Why don't you place your money in the stocks? you will have no alarm about it, besides getting interest." It may seem incredible that such an expedient should not have struck him before, but, in fact, he was intensely ignorant out of the beaten road of his business, and, supposing all banks and securities to be alike, and seeing so many of them giving way, he thought it safest to keep his cash in his own possession. Had not the necessity of a removal required something to be done, most probably his property would have remained in the hole in the wall, until *he* was placed in the hole in the earth. He, however, took his friend's advice, and having emptied all his concealed treasure of bank notes into a pair of saddle-bags, he set off by the mail for London. The morning of his arrival he started from the Strand, with his saddle-bags on his arm, and arrived safely in

St. Paul's Churchyard: being then doubtful of his way, he stopped a well-dressed man that he met, and asked him the way to the Stocks.

"The stocks," said the person whom he questioned, "I fancy you mistake; we have no stocks in London, but there is the tread-mill at Brixton, if that will answer your purpose as well, it is at the other side of the water."

"What could my friend mean," exclaimed Newbolt, "telling me that the stocks was the safest place to put my money."

On hearing the word money, the gentleman said, with a smile, "I now understand you; that is the way," pointing to Cheapside, "but you had better ask for the Bank of England, and not proclaim that you have got the money that I presume is in your saddle-bags, as you may find persons ready to transfer it into stock, in a way you would not like."

Furnished with this advice, he proceeded to the Bank, where one of the clerks, understanding his object, gave him the name of a broker, and sent one of the porters to shew him the way. When Mr. Newbolt made known to him his errand, he was rather astonished at the mode of transacting the business. Having asked what

kind of stock he would prefer, he expressed his total ignorance of them all, and left it to the broker to buy what was best. "But how much money have you to lay out?" He really could not exactly say, but that they could count it over. That, however, occupied a very considerable time, and the astonishment of the man of transfers was increased in finding large notes, of forty years back date, that appeared never to have been in circulation. Having gone through the whole amount, the broker desired him to remain where he was, while he went out and settled the business for him. He returned soon afterwards with the receipts, and received the contents of the saddle-bags in lieu; Newbolt thinking to himself, what a man of wonderful credit he must be, to procure them before he had received the money. Having accompanied the broker to the Bank and settled all the usual preliminaries, he returned that night to the country, to prepare for his removal. He had lost his wife two years previous to this event, and his son, who had been at a public school, and afterwards at Cambridge, was about to return home, and accompany him in his migration.

We should not have wasted so much time in

the description of this architect of his own fortune, had it not been to introduce his son (and such a son !) to the notice of the reader. His father had inflicted on him the names of Adolphus Armitage Newbolt; the first of these, his parent said, he gave him as sounding well with the second, which was that of his wife, but the dealers in scandal, or gossip, were divided in their reports on the subject; one party asserting that the name was given because the father had once built a pig-stye for a Royal Duke, the other saying there were more cogent reasons. However, Adolphus Armitage waxed strong in his youth, and the course of his education has been already pointed out. His talents, such as they were, were early developed, but were rather of an imitative order, than showing powers of originality. In person he was tall, rather well made, and his face was really handsome. He was, moreover, endowed with a considerable proportion of small talk for the ladies, and had some set phrases ready when thrown into the society of the other sex. He had stored his memory with a few goodly words, which he brought in always, as he thought, *a propos*. Essentially—conditionally—occasionally—apex—bombast—

monotonous—glorious—ridiculous—were his pet phrases.

A man being once asked if he could play the violin, replied, that he did not know, he had never tried. For the same reason, Adolphus might not be aware whether he merited the high title that was conferred on Marshal Ney. He could, however, boast of being the *beau des beaux*; as they say in Scotland, "there war no the like o' him in all the country side." Having an early propensity to that department of the fine arts which consists in adorning one's own person, he pursued the study with great care and attention, lost no shadow of the passing fashions of the day, and was notoriously the first buck in the University, and, at least, deserved the degree of master of that art. When he quitted College and came to London, a new field opened, and his ambition led him to take the highest flight. He was, here, however, baulked in his expectations; notwithstanding the precision of his personal toggery, and the unquestionable style of his turn-out, there was still something about the man of high fashion which the aspirant could never catch, and, after struggling for a length of time, in this up-hill

work, he at last fairly gave up the fight. Thinking it better to be first in h——, than last in heaven, he made up his mind to retire from the present scene, and reign paramount in some country district, where his person and acquirements would gain him the applause he vainly strove to find in the metropolis. His father having imparted his plans to him, he fell in with them at once, rather to the astonishment of the old gentleman, who, unaware of the youth's disappointed ambition, considered his retirement to the country to arise from love to his parent, and was further strengthened in the idea by seeing the little desire his dear Adolphus expressed of visiting London. The fact was, his son and heir felt a little sore at visiting the scene of his former struggles, and went there as seldom as possible. True, he every year ran up once to see how to tie his cravat, and on one occasion, to ascertain whether six or seven buttons were then employed on waistcoats. He went up by the mail, and, to secure his own resolution, before leaving the coach-office, he took his place down for the next night. In the intervening day, having made himself master of his subject, he returned to breakfast the following

morning with his dear papa, who, meeting Mr. Ridgway a few hours afterwards, said, "My dear sir, in the course of your long practice with young gentlemen, have you ever seen or known of a more dutiful and loving son than mine? He had some business in London, which he performed and came back that same night to his loving father, although he had *ever* so many invitations to stay."

"Why, it is really very kind and considerate of the young gentleman; but do you think there are no other attractions here—no lady, for instance?"

"No, not that I know of, I should be glad there was; I should be happy to see him well settled, provided it was with a young lady of good family, and well connected."

"Oh," said Mr. Ridgway, "you need be under no uneasiness; all our people of the inland counties pique themselves on their descent, and if you were to require it, in almost any family now settled in B——, you could raise so many phantoms of dead lords and baronets, that you would be quite astonished. For instance, take the Orbys; they are one of the oldest families in England, connected in

various ways with the peerage, and now I think of it, I have observed your son flirting, as they call it, with the eldest daughter. She is a very fine girl, and you may observe by her carriage that she has been well brought up."

"Indeed," said Mr. Newbolt; "I did not think there was any thing of that kind:" and in this the old gentleman told the truth; he was so much taken up in admiration of this pet son, his learning, his horses, his boots, and his cravat, that he had not time to think of others falling in love with the same object, although this was really nearly the case. A good looking, not to say handsome, young man, living in a circle of girls, many of whom had no objection to be married, and who, in addition to a good person and manners, sported two or three handsome carriages, it cannot be wondered that certain gentle wishes were exhaled from more than one fair bosom, and the small circumstance of his father being in treaty for an estate of £50,000 value, did not in any way detract from the other charms of the youth; who not having much to do, and feeling the effect of all the female admiration he flattered himself he had inspired, began to look out for his sultana, not

without some misgiving, that the general power he seemed now to possess over the dear creatures, might be sadly diminished when he came to fix on one of their number. He, however, was gradually attracted towards Miss Jane Orby, in preference to the other nymphs, or at least it was rumoured so, and what seemed to give confirmation to the surmise, was the undeniable fact that he, the said Adolphus Armitage, did actually and *bona fide* dance twice with the said Jane Orby, the ball room at the same time being furnished with a great variety of Misses, some of whom had not danced that evening. Whether these surmises were well founded or not, must appear in a future page; but, taking it for a fact, it would be impossible to allow the courtship of so superb a rural exquisite to be huddled up in the matter-of-fact way of everyday people. It was, however, a topic that lasted for some time. When the report reached Dr. Waldron, of the possible union of the houses of Newbolt and Orby, he said, "Aye, there are three parties that seem not disinclined:—there is Old-bolt and Young-bolt, and if Miss Jane goes into the family, she will be bolt-upright as I don't think she can see the flounce of her

gown, owing to her uprightness. When she takes a look at her tucker, which she is putting in doing, her head is in the position of a cock bird pluming his neck feathers; and if the bolts be screwed together, by that ceremony which commences with dearly beloved, and ends in amazement, then, and then only, we have the true Newbolt—or, as springing from so happy a wedlock, the produce may be called a *spring-bolt*."

CHAP. VII.

MRS. PAULETT and her daughter were left in great surprise by the sudden departure of Frank Orby, and the lady herself could not repress the feelings of disappointment at what she conceived to be so cavalier a mode of taking leave. She said that the young gentleman seemed to have studied to make his conduct appear unaccountable. It was neither the formality of a first acquaintance, the case of a long-formed one, or the cordiality of a friend, but a glimpse of each, applied *very mal-a-propos*, and that the favourable opinion she at one time entertained of the young man had undergone a very considerable change; but, as she concluded, we have no chance of seeing him again, let us think no more

about him. To these strictures of her mother, Harriet gave a silent attention, obliged to admit, against her will, the truth of some of them, but when she had come to a conclusion, by saying they would not see him again, an involuntary sigh stole from the breast of her daughter, who would fain, if she had known how, said something in extenuation of Orby's conduct, which was to her a perfect mystery. She recalled his early visits to her recollection, and it brought to her vision the hours of unalloyed pleasure she had passed in his company; his conduct so kind, so confiding, so generous, while his conversation, when directed to herself, was devoid of that frivolity usually employed in addressing females; he seemed to feel that it was with a person of superior talents that he was talking, and the kind modes he had of drawing her out on those points on which she might be supposed to shine, were strongly fixed in her memory. On the other hand, what could possibly be the reason of the sudden discontinuance of his visits? "She was weary of conjecture." Then the last one that he did pay, what contradiction; in the first place embarrassment, so great as not to be concealed, then,

owing to the incident of the little dog, their former tone of confidence and friendship renewed, warming, by degrees, until the consciousness seemed to possess her that something beyond the scope of friendship was on the eve of being discussed; then the interruption, and afterwards his sudden departure, as if afraid to trust himself any longer. She could form no probable reason for this mode of proceeding, and she was left quite in the dark. It may be guessed that the presence of the punning Doctor was not in any sense agreeable to her, and when he endeavoured to play off some of his *jeu de mots*, she rose abruptly and said she would send her mother.

Mrs. Paulett and her daughter were not much in the habit of frequenting the society either of the neighbourhood or of the town of B——; in that place, they might be said to be only intimate with one family, that of Mr. Forrester, with a description of whom we shall, for the present, close our list of the *natives*. This gentleman was in possession of a handsome property in the county, on which he had resided in the early part of his married life. His estate was in the midst of a sporting

country, and having nothing of that kind in his own composition, he found, after a short time, that his situation was irksome. Being of a studious and literary turn, he looked to the quiet enjoyment of these pursuits in a country life; but he had reckoned without his host. His fox-hunting neighbours would not be denied. As he would not join in their sports, he was called on to subscribe, and almost every day in the winter, had to listen to the adventures of some red-coated leaper of fences, with the lives and families of all the horses and dogs in the county. To add to these annoyances, on the first year of taking possession of his house, he had qualified to be tormented, and his most precious hours taken up with vagrancy, affiliations, poaching, and trespassing, visits to county jails, bridewells, and quarter sessions; and his arithmetic brought into play by dotting up the produce of the tread-mill. Unable to withstand these united blessings of a country life, he fairly ran away, let his house, and retired to the tranquillity of a country town, being set down among his sporting neighbours as a soft-headed, nervous book-worm. Here, however, he at last enjoyed repose. His wife was

one of the every-day sort of persons, very quiet and unobtrusive, who never gave herself any trouble, and, of course, never intruded on the studies or pursuits of her husband, who gave up the largest portion of his time to the cultivation of his daughters' minds, who, to do them justice, were prone to profit by his instruction. As the estate which he possessed was entailed on the next heir male, a nephew about fourteen years of age, Mr. Forrester, after setting aside an annual sum in insurance on his life, as provision for his daughters, spent the rest of his income in elegant hospitality, and in doing as much good as the small circle in which he moved allowed.

There was a difference of two years in the ages of the daughters, but in height, person, figure, and manner, they were much alike. The advantage in point of beauty was rather in favour of the younger, and her figure was rather more *delicé* than that of her sister. In point of acquirements and accomplishments, they were nearly equal; both gifted with strong understandings, their minds had been carefully cultivated by their father in all branches of useful study. They were good modern linguists, very

fair musicians, accomplished horsewomen, and good dancers. They had above that, the perfect air and ease of good breeding. Let us look at the other side of the picture. It was strongly suspected, by those who knew them best, that neither of these accomplished sisters possessed much feeling, and several little traits were quoted in proof of the assertion. It was said the youngest was a decided coquette, who encouraged the addresses of many suitors only to laugh at them; but we can hardly join in this opinion. If such a thing as a real coquette exists, to the full extent of that term, such a creature, so heartless, only deserves, as a punishment, to hear what men would say of her when conversing together, which, if she did, she would immediately marry or hang herself, to escape from such suspicion. We shall not, therefore, allow this scandal against Cornelia Forrester, (although even her sister taxed her with it,) but suppose she was only waiting for the appearance of the destined swain, to make him happy. The eldest daughter, in avoiding Seylla, was likely to fall into Charybidis; as holding her sister's plans in aversion, she was

resolved to take the first decent offer that was made, and she soon had an opportunity.

A respectable old lady, of the name of Green, who, in the palmy days of Bath, kept a boarding house in that city, had, as one of her boarders, a young gentleman who had just taken orders, and waited a promised curacy. He had at the time but a small stock of cash, and his patience met a severe trial in waiting for the vacancy. When it did happen, what was his consternation in getting a letter from the patron, saying how very much he was distressed in not being able to recommend his young friend, some Parliamentary connexions of his wife, whose favour he could not possibly dispense with, had claimed it for a *protégé* of their own. That, however, he might depend on the very next, and named one that was likely to fall in within a short period. This disappointment was very severe on the expectant, who had got nearly to his last sovereign, and produced very unpleasant effects on his mind, which could not bear to stoop to solicitation, and he now looked with dismay on his blighted prospects. His landlady, who had taken much interest in his fate, inquired the cause of his apparent uneasiness, and did so in such a

kind manner, that he was induced to acquaint her with his unfortunate position. Mrs. Green, who was a person of kind disposition, told him not to think any further about the matter, to make his mind easy, and hope for the best; that she saw he was going to speak about the payment of his board, but she would not hear of it, and he was very welcome to stay in the house for a year if he liked. His visit was not protracted so long; in a few months he succeeded to the promised curacy, and when going to have some explanation with his landlady, she stopped him by saying she would not hear a word of it, and, at the same time, slipping twenty pounds into his hand, said she would not expect payment of either sum until her young friend became a bishop; that she had been pleased with his quiet and modest demeanour during the time he remained in her house; she was grateful to Providence that it had placed in her power the means of obliging her friends, and she should always consider him one. The new curate took his leave, his heart full of gratitude, and proceeded to his curacy in a distant part of the country. When he arrived there, he found them placing the national schools on a new foot-

ing, and he gave his assistance with so much zeal, and entered so fully into the spirit of the thing, as to draw the attention of the Bishop, and from that time preferment was rapidly poured on him. When he had at length reached a stall in one of the cathedrals, and saw further honours rising to his view, he wrote to Mrs. Green, recommending her to bring her son up to the church, as he hoped he might be able, by the time he was fit to take orders, to do something for him. This advice tallied exactly with the good lady's inclinations, and she forthwith put her on a course of education, to fit him for the profession, to which, in due time, he was introduced by ordination, and almost immediately, through some corporation interest, procured a curacy. A very considerable time had elapsed without hearing from her former lodger, she had notified to him her son's having entered the Church, and thought that was sufficient on her part. She felt too proud to solicit favours, although, perhaps, rather piqued at the long silence of her quondam friend. When in this mood, a handsome carriage drove up to the door, with the mitre on the pannels, and out stepped the person in question. The meeting,

which was the first since they had separated at the same place, partook of a great deal of feeling, subdued, on the part of the female, by the somewhat awful presence of a bishop. He, however, soon put the good lady at her ease, by saying, "My dear Madam, many years have elapsed since I became in every sense your debtor, and I come, at last, prepared in some measure to repay your kindness. I have had a very good report of your son's conduct since he has been in the ministry, and I come now to offer him a living in one of the midland counties, that I understand is worth about £1600 a year; and if you recollect a certain £20 borrowed of you by a poor curate some years ago, to be repaid when he became a bishop, I hope you will not be offended if I have increased it a little, and offer it as an outfit for travelling for the young gentleman;" placing £300 in the hand of the delighted mother. After the first effusion of gratitude and thanks, arrangements were entered into for the removal of Mr. Green to his new residence. It was within six miles of B—, and on the property of Mr. Forrester. The old lady, having made her enquiries about the capabilities of the town, pro-

posed to remove there, to be near her dear William, and having sold off all her property at Bath, she accompanied him on his removal, and the rectory being out of repair, he was to remain with his mother till all was ready. And, indeed, he seemed to require the aid of a parent; he had been so much caudled and nursed in his early youth, that he came up a very sickly plant. He was easy-tempered, good-natured, had neither much of evil or good about him, and was easily managed by those who had or who assumed authority over him. In person he was tall and thin, or rather all of a thickness; such a man as you might expect to pull out of a thread paper. In countenance, he had a yellow paleness, that gave him no very attractive air, and the lids of one of his eyes being contracted, gave him something of a sinister aspect. Cornelia Forrester said he always put her in mind of Robinson Crusoe when he first observed the print of the man's foot, but Dr. Waldron was nearer the mark in describing his forlorn appearance when he said, that he looked as if he had forgotten the number of his mess.

As this personage would be a near neighbour

of Mr. Forrester, in the event of resuming his family residence, he thought it right to pay him and his mother every attention in his power. He, therefore, called, with his wife and daughter, and invited Mrs. Green and her son to dinner. The two sisters, who were both of a satirical turn, enjoyed this exhibition very much, and had a hearty laugh at the fussy old lady and the melancholy divine. In the course of a few days however, Cornelia was much surprised to observe the attention her eldest sister paid to the new comer. She listened with complacency to all the old lady's twaddle about Bath from time immemorial, which she had collated from her thousand and one boarders, together with a detail of the fashions in her early days, and an endless gossip on subjects equally interesting. To the son she exhibited in the light of a serious, pious young woman, and let occasional glimpses of her learning appear, in such a way as if she always deferred to his better opinion in matters of taste and style. These conversations gained consistency, the poor timid man seemed to have met some congenial support, and to have imbibed a sneaking kindness for his companion; while the lady herself did all in her

be agreeable ; her sister, in the
ne, ready to die with astonishment,
and curiosity as to where all this

She could at length restrain herself
r, but said, "My dear Margaret, what
possibly be at, in giving encouragement
th of a man, who looks, not like Justice
as if he had been made out of a forked
out rather to have been built out of a

What do you mean to do with him?
you have no idea of marrying."

y not?" replied her sister, "I can see
so ridiculous about Mr. Green ; he is
ay and in bad health, but of these he
easily cured, with a little care and
a, and I feel interested very much in
are." (The fact was, she was a good
erested in the £1600. a year and the
tions from the old lady, who had men-
n conversation having, many years back,
her savings in Grand Junction Canal

then his name, my dear sister," re-
the junior, "how can you put up with
distinction as Mrs. Green, the parson's

"Oh ! as to name," replied Margaret, "what does it signify ? it is as good as Brown, Black, Robinson, or many others ; and for that matter, we can get it changed."

"Well," said her sister, "I see there is no use in arguing with you, but my astonishment is unbounded."

Things went on as Miss Margaret had arranged ; the *tête a tête* conversations continued, while the two mammas pretended employment in new discoveries of netting, or of inventing sauces, so that affairs went on swimmingly, and, in due time, the proposals were made and accepted, and the new married couple were to make a tour until their own house was ready for their reception.

Cornelia, now Miss Forrester, could not get the better of her chagrin, which found vent in turning her brother-in-law into ridicule. She never spoke of him except as the Reverend Billy, and joined in all the jokes made on the subject of the marriage. It was an endless theme for Doctor Waldron, who punned without ceasing, on gosling-green, green-geese, and green finches. The bride did not in the least attend to all these quips and inuendoes.

return from her honey-mooning expedition, she proceeded to take possession of the boy, and, in a very short time, gave her husband half to understand, that she would save him all trouble in the management of his affairs. Years glided on in apparent happiness, which they had two children; the old lady was delighted at seeing Willy so happy, revelled in the delights of maturity at second hand by nursing her grand-children. At the close of this period, however, the old lady's apprehensions began to arise on the state of her son's health. He seemed to lose his appetite, looking mopy and melancholy, and, if possible, thinner than ever. Whether he had been disappointed of the quantum of felicity he had looked for in the marriage state, or that it arose from a feeble constitution, little doubt remained in the mind of his acquaintance, that he was falling into a rapid decline, which his wife alone would not cure; but said that it was his own fault for going the wrong way to low spirits. At length things came to that point, that poor Billy Green was confined altogether to his room, with only his mother as his constant attendant. His wife, however, saw no use in fretting herself about

what was beyond human aid, and she continued her usual course of living, paying and receiving visits, as if nothing was the matter, and on the very night the poor man breathed his last, they were dancing in his house over his head. When the event was announced to the lady, she apologised to her guests, who soon dispersed, and descended the stairs, saying, "Dear me, I did not think it would have been so soon." As had been foreseen, poor old Mrs. Green did not long survive her dear William, leaving all her property to her grand-children, to revert only to their mother in case of their death, an event not at all likely, but which, however, took place very shortly, the elder dying of a fever, and the younger by being thrown off a pony, and dragged in the stirrup. Thus, in a comparatively short time, the whole family was nearly exterminated. Dr. Waldron said that he had never known such a fall in any article, as there had been in greens, within one twelvemonth. Under such an accumulation of misfortunes, it was a miracle that the relict escaped a broken heart; it was said, that some one having told her that she never looked better than in the widow's close cap, it went far to prevent that

catastrophe. Leaving the fame of her late husband to speak for itself, she erected a splendid monument to the memory of her babes, and, having sacrificed to grief and duty, at the end of the year, which was at the period when this history commences, she turned out in new plumage, ready, as the sailors say, to take a fresh departure. She had, she thought, sacrificed sufficiently to prudence, and now meant to please her fancy in a future choice. Youth and beauty, or youth without the beauty, were to be part of the ingredients of future her stock of matrimonial comfort. She had thrown a shot at Frank Orby, but he was widow-proof, and she was now only waiting for a fresh subject on whom to exercise her skill. She had returned to her father's mansion, had resumed her former course of life, and, only that it was Mrs. Green, in place of Miss Forrester, there was no perceptible difference in her *maniere d'être*.

Mrs. Forrester had gone out to accompany Mrs. Orby to a sale of china, and Mr. Forrester was seated between his daughters at the window, when Mrs. Paulett's carriage drove up and the mother and daughter were speedily

weather, Mr. Forrester proposed to show them the new plant he had received from India, a cutting of which he had promised to Mrs. Paulett. That lady was the only one of the party that seemed to accept the invitation, the young ladies saying, that it was a great deal to tell Harriet. They went off together in consequence by their seat, and the moment they had disappeared, the ladies exclaimed, "There, Harriet, are you not alarmed, at seeing your mamma led off in a cavalier style by my dear papa?"

"Oh no, I assure you, I am not in the least alarmed."

"Well, my love," continued the wife, "you are free from uneasiness on your mamma's account, how do you feel on your own?" "Sorry to find you have lost your beau."

"My beau! who do you mean?"

Miss Forrester, "we were all overlooked by him, and even his cousin Charlotte, who is thought one of the prettiest girls in the county, had no charms for him, farther than as a confidante; he told her, very soon after he had seen you for the first time, during his visit, that you were the most divine creature he ever beheld."

"Come, come, Cornelia," said Harriet, still blushing, "this is all too bad; I have nothing to say to Mr. Orby. He visited mamma several times after he came to the country, but latterly we have not seen anything of him, until yesterday he called to take leave."

"Well," said the widow, "I thought there had been more in it. I have heard that young Orby is rather *volage* in love, and there are one or two stories of forsaken damsels. But I am glad to find that it is not the case with you, and I hope you are quite heart-whole."

"Oh yes," exclaimed Harriet, with a forced laugh, "quite so, I assure you;" turning to look at some prints on the table, while her face had assumed a deadly paleness.

CHAP. VIII.

WE have detained the reader long enough in all conscience, within the precincts of country town; let us take a flight to the metropolis, and join the three friends, who are once more sipping their claret, in a parlour room at Long's Hotel.

"How I do enjoy," exclaimed George Ford, "'taking mine ease in mine inn,'"

going to pick his pocket. And then, after your cloth is jerked away, to be seated with your thimble-full of port, in the perfect solitude of society. No, I like better some of the sociability of the old dinner parties of bachelors, where, when the cloth was withdrawn, you gathered, as we do now, round the fire, with our fresh bottle, and I find so little inclination to move, that, were it not for the promise I made Lady Juliana Moncrieffe, of looking into her box at the opera to-night, I should like to remain where I am until our departure."

"Do you go to-night, positively?" said Broderick.

"Yes, we do," replied Frank Orby, "and I am sorry you cannot accompany us, three in a chaise, and toss up for bodkin."

"I am very sorry myself," said Broderick, "but this new engagement about the house will prevent me, as I have invited the Governor to come and see me when I am settled; but hope you will neither of you stay long abroad, as I am so much accustomed to your society, that I shall feel very dull without it. Do you take your servants and horses with you?"

"No," replied Orby; "George and I are determined to rough it on this expedition, and learn to do without having a servant always at one's elbow, as much trouble nearly as use, particularly with English ones. If we want any, hire them in whatever country we are, and drop them on the frontier. We mean to do the same with respect to carriages. We start to-night, after the opera, but, before we go, let us revive the old fashion of a bumper to our mistresses. Here is one to the divine Harriet Paulett who retains half of my heart while the other is travelling. Come, George, who shall we say?"

"Why I have not exactly lost my heart, either entirely, or by instalments, but I will give you a fair lady whom I am going to visit to-night, the Lady Juliana, who has been, in many respects, my kindest friend, putting me on my guard against all the prowling dowagers that haunt the world with their daughters."

"In order," interrupted Orby, "to retain you in her own chains."

"There, my dear Frank, you entirely mistake. Although Lady Juliana is the goddess of my idolatry, she is a divinity only to be approached with the greatest respect; at the same time she

holds her undisputed place on the pinnacle of fashion, yet no one has ventured to breathe a syllable against her good name, and were I ever mad enough to trespass on the footing I hold in her good graces, I could anticipate, with shame, the reception I should meet with; and besides, I have the utmost respect for her husband, which, however antiquated it may seem, would be a sufficient restraint on my wishes, were I foolish enough to entertain any. But a truce to this sermon; here is her ladyship's health. And now, Broderick, who is to have your valedictory bumper?"

"Why, to confess the truth," replied Broderick, "I have not yet seen that fair face that would prefer to all the world."

"Oh, well then, wait," said Orby, "till you come down into the country with me; I shall go hard to have your heart beaten down by one of my cousins, or failing them, by a fair widow."

"Oh no," said Broderick, "no widow for me."

"Be not too certain, my good fellow; as sure as ever the widow Green sees you, she will mark you for her prey. You have many of the qualifications she aspires to—youth, fair com-

plexion, bright eyes, love of classical (she is a bit of a *blue*), and above all, p money. She will have you as sure as y and, in anticipation, we will drink the Green's health."

"Well, Frank," said Broderick, rising have had your joke, and I must be off my engagement at a quadrille ball in B square; I shall pick you up, most likely Opera, or failing, shall meet you here at before you start."

"Now, Frank," said Stafford, "come with me. I have Lady Juliana's permission to introduce you to her whenever an opportunity occurs, and I know she is to be at the Op night."

When the friends arrived in the Hay they proceeded straight to her Ladyship where she sat in all the triumph of a w high fashion, receiving incense from l votees, while scores of glasses were dire her *loge*, as the centre of attraction. word of reproach to Stafford, for being she turned her eye towards Orby; the duction took place, and she at once ad him on the subject of his proposed

few anecdotes that had happened to the countries through which he was in that sketchy manner that never tires, accompanied with such fascinating tone of inimitable power of description, that indeed Orby could have listened all night ; in a long *entretien*, he observed that it to make way for others, all anxious to devote themselves to the same shrine. When he had retired from this interview, "Well, Frank," said Stafford, "did I overrate Juliana's attractions?"

"By heavens, George, all you could have said would fall short of the reality ; never did I see such endless grace and loveliness. In my life I have seen the infinite grace that real fashion has over a lovely woman. Never did I see any thing at all to compare to this, in any form or figure. Harriet Paulett is the only woman I have seen to approach her, and may, when her womanly graces are shed over her, and are more fashioned by intercourse with the world claim a comparison ; but at present, Lady Juliana reigns unrivalled. I tell you what it is, that were I to remain in London, and of the awe attending the majesty of her

charms, I should be mad in love. I shall not bear to look at another woman to-night, so let us go back to Long's and drink champagne."

"Why you inflammable wretch! your father ought to give me £1000 a year if I bring you safe back, through all the black Italian and Greek eyes that we shall encounter on the road; but, at all events, I can forgive your enthusiasm as regards Lady Juliana Moncrieffe, and I am not surprised that you find some sort of resemblance with your country favourite. You know Mrs. Paulett was a Moncrieffe, and nearly related to Mr. Moncrieffe as well as to the lady herself, who is her husband's first cousin, therefore it is all in the blood. I must not, however, have you run away from the house till you have paid your adieus to Lady Lloyd, and two or three of your other friends, who I observe are here, after which I will, if you are not tired of divinities, introduce you to one of another description, *la deesse de la danse*, the divine Taglioni; so make your bow in the boxes and then we shall repair to *les coulisses*. Orby went to pay his hurried visits to his friends, taking care to avoid looking at the part of the house where Lady Juliana was seated, then joined his friend from

the pit, and went behind the scenes. There, after forcing through the crowd that has been aptly described, in a modern novel, "as painted skeletons looking celestial," they found their way to the circle that surrounded *la danseuse par excellence*. Orby, who had not seen her previously, was introduced and had only chattered a moment or two, when the overture of the ballet finished, the curtain rose, and the groupes dispersed. The eyes of both friends were rivetted to the stage, while occupied by Taglioni, and they chatted with her in the intervals of repose. What they had seen and heard that night, furnished conversation for the next twenty-four hours, but on the way to the hotel, the efforts of the *dansatrice* were the immediate theme. The inimitable grace that accompanied all her actions. "Did you observe, Frank," said his friend. "one attitude which she assumed, squatting down, previous to rising on the points of her toes? Now it strikes me, that if this was attainable by any other *artiste*, it would appear low and burlesque, but she redeems it from vulgarity."

By the time the two friends had put on their travelling dresses, and given the last hand to

lobster, and champagne pun
joyous hour they passed, till
announced as already at the door.

"Well, my good friend," said
never thought of asking the road
suppose the old track, by Dover.

"No," said Stafford, "neither
such mortal haste, as to run on po
route. Frank's father will be
once he hears we are actually i
matter where; so we intend to tal
ampton way. The Camilla starts
in the evening, we shall have time
ports, dinner, &c., before we
bargain for a good sleep to-mor
the salt seas."

They continued to chat till pas
and then bade a reluctant good

considered the whole Greek question put to rest, by the "*untoward event*," he saw no occasion for putting himself into a hurry.

As many of the party that had come over with them meant to go up to Rouen by the steamer, the two friends resolved to join them, and in the mean time to take a look at the neighbourhood. On landing in Havre, one might imagine themselves in a town in Brazil, there is such a noise of parrots, paroquets, and macaws; while that compound of villainous smells, frying oil, fish and drugs, that is so powerful in Lisbon and Rio Janeiro, prevails also here to a great degree. The wet docks are well worthy of admiration, and there is a handsome theatre. The next morning, saw them again afloat on the bosom of the Seine, on their way to Rouen, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in France. But a steam-boat is a sad anti-picturesque machine; it whisks you along so rapidly that the eye gets fatigued, even with the most beautiful objects. No moment of repose, when you come opposite to a striking picture of the landscape, that you would wish to contemplate at leisure; and even it is impossible to anticipate your views, the

objects seen at a distance, which by gradually approaching, display fresh beauties by the changing line of perspective, come upon you with such rapidity, that there is no fine gradation of light and shade, but a confused mass of colour which affects the vision, and, in a short time, fatigues the attention. If in place of the twenty-four hours in the steamer, three or four days were passed in a pleasure vessel, going up the river, and anchoring at the most interesting points, and landing to dine at some of the many interesting spots, there is, perhaps, no space of equal length in Europe, not even excepting the banks of the Rhine, that would afford greater pleasure for the lovers of nature than the banks of the Seine between Havre and Rouen. On arriving at this latter place, pretty well satiated with the views, they repaired to the hotel, and rested for the night. In the morning they found that the great part of their fellow travellers had departed, having secured places the night

or buying a carriage, and setting off post. Here they had an opportunity of observing the dilatory modes the French have of doing business, which future experience confirmed. It would seem that in war alone they set any value on time, and in all small transactions there is a great deal of bustle and little done. On enquiring for a coach-maker, four men and boys started forth to shew them one, and the whole of this needless number accompanied them to the manufactory. There was nobody there; some said that the master was at his dinner, others that he was asleep, while one person affirmed he was gone to Paris; but *three* fresh people set out to look for him, and in about a quarter of an hour he arrived and showed the strangers into his *remise*, where was the most curious collection of carriages, in every state of decay. A thing that looked half britschka, half caleche, struck them on entering. They asked the hire to Paris.

"One hundred and fifty francs."

"Oh, that is too much."

"Well, gentlemen, please yourselves." They went through this magazine of crazy vehicles, but there was something wrong with them all;

one wanted a splinter bar; the tire of the wheels of another was loose, the spokes of a second, and the fellies of a third, in the same predicament; one was not to be hired, another not to be sold; so that they were fain to come back to the hermaphrodite machine near the door, and they offered one hundred and twenty francs for its hire.

"Ah, vous avez raison, Messieurs, la belle voiture que voila.."

After some chaffering, the coach-maker, or mender, agreed to the price asked; and they desired to have it ready in half an hour.

"Ah, Messieurs, c'est impossible."

"He could not well tell why it was impossible, but there was this screw and that strap, and the greasing."

"Well," said they "when can you promise it?"

"Demain matin au plutôt."

They left the coach contractor in despair, and were at no loss to enter into the feelings of Napoleon, who said, "Bah!" whenever they talked to him about impossible. Returning to their hotel by another road, or rather having lost their way, they stumbled on an office of *velocifères*,

that they had not before seen. The places in this vehicle were also full, but there were two in the cabriolet a-top, which they desired to have. The clerk seemed surprised that two persons of their appearance should take such vulgar seats, rather than wait another day. He shrugged his shoulders and said, when he had booked them,—“*Messieurs, vous aimez l'air fraiche.*” They did indeed like the fresh air, and congratulated themselves on their position all the way to Paris, when they saw six people tumble out of each of the compartments of the diligence as they ascended the steep hills. A short way out of Rouen, they came to the ascent of the great hill, and as there was at the time a competition on the road, a dispute arose among the *conducteurs* and drivers of three or four diligences, who should get first. From abuse they proceeded to maul each other; at last, the postillion of the vehicle in which were the two travellers, gave his opponent rather a scientific blow in the face, with his shut fist, and produced first blood. This unusual exploit set two women, who were in the *interieur*, screaming, supposing nothing less than murder; while one of the men passengers, who seemed amused at

the battle and triumph of the driver of his own carriage, looked up to the two Englishmen, asking them in a satisfied tone, "*N'est il pas vrai qu'il l'a bien boxé.*"

The journey to Paris was soon completed, and the two friends were put down at a hotel near the Palais Royale, where they were pretty certain of not meeting any English. There was a *table d'hote*, where they dined, as the means of improving them in French conversation, and where they learned some information, principally on theatrical affairs. To keep up the current of their French small talk, in place of breakfasting in their rooms they joined some of the guests of the day before at breakfast in the Salon at ten o'clock, and as they drank their coffee, had leisure to remark the *appliances* to a French breakfast. In addition to the *debris* of the former dinner, were the constant dish of mutton kidneys, fried in champagne, which sounds magnificent in its French nomenclature, hot sausages, and pigs' feet fritters. While the two Englishmen were amused at the variety of tastes in the breakfast line, a person came in rather late; he ordered two dozen of raw oysters, and when they were dispatched, he had a soup

plate of vermicelli, then four cold artichoke bottoms, part of a cold partridge, some of the pigs' toes frittered, three apples, and washed the mess down with a tumbler of wine and water. "When a fellow," said Stafford to his friend, "can stuff such a collection into his provision pouch, with what conscience can he look a cholic in the face, and say it has no right to attack him?"

Having run through all the lions of Paris, not forgetting the theatres, the friends proposed, before leaving the city of the living, that they should pay a visit to that of the dead. The thought struck Stafford, one day as they lounged on the Boulevard, and the hint was no sooner given than they mounted in a cabriolet and set off. When on their way to *Pere la Chaise*, the driver asked them if there was any thing similar near London, and being answered in the negative, gave a smile of triumph at the superiority of his own country. "I suppose," said he, "that in some years London will be as large as Paris now is, but it will never contain so many inhabitants." He was extremely surprised to be told that London was already larger than Paris, and contained one-

third more inhabitants. "*Comment done*, but reflecting a little, perhaps, he thought his friends were trying to humbug him, and he concluded the subject with a shrug of his shoulders and a smile of incredulity. When speaking of this class of men, it may be as well to observe that of all the hackney coachmen and drivers of different vehicles about Paris, there is, perhaps not one who has not served in the army, and the greater part in the cavalry and light troops. Therefore, supposing these people to have taken their share in the affair of July, it will be absurd to say that the troops had only an inexperienced mob to deal with. On the contrary, many of these persons had more experience than the troops that attacked them, and were able from long practice, to bring all the resources familiar to light troops into play. It is difficult to describe the sensations with which strangers are impressed, on visiting this rural cemetery. Surprise and pleasure are the first feelings. There is an air of cheerfulness, and even life about this place produced by the number of shrubs, and plants, and the movement of the persons who earn their livelihood on the spot—grave diggers, stone-masons, iron-mongers, and

carpenters, with the venders of nosegays and chaplets. On advancing farther into this cosmopolite repository, the attention is distracted with the multiplicity of objects; and it is difficult to fix the attention on any thing particularly. The small spaces allotted to the humblest of the occupiers, puts one in mind of children's gardens; each small territory being fenced off from its neighbour, by little lines of evergreen plants, and the humble tomb strewed over with flowers and garlands of yellow everlasting, which are indeed general ornaments every where. In contrast with these, are the showy tombs of Massena, Decrés, and that of a Russian nobleman; while on one side are the graves of many English, and on the other the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, who, if alive, would be astonished to find themselves in such company. Several of the French mausoleums have a sort of anti-room, or chapel shut in by an iron grate, with rustic altar, &c. Some with a couple of chairs and table, where the friends of the departed assemble at certain seasons, to recal in serious thought the memory of the departed, or perhaps drown their grief in a glass of Burgundy. Some of these edifices, which are various in

shape as the fancies of their founders, have long inscriptions, including the sum total of the virtues of the defunct; others have extracts from the French poets, and a few are ornamented with portraits in enamel—an idea perfectly and exclusively French.

As it was the intention of Orby and his friend to proceed to Marseilles, and there take shipping for Greece, if it could be procured, they began to make preparations. They dined one day at Meurice's, to see if there were any English they knew, and Stafford met one of his friends, who, with a companion, was on his way to Italy. It was proposed and agreed to, that the four should travel together as far as Lyons, to go post, and halt where any thing remarkable was to be seen, or according to their fancy. A carriage was hired on the spot, and the day but one afterwards fixed on for their departure. They dined together next day, and went to the Italian Opera. Here they were much amused with the adaptation of English fashion. A Parisian dandy came into the *balcon*, in a Whitney white blanket coat, with a red ribband in the button hole, a profusion of silk waistcoats,

much thrown back, to exhibit a check shirt, such as were worn at that time by the Yacht Club.

The next morning the party started after breakfast from Meurice's, where they had hired a travelling coach, in high spirits for Fontainebleau, where they meant to dine and sleep, and arrived there as soon as four horses could carry them. They had plenty of time in the evening to visit the chateau and look at the monotonous green lanes in the forest. The hunting establishment had been broken up, and added something to the deserted and melancholy look of the place.

The following morning they started at daylight, in order to reach Nevers in proper time in the evening. It could not be expected among four young fellows, the eldest of whom was 25, very serious or melancholy topics of conversation would be chosen; on the contrary, all was whim and frolic. Their adventures in Paris were run over, and others anticipated; and on the road they endeavoured to draw amusement from every thing that offered. On changing horses, a few stages from Fontainebleau, they had come so rapidly over the ground, that Mr. Travers, who had the charge of paying their

much, and called on the postmaster, who said, "*Oui, Messieurs, c'est une poste et quart de Montargis*." He had no sooner concluded than the whole party burst into a fit of laughter, to the astonishment of the postmaster, who shrugged his shoulders, and said, "*Les gens bizarres que ces Anglais*," probably of the opinion of the Ligne, who said the English were hounds,—"*Foux dans leur jeunesse mourir.*" Arrived at Lyons, and having parted at what was most remarkable, they parted with mutual regret; Messrs. Seton and Seton taking the road to Geneva, and two friends following that of Marseilles, however, to meet in the course of the journey at Naples. As they had sent baggage from Lyons, they

versation, and topics of various kinds were discussed, with that urbanity and kindness, that generally distinguish the well educated of all communities. Stafford complained of the difficulties he met with in mastering the French idiom in conversation, although possessing a good knowledge of the language.

"True," said Mr. Broussard, their new companion, "our idiom abounds more in involutions and inversions than yours, which perhaps may add something to its grace, and render it a language the best, perhaps, of any for the pleasures of conversation. If a man had been shut up all his youth, and debarred the use of speech, when endowed with that faculty, he would probably express himself more like an Englishman, than a Frenchman; that is what you call more straight-forward. But it is for foreigners to judge which language they like as a general medium, and the preference seems to be on the side of the French. We neither of us," continued he, "have much to boast of as to originality, as our languages are derived from others, and we have been even obliged to borrow from each other several of the most useful phrases, and words, in either language. We

for instance are proud of being your teachers in the art of war; and although the scholar has of late given some sharp lessons to his master, yet still he is the scholar, at least as far as language. Your entire military nomenclature is derived from the French; fortification, strategy, castrametation, artillery, and all the *materiel*, even that word itself; with the ranks of all officers, from the general down to the corporal and some of them not adapted to the genius of your language; for instance, lieutenant colonel, which you pronounce *leftenant kurnell*; and aid-de-camp which you don't pronounce at all. Then in fashionable language, you have borrowed several phrases, such as *degagé*, *ennui*, *distingue*, *naïf*, *ci-devant*, and several others. We on the other hand have borrowed several words from you, either inventions of your own, or such as we have no equivalent for"

"Yes," said Orby, "but those who have adopted them have not shewed much discernment in their selection; the English words made use of in French all seem so out of place, that they sound quite burlesque. *Redingote* is taken from two English words now out of use, riding-coat; and in place of beef-steak, you

hich you apply to other meats as
beef, as I have seen *rosbif de mouton*
d bills of fare. Porter is very well,
there is none made in France, and
a *Rhum* is not amiss, but our word
ch you have naturalized, seems gro-
as you pronounce it *cloob*."

are say it is very true," said their French
on, "but there is this excuse for us,
was not till very lately that the English
e was much cultivated in France, and
obliged to take things as we find them.
at do you think of this country, gen-
?"

," said his companions, "we like it very
and are charmed with the climate."

e shall soon come," replied the French-
to something of classic ground, when we
at Avignon. You are young, have no
alt the tender passion. and should make

a more general nature, and he sighs for more Lauras than one."

"Ah," said the Frenchman, with an accompanying sigh, "*On paye bien cher ces plaisirs là.*"

As they passed through the Bourg St. Andiol, Stafford put Orby in mind of Jean Jacques' adventure at that place, where he assumed the English name of Dunning.

The Frenchman hearing the name, said, "Ah, *le polisson!* to give such details as those of his youth, and then, as Voltaire said, to write a book, to show how to seduce a woman philosophically; to fill it full of romantic sentiments of love and honour, and to finish himself by marrying his washerwoman."

On arriving at Marseilles, they took leave of their entertaining companion, who was going on to Montpellier to see his daughter and after making their lodgment good, they sallied forth to look after a maritime conveyance.

CHAP. IX.

MARSEILLES, from having so much connexion with the Levant trade, has something of an Oriental appearance in the neighbourhood of the harbour, where there is a strange mixture of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. The two friends could find no vessel for any of the ports of the Morea, and, after several expedients, they agreed to take their passage in a tartanne, that was to sail the next day for Leghorn, from whence there were constant means of communication with the Greeks. They had made up their minds to some inconvenience, but their ideas had fallen far short of the miseries they had to suffer when stowed away in this *hooker*. Stinks, dirt of every variety, and vermin, were among the slightest of the evils; and the only thing they had to balance these ills was a batch

with a hot sun, an increase of odours
progress, they at length reached Leghorn
ly tired of their filthy abode, and their
ject on landing was to procure a hot
wash away, if they could, even the
brance of their dingy cabin. A ship
here that was to sail in two days for the
with supply of military stores, and on
her they secured a passage; making re-
vident arrangements for their future
than had attended them in their last tri-
intermediate time was employed in
run up to see Pisa, and what was
notice at Leghorn. As they had
cabin in their new ship, that was also
clean, and had a fine north-west wind
never failed them, they enjoyed the
along the shores of Italy and through
of Messina with all the zest that the

might be the state of things, when they left Tuscany, they had thought it prudent to bring three cases of claret with them, in case of remaining on this Greek embassy for a short time; this wine they left on board until they were fixed in a residence on shore.

On landing, the first visit Orby paid was to the President, who had that morning returned from Tripolizza. As he came with his hands full, he was a welcome visitor, and his arrival was trumpeted forth accordingly, as an envoy from the friends of the Greeks, and bearer of bills to a large amount in favor of the Government. When the details connected with his mission had been entered into, Orby made the offer of his and his friend's services in a military capacity, if required. To this he received for answer, advice to wait a little longer to see how things would turn out; at present affairs had a favorable aspect, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the contest, in which they had been so long engaged, was drawing to a close. In the mean time, the Greek chiefs had become jealous of the interference of foreigners, and nothing but a reverse of fortune would reconcile them again to their presence in the ranks.

Orby and his friend were offered every assistance in other respects, and were that morning introduced to several of the chiefs, who eyed them with disdain, envy, or affection, according as they were swayed by dislike of the President, jealousy of foreign aid, or the hope of sharing in the gift of which the strangers were the bearers. A proclamation was issued that day, stating the arrival of the two Englishmen, and recommending them to the protection of the Greeks of all classes.

After running the round of all the compliments on the occasion, Orby and his friend were glad to escape to the retirement afforded in the house that had been hired for them, or rather part of one, consisting of two naked rooms, in which, for the present, there was only a bench for a seat, and a crazy table. A couple of mattresses were brought in the evening, with coverlets; the rest of their comforts they were to search for themselves. They had but a few days been settled in their abode, when they began to tire of the life they led. They had nothing either to excite or interest them. The principal struggle between the Turks and Greeks was at an end, and the only use the

latter seemed to make of their emancipation was to quarrel among themselves. The two young men found that there would be no field for military exertions, and they had not the least taste for entering into the cabals of the chiefs, from which they withdrew as much as possible. They had gone one morning to visit the vice-president, and were returning home by a different road, when they passed a house, rather better in appearance than the generality of those at Napoli. As they came near the door, Orby observed, through a small grated window, a female face of what appeared to him very great beauty. He lingered for a moment, but the figure had disappeared. He asked Stafford to take another turn, but he declined, saying, it was a great deal too hot for two people to be gazing at one beauty, and he would leave Orby to follow up his amusement if he liked; he therefore returned to his habitation, leaving his amorous friend to try for a glimpse of the unknown beauty, who succeeded for a moment in gaining another view of the fair one, but it was transient. He walked up and down, for a considerable time afterwards, filling up in his mind the sketch he had made of the fair

incognita, but recollecting at last that his friend might be waiting dinner for him, he reluctantly quitted the place, and as he turned away, thought he saw the head of a man, in one of the Greek caps, peeping over the parapet that surrounded the flat roof. At dinner he did nothing but rave of the beauty of the unknown, and after having drank some wine, said he was determined to find out who she was. Stafford warned him of the jealousy of the Greeks, and put him in mind that it was a very different sort of enterprize than looking after a milliner in England; but his warnings were in vain. Orby promised that he would act with every degree of prudence, and sallied forth as soon as it got a little dark. He easily found out the quarter where the house was situated, which, at the present hour, was quite a solitude. He had taken three or four turns up and down the road, when he heard the report of a gun close to him, and a sound as if something had struck the wall against which he was standing. This was a hint he was at no loss in understanding, and to save the unknown fusileer the trouble of loading again, he took immediate measures to secure his retreat. He found his friend smoking

his cigar, who asked him what speed he had made in his *bonnes fortunes*, and was not much surprised on hearing the result of his adventure. As Orby put his hat on the table, Stafford thought he observed the light of the candle through it, and taking it up, saw that a ball had passed through, and must have gone very close to the skull of the owner.

"Here, Frank," said he, "you had better go to the President, and tell him you were shot at last night by a Turk, whom you killed on the spot; they will vote you thanks, and probably erect a statue to you. But a truce to joking, I suppose you have now had enough of your Greek friends; I am sure I have. You will not, I dare say, break your heart to part with these worthy patriots, and as you have fulfilled your father's commission, and made the offer of your services, I can see no reason for our staying here any longer."

"Well, then, George, where shall we go? Having come thus far, it will be a pity to return without seeing more. Where shall we steer for, —Athens—Constantinople—Syria or Egypt?"

"Never mind," said his friend, "let us take the first that offers, and talk it over to-morrow."

After saluting, he said he had taken to of calling, having seen the name of C tioned in a Greek proclamation, and that it might be some relation to his friend Commissioner Orby. Frank him directly that he was his nephew, and collection said, "Were you not one officers of the ship in which my cousin went to sea?"

"Yes, I was," replied he; "I have lately promoted as commander, and now a gun brig; I have been on this station some months, and have just come Hydra." He then made inquiries of the gentlemen had been at Napoli, and had answered their expectation, &c.

"Not at all," said Stafford, "Frank were just puzzling our brains how to be den of disorder, and had some idea of

somewhere for a cruise, before we turn our homewards."

In that case," said the captain, after musing a moment, "I have a proposal to make to you. I am going to-morrow for Alexandria, to see that the arrangements for the evacuation of the Morea by the British Pacha are carried into effect, and if you have any curiosity to visit the Pyramids, I will give you a passage. In such a small vessel, I cannot promise you any great accommodation, but there is room for you to share with me; and though Egypt has been much run over of late, perhaps you may still find some gleanings, and it is at all times an interesting country."

A glance of surprise and pleasure was exchanged between the friends, as they accepted the offer with delight, and expressed their thanks.

"I can assure you, gentlemen," replied the captain, "that there is something selfish in my refusal, at least as far as the pleasure I shall receive in your society, when not engaged in my duty; and as I suppose you have not many preparations to make, I shall have a boat on shore to-morrow, and shall send up a couple of the crew to take your trunks down to the beach."

"I have secured," said he, "a small stock of provisions, which, in the present unsettled state of affairs, is no easy matter, and the boat I allude to is coming to take it off."

"*A propos*," said Orby, "we have some claret on board the *St. Florentina*, that we brought with us from Leghorn, and I will send an order by your boat for it."

"It will be very opportune indeed," said Captain Freemantle; "I can get nothing here but some strong muddy Cyprus wine, and your claret will do much better for this climate. My boat shall be at the beach at eight to-morrow morning; you had better come on board to breakfast, as we shall get under weigh directly afterwards."

Having, agreeably to this arrangement, sent off their worldly effects, Orby and Stafford went to pay their visits to the different Greek chiefs, all of whom expressed great regret at their departure, although, most probably, well pleased at the absence of persons to whom they were under obligations they could not repay. The next morning, they were under the protection of their own flag. As they stood out of the gulph of Argos, the wind was light, and afforded

full time for contemplating the shores of the Morea. As they got an offing, the breeze freshened, and they soon began to leave the islands of the Archipelago on their left; passing between Candia and Scarpanto, they carried the north west wind with them all the way to Cyprus, where the captain had orders to call and to leave orders for any ships of war that might touch there. As they came to anchor opposite Famagusta, Stafford said, in a serious tone, to Captain Freemantle, "I beg you may give strict orders not to let Orby go on shore. He is bad enough at all times, but if once allowed to land in this territory of the Cyprian Queen, we shall never see him again."

"Oh," said the captain, "don't be alarmed; although we are going into the territories of the Paphian Goddess, none of her modern votaries possess attractions enough to endanger my friend's heart, unless he falls in love with the Consul's cousin, who is, I hear, the only good looking girl in the place."

"They had dined just as they came to anchor. The two young friends landed with the captain, and were introduced to the nondescript animal that was doing duty as British Consul.

He was a sort of half Greek half Italian, his costume partook of the character; while his legs were inclosed in the kind of lace boot worn by the former, his upper story was *a l' Italiane*, a fine flowered silk waistcoat, and a grey lins woolsey habiliment, half coat half dress gown. His distinction as Consul was produced by an old gold-laced cocked hat, whilst the union-jack waved over his crazy tenement. After offering pipes and coffee and receiving in charge the dispatches, he offered to introduce the party to his cousin, who lived near at hand. They found her with her mother; she received the party with a good deal of ease, was rather pretty, had fine arched eye-brows, and expressive black eyes, but the immense quantity of oil of jessamine in her hair, made her near approach rather overpowering. She was induced to sing some Sicilian ballads, and accompanied herself tolerably on the guitar. Her language was what the coachmen call, a little of all sorts; the principal staple was Greek with a sprinkling of Italian, a few words of English, and more of French, added to a precopious vocabulary of *Lingua Franca*.

It was not the lady's fault if her attractive

duce effect. She was ambitious of some European *beyond hope*; but in her charms, although Queen of the beauties, failed of their effect. Not Orby at one time began to thaw in her, but the oil of jessamine restored his icy.

It was at that time at Famagusta a cargo, consisting of pilgrims in their way to Jerusalem. They had been shipped originally from Civeta Vachia, and increased their number at all the intermediate ports, taking in a party at Messina, some at Ragusa, and the Greek Islands. They had met a gale off Cyprus, that had nearly foundered their crazy bark, which had sprung a leak, and they were glad to gain any port. When they were enabled to enable the people to search for the most extraordinary spectacle, they afforded the most extraordinary spectacle. Such an incongruous mixture of ages, conditions, and nations, as one might expect to meet at the time of the Crusades, and who, if they could have been fairly exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, would have produced a handsome revenue to that establishment. Having purchased some wine and

settled their business on shore, the party repaired on board the brig, and sailed directly for the coast of Egypt. On their passage down, Orby asked the captain some questions relative to his cousin, saying he suspected it was not for building churches that he left the navy, and if there was any secret, Freemantle need not scruple to let him know, as he should be discreet on the subject. He then learned Philip's exploits on board ship; and, in return, he detailed the adventure in the china drawing room, and building out his old schoolmaster, which occasioned a good deal of merriment; Freemantle, however, on regaining his gravity, said, he feared that this turn to mischief would, probably, take a bad course, seeing that the perpetrator of it appeared to think of nothing else. As this conversation reminds us of having lost sight of this worthy for some time, let us now safely deposit Orby and Stafford at Alexandria, and return to see what progress the candidate for military honours is making in his new profession.

CHAP. X.

WE have already mentioned that he had been recommended for an ensigncy, to which, in due time, he succeeded, and was ordered to join the *depôt* companies at Winchester, where he had not been long stationed, when they were marched to join the regiment, which had lately returned from Corfu. Here he was introduced to his uncle who commanded it, and his aunt who commanded him. Of the persons of either the youth had very little recollection, and none of his cousin Margaret, a nice round-faced, fair complexioned, freckled, good natured girl, nearly about his own age. Colonel Orby differed altogether from his two brothers; neither possessing the brilliant talents of the one, or the steady pre-

cision of the other, but having a sort of jog-trot vacuity of mind, the produce of a long course of daily parades and mess dinners. He worked his way for many years in the same routine, and matrimony made little difference in his habits. Having gone very early into the army, he had no time to finish what he had scarcely begun, his education; and he had no fancy afterwards to give himself further trouble on that point. His library was confined to Dundas, the Book of Regulations, the Army List, and Johnson's Dictionary, from which latter he was apt to cull, now and then, some high sounding words, when he wished to be magnificent, which were, unfortunately, not always well applied. The two phrases in which he most delighted were—"An appeal to the higher powers," &c., and "Under existing circumstance,"—the latter was the favourite *par excellence*. It softened a refusal, as "I am afraid, under existing circumstances, it will not be in my power;" or added grace to a compliance, as, "Under existing circumstances, I believe I can give you leave from parade." He was not always quite so fortunate in his choice of epithets. One day, soon after his nephew joined, it came to his ears that one of

the subs. had said, that the commanding officer was an old tiger without claws. Highly indignant at such mutinous expressions, a meeting of the officers was called, and the delinquent paraded. Had he ever made use of such expressions? The answer was, "could not be certain, perhaps he might, but it was only intended for the ears of a friend." "Friend, or not," said the chief, working himself up into a passion, "if you do not, sir, immediately *regurgitate* your words, I shall make an appeal to the higher powers." As the criminal did not know how that operation was to be effected, whether by tartar emetic, or a gargle, he submitted his inability to comply with the order, but offered to make an apology which was accepted. Indeed, to do justice to the commandant, he had it not in his composition to injure any one seriously; and nature had not endowed him with discrimination in awarding punishments or rewards, so that they were nearly both a dead letter under his sway. Although possessed in this way of some negative virtue, the colonel was not without his foible, which was excessive vanity. He was not proof even against the grossest flattery, much to the advantage of some of his toad-eaters, who

always knew the most certain way of getting a pleasant detachment or leave of absence. His ambition was always on the alert ; to be in company, and be noticed by what are called big-wigs, and in this noble aspiration he was rather exceeded by his better half, in whom it was actually a passion.

In order to give some *eclât* to their arrival in Portsmouth, it was resolved between this worthy couple to give an entertainment to all the persons of rank to be found in the garrison, and the occasion was chosen to coincide with the half yearly inspection of the regiment. The preparations to this effect were already in motion, and every thing that could be wanted had been anticipated by the foresight of the hostess. While these were in progress, the lady remarked to her daughter, what a heavy looking youth her cousin was, he seemed to take no interest in what was going on, more than if he had been a domestic animal, and she could not guess what he could possibly be thinking of all day. Had she known the truth, she might, probably, have given her nephew more credit for his powers of observation.

We shall, in the first instance, detail the

mighty events over which the god of war presided, and proceed to the preparations that ushered in the review. To any person possessed of tolerable reasoning powers and common sense, although neither military by profession or having any knowledge of mathematics, a perusal of those recondite works of Dundas and Torrens would give an impression, generally, of what the author meant. Yet it is a surprising fact, that there were many officers (and a few remain) in the service who, in the course of many years, never succeeded in making themselves masters of the mystery, or if by dint of constant work they learned the thing by rote, yet were still in the dark as to the rationale of the affair, or how this rudimental part of military education, was afterwards to be applied in the movement of large masses of troops. Amongst the defaulters in this respect we are sorry to be obliged to class our friend the colonel. By dint of labour he was enabled to get, sometimes, through nine of the manœuvres in a day, and the remainder the next, with different kinds of assistance; but it is a questionable matter whether, if called on to direct any one of the movements out of its order in the book, he would have effected it:

most certainly he never dreamt it possible that any of these things could be carried into effect in any other way than that set down in print. With the help of a hint from the adjutant or orderly drummer, and a look now and then at his card, he contrived to get through his work tolerably ; but sometimes venturing to trust to his memory, he hazarded the movement, and then, from some slight mistake, got confused, and all went wrong. When this took place in the barrack yard, the youngsters were delighted, foreseeing their escape would not be long delayed. When at last he got the battalion irretrievably *clubbed*, he did not follow the plan of the officer who desired his men to dismiss and fall in again, but he ordered the band to the front, and facing the companies to the right, sent them to their private parades.

In preparation for the inspection, a rehearsal field day was ordered, and just as the colonel was going to mount his horse, two navy friends called. Wishing to pay them some civility, he gave his horse to the orderly, and desired his nephew, who had been at breakfast, to go to the barrack, and let the adjutant know that he wished the senior officer to march the regiment

to the ground, and he would follow directly. Arrived at the barracks, Philip went direct to the regimental office which he found empty, but glancing his eye on the desk, he observed his uncle's card of manœuvres ready for use. The genius of mischief whispered him, and in a moment, with a knife, he erased in the middle of the card the word *right*, and wrote in its place *left*, without knowing or caring what would be the result. He took a circuitous way on leaving the office, and came into the space where the regiment was drawn up. There he saw the adjutant; he gave his message, which was put into immediate execution, the adjutant only going over to the office for the card. Colonel Orby, after paying the usual civilities to his guests, whom he had known in the Mediterranean, and asked them to dinner, excused himself from remaining with them longer as the regiment was waiting for him in the field. They both begged that he would not think an excuse necessary. One of them said he had a call to make at Southsea, and from thence he would go to the Common to see the regiment at exercise, which sight he professed himself partial to. His host would as

soon have been excused from making an exhibition, but could not say anything to the contrary, so mounting his horse, he proceeded to the field, where, shortly after, he saw his friends enter. Their presence made him rather nervous, but he got on in a very flourishing way through some of the first manœuvres in the chain, until he came to an echellon movement, and then he began to feel something unpleasant. He had a sort of horror of echellons; they were very troublesome, and he could not see the use of them. However, it was a thing in point of honour he could not skip, so he proceeded to business. "Captain Bennett, you will wheel the grenadier company six paces to the right, and Major, I will thank you to take up the new line." The major and adjutant both vanished directly for that purpose, leaving the commandant to his own discretion which, probably, might in this instance have directed him right, but casting his eyes on the card, he followed the directions it contained. "Remaining companies three paces to the *left*, wheel!" which was effected, much to the amusement of the officers. Something about the appearance of the thing, made him doubt-

had given the right word; he cast his eye round again, where he thought he saw salvation, but then who could dare to contradict him. He had no one to consult, his advisers were already far off, and there remained the orderly drummer, who was counting a butterfly. However, the deed was done, and the word "quick march" was given. After a few moments it appeared evident to the Colonel that his troops, instead of marching to form a line on his grenadiers, were going to quite a different part of the country, the word "halt" was given, and as it would have been no easy matter to have turned them back and started afresh, the commander betook himself to a sensible resource; he formed a close column on the rear of the grenadiers. We should have apologised to the military reader for having introduced this digression, but, in lieu, we will give him a bit of advice, if he does not understand it after reading it, he may skip it.

We come now to matters of more serious nature, and of more general concern, and shall describe the remainder of the martial movements in a few words. On the day before they were

to appear in all their splendour, the regiment was paraded in their new clothing and to compare it with the patterns.

"Don't you think, sir," said the quartermaster, "the jackets of the drummers are very neat," holding up the pattern one.

"Yes," replied the chief, in his grandest manner, "but I think there is too much *tautology* about the lace."

"I think so too," replied the obsequious quartermaster, brushing the jacket with his own sleeve, evidently supposing that tautology was a new name for pipe clay, or whiting.

The next day there was a large assemblage to witness the review, the commandant was in high memory, only referred to his card five times, and every thing passed off in the best style. Quite elated with the compliments that were paid to him, he rode off to the George inn to return the visit to his two navy friends. With buoyant spirits he alighted, and was about to mount the stairs, when he caught a view of the bar-maid, in all the splendour of her station, Ever anxious to compliment the fair sex, and wishing to distinguish himself on this occasion, he said, "Ah, you dear little *meretricious*

creature, you look divine to-day." Whether the dispenser of brandy and water, hot, took this for a compliment it is not easy to say, but she made a suspicious looking curtsey, half civil, half roguish.

We proceed now to the entertainment, confessing, with shame, our inability to describe in terms deserving so splendid a *fête*. It merited well to have been commemorated in verse, and indeed possessed within itself most of the ingredients for an Epic. There was the beginning, the middle, and the end, or catastrophe. It possessed two of the unities, scene of action and time of duration; there were three episodes, with abundance of heroes and heroines; and for title, it might have been called *The Art of Feeding a Garrison*, in three cantos, or three cart-loads. Having had all our poetical fire totally and for ever extinguished in a four hours' argument on the Reform bill, we must endeavour, as well as plain prose will carry us, to paint the three glorious days, not of July, but of May.

A short time before dinner, two notes were brought to Mrs. Orby which occasioned her some alarm: the one was from Mr. and Mrs.

Rusbridger, apologising for not being able to wait on Mrs. Orby that evening, and the letter from Mr. and Mrs. Pickbone, to the same effect. Running with these notes to her husband's room, "My dear," said she, "what is the meaning of this; do you know any such person as Rusbridger and Pickbone?" "No," said he, "I don't, unless the former is the wine merchant at Portsea, and the other the cabman and butcher, that lives at Cosham;" and looking at the notes, he gave it as his opinion that it was an attempt at a hoax, got up, perhaps, by some one in the regiment, who was annoyed at not being invited. The lady's fears were a little appeased by this assurance, but she still laboured under some alarm when her dinner guests began to arrive. There were the Admiral and his lady, doubly holding that title as widow of a Scotch Earl and wife of a G. C. B.; the General Commanding with his lady; his shadow and counter shadow (Aid-de-camp and Brigadier Major); two admirals; one general; the Commissioner of the Dock Yard; the Mayor and Mayoress; an A. Q. M. G.; and a A. A. the Chaplain of the Garrison; ditto of the Dock Yard; Mrs. Penderdon, an old lady that g

splendid parties, and her niece ; and a brace of the Yacht Club. The notice for dinner being on table, the parties filed off in couples, in strict accordance to rank and epaulettes, and in sitting down a slight debate only took place, whether Captain Crotty was to sit on the right or left of Lady Fancourt. Miss Margaret, the hostess's daughter, was placed between the major of the regiment and one of the yacht men, while the other, who was eldest son of a baronet, took charge of Miss Penderdon. When the company had got seated and began to look round at the accompaniments of the *fête*, they were struck with the motley appearance of a tribe of serving men that surrounded the table, all trying who should be the most awkward. Some of these myrmidons were stuffed into liveries that had adorned many backs, and fitted their present occupiers, in military phrase, like sentry boxes. The butler had borrowed his out-of-livery dress from the prompter of the theatre, and had exhausted a whole dredge box of flour in whitening his craniology. This man of many functions had been lectured, on a recent occasion, for being dilatory in uncorking the champaign. To obviate such cause of complaint at present,

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he had, before dinner, decanted four bottles into a large jug, allowing it to "fret and fume itself away upon the stage." The dinner had been done by contract by a pastry cook, with the usual quantity of turbot, haunch of venison, macaroni and sweetbreads. The wines were pretty fair, and the company being tolerably arranged, the ice of formality began to thaw before the good things, and the party, broken into couples, to enter into converse. Miss Penderdon found herself well placed with her amateur sailor, and Margaret with the other, although her attention was distracted now and then by having to answer some common place from her neighbour on the other hand, the major. As he had been designed by her careful parents as her future lord and master, she was obliged to bestow some attention to histories he gave her, drawn from his own experience, of serjeants and their wives, while her own thoughts were bestowed on a younger if not a better subject.

Mrs. Orby had fixed on the major as a proper husband for her daughter, by her knowledge that she possessed of his being a *warm* man, as the phrase applies to monied people, but the reverse of being so in every other point. Major

Hoskins was the son of an officer who had shewn always a peculiar turn towards that part of the profession in which any thing can be made. He had, therefore, at all times volunteered the duties of quarter-master, commissary, or store-keeper; had long flourished in India with a contract in the Barrack department, and at length left all his gains to his son, in whose hands they were supposed at least to have doubled. He was an out-and-outer in economy, and generally went by the name of Major Skinflint. His clothes he had turned when they got shabby, a cocked hat, under various manipulations, never served less than five years, and when they were exploded, it was calculated that his shako would descend with him to the grave. His affection for ancient boots and shoes was so strong, that he carried them about with him in a chest with a huge padlock, which the boys of the regiment called *Locke on the Understanding*. He was, in fact, a poor, sordid, selfish creature as ever lived. The youngsters of the corps used to say, that whenever the Major was in orders as field officer of the day, he promised his horse a feed of corn, which he always forgot to give. And

to this personage poor Margaret Orby was destined by her parents, although they had ascertained that her affections had been exchanged with a young man of the regiment, whose blemish was that of being a second son. She was, *consequently*, kept out of the way, and never failed of being on detachment.

The dessert had drawn to a conclusion, the lady of the house had dipped the extremities of her taper fingers into the glass, and the signal preparatory to the ladies' sailing had been made, drawing on gloves and ordering candles. The conversation after they retired was such as might be expected among people brought together merely from something of similarity of rank, without any other points of mental contact. The subjects were almost altogether professional, carried on in an under tone of voice. In its progress might be heard—"formation of squares, artillery practice—chain cables—being for flags—promotion, and brevet;" this murmur being occasionally broken by the voice of the host, like a minute gun, as he gave the toast—"The Port Admiral"—"The General and Staff"—"Colonels and Corps," &c. But on this occasion Colonel Orby struck out some new

ideas. To compliment an inspector of hospitals who was present, he gave "Sir James M'Gregor and the Medical Staff," and, shortly afterwards, "The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Church," making his bow to the two chaplains who were present, and whose embarrassment to reply to the compliment was very amusing.

The gentlemen had hardly begun to sip their coffee, after joining the ladies, when the drawing room door opened, and the servant announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher," being no less people than the adjutant and quarter master, with their wives. At this unexpected apparition, Mrs. Orby was nearly deprived of speech; when she did recover her senses in some degree, the first use she made of them was to go up to Mr. Hopkins, and ask him by what accident she had been favoured with his company. He, who was what is called a knapsack adjutant, and never moved without his documents, drew forth from the breast of his coat a large card on which was the name of Mrs. Orby, from a copper plate, with the words below "at home on the 19th, nine o'clock," to which hour the

two regimental functionaries were punctual at a moment. Mrs. Orby had barely had an explanation, when the door again opened, and the fellow with the floury head announced "Mr. and Mrs. Macbreedy, Mr. and Mrs. Grist," and almost immediately "Mr. and Mrs. Milliken, with Mr. and Mrs. Skurrey;" in the company of every married adjutant and quartermaster in Portsmouth and Gosport included the marines. This turn-out, or turn-in, was fun to the guests, but death to the hostess, who vowed she would never recover it.

"What in the name of wonder am I doing with these people?" said she, addressing the brigade major.

"Oh, set them down to play pope Joan, give them plenty of negus, they will be as happy as possible."

The advice was followed, and proved correct, as the whole party seemed to enjoy themselves extremely, never observed the departure of the other guests, but worked away with pope Joan, game, and matrimony, until one o'clock. When they had all departed, Mrs. Orby threw her

on one of the sofas and burst into a passion of tears.

It may easily be supposed that the poor lady had not much spirits for entertaining the second batch of company, which was made up as follows: a captain and commander in the navy, the colonel's two friends alluded to; the remaining major of the regiment; one brevet ditto; and one ditto of marines; a commissary and his wife; a paymaster and pay *mistress* of marines; and a *great gun*. The dinner was as nearly as possible what had been on table the day before, with the exception of a fresh dish of fish, and saddle of mutton, *vice* the venison. The jellies, creams, &c., that showed their shining faces the day previous, were now combined into one mass, that did not exhibit such a unity of design. At dinner was one bottle of sauterne, and afterwards, solid port and sherry. When the card tables were formed, there was also a diminution of points, those of the last night (half crowns) being reduced to shillings. Mrs. Orby had got all her party, her husband included, seated at the card tables, and was enjoying the idea of passing the rest of the evening in quiet, when the door opened and the

made their appearance, with the
and the ships in port. One of
arrived, asked when he could see
"There she is," said her mother
down to the piano forte." "Will
ill?" said the *medico*; "I have
here to a consultation on her case
the note that had been sent to
proved to have been a regular ho
the whole of the followers of E
made their appearance, Mrs. O
pected the undertakers to follow to
bodies.

With head aching and depressed
lady would have put off her third
tirely; but her husband persuaded
was too late, and better for her to
get rid of the matter at once. She

at the naval college; two midshipmen; the ensign who carried her prayer book to church; and nephew Orby. The variations affected in the viands were thus: the fish of the two former days, combined efforts in the formation of a pie, the same soup watered again, smoked upon the board, with the remains of the venison in *forma hashibus*. A glorious plum pudding shewed its motley face, which Lazarillo compared to a mulatto in the small pox, whilst some boiled rice and milk, stuck together in a mould, performed the part of blanc mange. At each corner of the festive board was a pint decanter of cape wine, and after dinner draught port. However every thing went on beautifully, and promised to make up for the anxieties of the preceding day. The guests had been long employed at sixpenny longs, and commerce; some of them had even taken their leave, when the noise of the approach of many persons was heard, and immediately were ushered in the officers of a whole regiment of cavalry, recently landed from Portugal, who had been invited to a ball. Mrs. Orby could not stand this last infliction, but hurried up stairs, leaving her husband to settle the matter.

Such a finale to her scrap dinner was too much for her philosophy, and she kept her bed-room the whole of the next day. Indeed, she did not again shew in Portsmouth; she met her husband get a month's leave, they went to Ramsgate, and before the term was expired, the regiment marched to Weedon.

It will require little ingenuity to guess the cause of all this mischief, although it happened in some measure accidentally. Philip C. one day, finding the drawing-room empty and among the miscellaneous articles lying about, he observed the plate of his aunt's visiting cards on one of the brackets. He could not stand the temptation, but put it in his pocket without any definite purpose, except some plan that might be brought to bear during the entertainments that were about to take place. The next day he went over to Ryde, where he made fifty impressions of the plate on large cards. He was thinking how best to bring them into play without suspicion, when he met a young man who had been formerly in the cock-pit with him, and to whom he communicated his ideas as to the plan. He returned to Portsmouth by the steamer. The youth took the cards on board his own steam-boat.

filled them up according to the directions of his worthy friend, and landed next day with one of the ship's lads to meet Orby. They took the boy with them to a pawnbroker's, where they hired a second-hand suit of livery, that nearly fitted, and having stuck a smoke-jack in his hat, dispatched him with the invitations. When he was gone, the idea came across Philip's mind about the doctors, and notes were written to them, to be delivered on the day they were wanted, to attend a consultation on the state of Miss Orby's health. The worthy planner of this mischief persuaded his uncle to invite the accomplice middy to dinner, that he might be a witness to the concluding scene of the farce in three acts.

So many military memoirs, anecdotes, &c. have appeared of late before the dazzled eyes of the reading world, we much fear that we have encroached on their patience by this Portsmouth episode, to which we have been driven by the necessity of sketching the remaining branch of the house of Orby, to bring him into contact with the two senior brothers and their descendants, and at the same time to paint a few characteristics of a race, now nearly extinct in the

army, but which at one time abounded; can easily be proved, that neither the colour or major is overdrawn, and that two such congenial passions as vanity and parsimony sometimes united in the same individual. We have been, however, long enough away from the scene of our early history, and shall take leave of the town and neighbourhood of B—— the period when Frank Orby took his unceremonious leave of the fair Harriet Paulett.

CHAP. XI.

Nor many days after Orby's departure, a young baronet made his appearance on the scene. After a long minority, (his father having died when he was very young), Sir Frederick Holebrooke succeeded to his estates, which, having been long at nurse, under good management, furnished him with an ample supply of ready money. When his education was finished at Oxford, he went abroad with his tutor and spent there two years, during which he had visited all the courts in Europe, and seen much of men and manners. He had returned from abroad about twelve months, during which he had resided on his paternal estate in Yorkshire. After having adjusted all the concerns connected with his pro-

perty, and granted new leases to such of farms as had run out during his non-age, he began to lack employment. Although in a sporting country, the immediate part of it where he resided did not bear that character; and if he wished to enjoy hunting, he was obliged to go some distance. Ambitious to be at the head of an establishment of that kind, and not wishing to incur all the expence and hazard of a kennel, he was looking out for some subscription pack that wanted a head. He very shortly found it in the neighbourhood of B— and he was lucky at the same time to obtain the house furnished to rent in which the gentleman who had hunted the hounds resided, and the kennel was not far from the mansion. He was visited, soon after his arrival, by all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were pleased with the acquisition they had made; and it is to be presumed the ladies had no particular objection to the presence of such a beau. He had received and returned all the visits, but was not until he went to dine with Lord Mortresor, that he met Harriet Paulett and her mother, who was a relation of his Lordship.

He was forcibly struck with the grace and

beauty of his new acquaintance when introduced, and his subsequent conversation with her added force to his first impression. He begged permission to be allowed to call on the ladies, and from thenceforth he was very assiduous in his attentions. Ladies are not in general backward in finding out when they have made a conquest, and Harriet Paulett, diffident as she was of her own attractions, could easily guess that in this case at least, they had been sufficiently powerful to place an admirer in her train. In a short time it was settled by all the gossips as a certain match to be, and indeed, to all appearance, there were very few impediments. But who can pretend to judge of what is best for others, and still less what passes on these occasions in the female mind.

Harriet Paulett had frequently questioned herself on the state of her feelings toward Frank Orby, but not being called on for any decision on that point, the enquiry had not been very rigidly pursued. Now the case was rather altered; a young man addressed her, favoured by nature in person and manners, rich in the gifts of fortune, his own master,

and moreover with what is called a handle to his name, and all these apparently within her reach. It was now that she more thoroughly searched her own feelings, and the result, as far as the baronet was concerned, was not favourable. She could not now conceal it from herself that she liked Frank Orby better than any one else. She was pleased with his personal appearance, and with the depth of feeling he showed, when the generous part of his nature was called into action. She more than thought that he was partial to herself, yet it was mixed up with the uncertainty of the thing itself, and fear for his inconstancy, of which she had heard some rumours. Yet, strange to say, even these doubts and fears added force to her impressions; and after a very long mental debate, she resolved at least to see how far her hopes or fears were grounded, and in the mean time to keep free from any thing like an engagement.

During the periods of Mr. Orby's excitement, when in pursuit of scientific objects, he never left Selby Hall, and was as great a recluse as an anchorite. He did not pay attention to any thing that could divert his attention, and even sometimes forgot whether he had dined or not.

When the object was gained, either by obtaining the knowledge, or, if too abstruse, giving it up, he then returned to a state of still water tranquillity, very agreeable to his friends, as during those intervals no one could be more sociable or a more agreeable companion, enjoying society, and adding, at least, his share to the general fund of pleasure. He had taken one of the parish boys, and after having bestowed a suitable education on him, kept him in the house as an assistant in the many experiments he was always making. When the chemical fever was strong on him, he combined certain substances together in a large tin jar, and giving the boy a stick to stir them with, desired him to continue to do so until his return, which would be shortly, and that if he ceased, even for a moment, to keep the mixture in motion, it would blow him and the house to pieces. On leaving his laboratory, he met a philosophical friend, who gave him a most fascinating description of some petrified wood that he had found at the bottom of a lake, and invited his friend to walk over and see it, which Mr. Orby complied with directly, forgetting his *patient* in the laboratory, so that when he re-

turned, in about two hours, he found the boy nearly dead with fatigue and fright.

When his son was about to depart, we already described him as taken up with two subjects, the success of the Greeks at the study of geology; on the former question, disgusted with the villainy of some of the Greeks and their agents, he nearly gave up the subject, or at least left it to his son's care, but on the latter his zeal continued firm for some time. He was anxious to find out the exact period of the Deluge, and waded with wonderful perseverance through the preliminaries of primary, secondary, and transition rocks, stuffed his head with all the hard German words, that his brain became nearly as conglomerate as some of the geological specimens. Anxious to know the precise nature in forming rocks, and from thence to make deductions, he had made all sorts of mixtures of clay slate decoctions, emulsions of sand and amygdaloid, with horn blend and so forth, to form a basis, that the poor boy, who was

his theory to bear, as to the length of time dame Nature required in fabricating rocks, he was thrown off his balance by a treatise respecting the fossil bones of an elephant found in Siberia; and further, when he came to recollect that Herculaneum and Pompeii, though buried nearly two thousand years, were themselves constructed of block of lava, taken from the upper crust of perhaps a hundred strata, he began to be at a loss to fix the period when Noah cut his first tooth. As his hypothesis could not be brought to any satisfactory termination, he gave up the whole science in a pet, to the great relief of his assistant, whom he had transformed into a kind of *mud-lark*.

With the fall of his theory, his sociable qualities revived, and he entered into company with a fresh zest. He had paid his visit to the young baronet, and had him to dine with him, and he was engaged to meet him at a party, to be given by Mr. Leslie, who, having had a decision in his favour in a Chancery cause of long standing, had succeeded to a large contested property, and gave a *let-off* as a sort of triumph. He had invited all the noblesse of the place to a large dinner party. As he had not a very

to the dining honours
Paulett, Mrs. Orby and
Mrs. and Miss Forrester
Green. After waiting a fine
time of invitation, a cold
want of arrangement, was
The footman, with the gro-
stable, and a maid servant d-
bands, were the attendants;
too great a man to be abstract
superintendence. The party,
great tendency to formality, ha-
enlivened by the apposite rema-
who seemed to make up for his
ment by the gaiety of his spirits
some jokes on that topic, he said
covers were removed, I have be-
ployed on affairs under ground, t-
paid sufficient attention to

"No," said the hostess, "a friend in Derbyshire sent them to me."

"I declare," said Dr. Williams, "they are almost as fine as the Welsh."

"Not quite, though," said his rival, Dr. Waldron. "I understand," said he, "Williams, you were a famous fisherman in your time," evidently trying to draw his brother doctor out.

"Yes," said he from Wales; "I confess I was a very tolerable fisherman in my day."

"Which was your favourite haunt?" said Mr Orby.

"They have latterly spoiled all the streams," said the Doctor, "with their iron works, but I used to have very good sport near where I lived in the Grunny and the Uske. I was one day fishing in the latter stream, had very good sport, and was so intent on its pursuit, that I plunged once or twice over my large topped fisherman's boots. I did not mind it at the time, but walked home with wet feet and a good basket-full. When I came to take off my boots, I found a brace and a half in the loose tops of each of them, and as fine pink trout as I ever saw in my life."

"Then it is clear, Williams," said his rival,

spacious dining-room, some of the deferred until the evening. Of tted to the dining honours were Mr Paulett, Mrs. Orby and her elder Mrs. and Miss Forrester, and Green. After waiting a full hour time of invitation, a cold dinner, want of arrangement, was served. The footman, with the groom sm stable, and a maid servant dressed bands, were the attendants; Jack too great a man to be abstracted from superintendence. The party, at great tendency to formality, had the enlivened by the apposite remarks of who seemed to make up for his occasional want of gaiety by the gaiety of his spirits. At some jokes on that topic, he said, as covers were removed, I have been employed on affairs under ground, that I have paid sufficient attention to the good that abound on the surface, from henceforth I will amend my studies.

“What very fine trout those, I have you them from the Penk or the

names ; how do you distinguish the persons bearing the same patronimick ? land they do it by the colour of the hair.

“Why,” said the Doctor, “it is attended at times with a little inconvenience. I was once at an evening party, where there were one and twenty widow Jones’s sent to supper.”

“If it had been Jonas’s,” said Waldgrave, “I should have been able to account for the present sent off the fishermen to look in Milford or Aberystwith, for a shoal of whales.”

“Pray,” said Mr. Reginald Orby, “always fond of tabular proofs where names were mentioned, “did you enquire how many married Mrs. Jones’s there were present ? how many husbands were alive, or how many Miss Jones’s partook of this meal ; because if their numbers were in proportion, it would be curious.”

some confusion, not being prepared to be put to such a proof.

"You have got the theatre open I understand, ladies," said the young baronet.

"Yes," said Mrs. Paulett, "Harriet and I joined our friends here, the Orbys, and went there last night to see Vestris and the Indian juggler."

"And how did you like the lady?"

"Oh, very well; she has a great deal of talent, and it is saying much for any one to be able to appear with equal credit on the theatres of three different nations."

"I conceive her to be splendid," said young Newbolt, in his finest style, "and I consider her to be quite at the apex of her profession."

"She has an ape," said Dr. Waldron, affecting to misunderstand him, "but he is not *ex*, on the contrary, he appears in much favour; when not on the stage with his mistress, he is much petted, and carried about in a leathern case."

"You mistake me, sir," said the youth, drawing himself up, "I meant, that she is at the summit of the art."

"Ah, there may be somm'at in that," said

the incorrigible Doctor, who changed the course of ideas, by asking Dr. Williams if he had ever seen better tricks in India than were performed by the juggler?"

"Why, they were pretty well," was the reply, "but I have seen much more extraordinary things; I saw one man take half a dozen serpents, and make them go down each other's throats, until there was apparently only one large serpent swelled out to a great size; this the juggler swallowed, to the great surprise of every one, and when they were waiting the result, he drew all the snakes, one by one, out of his waistcoat pocket."

"Indeed," said Mr. Reginald Orby, "I did not know the Indians wore waistcoats."

"Not generally, I allow," said the Welshman, "but on this occasion the man had one, and I recollect, when we were wondering at the means by which he could perform such an apparent impossibility, he desired us to follow him out into the open air. He here took a ball of twine, and tying the end of it to his little finger, jerked the ball up into the air, until it gradually unrolled and at last appeared an upright line, the further end of which was

invisible. Whilst we were lost in amaze at this feat, the juggler suddenly ran up the line, hand over hand, till he went out of sight also."

"I suppose," said Dr. Waldron, "that is what the sailors call spinning a yarn. And talking of a flight into the air, puts me in mind of the device the jolly tar made use of, who having, as he said, been blown up ship and all, in a typhoon in the China seas, until they stuck fast in the moon—'How did you get down again, Bill?' said one of his comrades. 'I greased my trowsers and came down by a rainbow.'"

Dr. Williams was the only one who did not relish this anecdote, as it seemed to throw some doubt on his veracity, and assured the company he only related what he had seen himself. While the other doctor, with a sly smile, said he had his only from hear-say; but he supposed the sailor exaggerated, and that he had not been quite as high as the moon.

"For my part," said Mr. Leslie, "there are none of the theatres I like so much as Astley's; whenever I am in town, for one day at least, I dine early and go to see the horses."

"A very nice amusement indeed," said

"Ten tickets, father," hastily in-
son; "we went, you recollect, so late
that it was quite *ridiculous*, the people
to think we were come to take the
storm."

"I do recollect something of that
the old gentleman, "but as I was said

"Will you join Mr. Leslie and
of wine, father?"

The Madeira finally closed the
dear papa.

"All this is very well," remarked
"as long as these things are confined
per place; but we have now horses
at our great theatres, that it is as bad
a stable to sit in a stage-box. I thi-
nage those matters better in France,
have theatres for all the different de-

great theatres, where, in endeavouring to do a little of every thing, they do nothing well, and have to support such an establishment of all kinds, sexes, and ages, that no receipts can keep pace with the expenditure."

"It is a bad arrangement, madam," said Mr. Reginald Orby, "but then we must take care in those cases how we interfere with vested rights."

"My dear brother," said Mr. Orby, "don't kill me by repeating that odious phrase, it is a cover for all the folly and stupidity of the age, and is pure and perfect humbug. The most rational and clear plans of improvement are thrown aside because they interfere with vested rights; you cannot ask for any public accommodation, but you have the same reason planted in your way. From the various applications of the greatest mechanical power discovered in modern days, down to the ragged boy sweeping the crossing of a street, there is a constant interference with that abstract monster—vested rights."

"Your remarks apply very well to the theatres," said Mr. Forrester, "where, if a fair concurrence had been allowed by the division of labour, much

might have been effected; it is now, perhaps, too late. What with the want of good plays, the system of *starring*, domestic amusements and late hours, the drama is at present at great discount."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Orby, "that last is a very good reason. Whenever we wanted to go to a play in London, Mr. Orby was so late coming to dinner, that it was all hurry and bustle to get to the theatre in time. The last evening, you recollect, we were there, the first act was just over when we got into the box; I mean that night, my dear, we went to see Mr. Liston in the play of Macbeth."

"Indeed," said Dr. Waldron, "that must have been very 'tragical mirth,' I hope you liked it madam. Pray, did Mr. Liston perform the part of the Messenger from Birnam Wood? because, in that case, Macbeth's address to him would have had some point—

'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon,
'Where got'st thou that goose look?'

"I don't know any thing about his being a messenger, but he ran about with an umbrella under his arm, and I think I heard some body call him Paul Pry."

"Oh yes," said the doctor, "very busy about other people's affairs; he did not say where the witches got the ingredients of the cauldron?"

"No, he did not," replied Mrs. Orby, innocently, "but I am sure it was a very nasty mess they were making."

After the laugh had subsided, and to cover a little his sister-in-law's confusion, Mr. Orby said, that the reasons stated by Mr. Forrester for the decay of theatrical amusements were in themselves sufficient; but there was still another, which was, simply, that the people in the career of improvement have passed them by. Nations are like individuals, and in their progress to maturity are interested and amused by various impressions. In the early stages of civilization the theatre, as a reflex of the passions, follies, and absurdities of their fellow men, offers points of interest and amusement that might be thought never failing; but as a nation gains the highest degree of cultivation, the simpler pleasures of adolescence fail, and theatrical exhibitions no longer afford a charm: the illusion has fled, and only a set of men and women appear before the spectator, who, in attempting to imitate nature, make themselves ridiculous. This I take

to be the present state of things both in England and France, hence the divergence from what is called the legitimate drama and falling in with the taste for music that has been so much cultivated of late among the higher orders, while the inferior ranks, having no example to follow, are easily led to the great theatres to have their eyes and ears filled with gorgeous scenery, brilliant lights, and all the clitter clatter of an orchestra, full of drums and trumpets.

"Then, Mr. Orby," said the widow Green, "you don't think this is a favourable period for dramatic writing? Because I have lately made a sketch from the Civil Wars of France, by Guicciardini, that my friends persuade me possesses some interest, but I have many fears about bringing it forward, particularly after what you have said."

While she was receiving as civil an answer as could be given, Mrs. Orby said to Doctor Waldron, "Pray, doctor, is that foreign gentleman that Mrs. Green mentioned the famous fiddler that they say killed his wife?"

"Not exactly. You heard the lady say, that the person she meant had written on the

civil wars; now, killing a wife is very uncivil war. Therefore, that man is not this man, nor was it likely it could be him, because he was not here, but there. They have, however, some similarity; they both end in ini, which in English, perhaps, means in knee, or knock knee." To all this nonsense Mrs. Orby lent an attentive ear, and said it was very likely one was as bad as the other, she hated all foreigners, particularly Italians.

The conversation was at this point, when the hopes of the family were introduced at the dessert; the boy that was fired, and the convulsive damsel. Their looks were commented on, their hair admired, and after being stuffed on both sides with almonds and raisins, were allowed to retire, and were shortly followed by the ladies. After their departure, the conversation, which commenced in politics, gradually took a turn towards sporting, both in compliment to their host and his guest the baronet. The circumstance of the latter having taken charge of the hounds, led to a long discussion about the best mode of effecting that purpose, and the economy that was to be practised in the management of

the kennel. This led to the forthcoming races, and the prizes given by the Hunt.

"Do you ride for the ladies' cup, Sir Frederick?" said the host.

"Yes, I believe I shall," said the baronet, "I have a good opinion of my own horse, and in coming to take charge of hounds, it may not be amiss to show that I can ride."

"I don't well know how to manage about my horse Don Pedro," said Mr. Leslie; "Frank Orby had promised me to ride him in case he should be at home, but I fear he will not be here in time."

"My dear Mr. Leslie," said Adolphus Armitage Newbolt, "I shall have great pleasure in riding Don Pedro, if you will trust him to my care. He is a glorious fine horse, and deserves to be placed at the apex of the calendar. I have ridden occasionally at races, and would do my best on this."

"I have no doubt, my dear sir," said Mr. Leslie, "but I fear you are so tall, it would be over weight for Don Pedro; and besides, I have given a sort of promise to a man of the name of Wolf, if he will be allowed to ride. I have not heard his decision yet, but I dare say Jack

Cruise has had it before now. You have never seen my head groom, Sir Frederick, he is a very knowing fellow, and could give you some hints. He has invented a very clever snaffle and a spring shoe, that I think will come into very general use. I have written to get a patent registered for it."

"I should like to see it very much," said Sir Frederick.

Nothing he could have asked for would have been more gratifying to his host; he rang the bell, and Jack Cruise was desired to make his appearance with the snaffle and shoe. In a short time, a very knowing looking personage made his appearance in a very smart cut frock coat, the knees of his breeches buttoned low down on his leg, across the shin bone, gaiters to match, and the subject of the patent in his hand, which was given round for the inspection of the company, was much approved of, and several questions propounded as to its application.

"Well, Jack," said his master, "any more news of that Mr. Wolf?"

"Is it that ere chap wot was to ride Don Pedro? Why, we took a gallop yesterday together; he knows what he is about, that ere,

and seems a clever file ; he sent this letter for you, sir," taking an epistle from his pocket. This Mr. Leslie was putting into his pocket, when Mr. Orby said, "Come, Leslie, don't put your letter away, let us hear what the gentleman jockey says on the subject."

"If you wish it, gentlemen, certainly," said the host, and unfolding the document, read as follows—*verbatim*.

"Sir,

"I understand from Mr. Cruice, that you have named a horse for the lady's cup at the Hunt races, and that Doggett have engaged to ride your opponent's horse, making shour of winning, being conceited of his own ability as a rider.

"Now if you think whell of it, I will ride your horse, and I now I can make more than a distance bitter of your horse than Doggett can, as I have been regular brought up in the line. You will keep this part of the business to yourself. And my qualifications as a *gentleman* are as follows :—Captain Robert Wolf of the Cuttor Elenor, part owner and captain, and sole owner of the Flying Kitty scooner, lost in

Dublin bay thirteen years ago, which reduced me to riding master and farrier, still as good a title as Dogget.

"I will give you a call about Wednesday next to consult further on the business. If I ride your horse, and he is a honest botomed horse, I will win you the steaks you may dipind.

"I ham, Sir, your obedient Servant,
R. WOLF.

"That is a trump for the turf," said Sir Frederick, "how beautifully he describes the formation of a gentleman."

"And what talent," said Dr. Waldron, "alike fitted for guiding the impetuous courser to the goal, or steering the frail bark among quicksands; I don't like, however, the affair of Dublin bay, and I hope he will treat Don Pedro better than the Flying Kitty."

"Oh," said Mr. Orby, "there is nothing so incompatible in the pursuits; you recollect the horse was the gift of Neptune, and was one of his attributes."

"But a sea wolf on horseback," replied the doctor, "is rather unusual; I hope he will stick faster to Don Pedro than he appears to have

done to the cutter Elenor, otherwise we and all other Elenors must cut him. I hope you will give him a sea-green jacket, a pair of fisherman's boots, have a trident stitched in front of his jockey cap, and entertain him, if he wins, with a sea pie and an ocean of grog."

To complete the delight of the host, the gentlemen all agreed to go and take a look at Don Pedro before they joined the ladies. When that took place, they found an accession of company in the drawing room. The two younger Miss Orbys had joined their mother. Mr. Ridgway and his wife were also present; and Mrs. Basden, the lady whose crockery had been so much damaged by Philip Orby, that her whole time had been since employed in endeavouring to cover her losses. She had kept a regular china tinker three weeks in the house, to repair the damages; and wherever any chasms occurred that could not be filled up, she had ingeniously covered the hiatus with corals, petrifications, and dried sea weed. Among the visitors that evening was the Rev. Dr. Wilkins, who lately had received the name of Ninety-minutes Wilkins, his sermons extending to that period of time, in hope,

it was said, of finding favour in the eyes of the Diocesan, who had lately become a saint, and to whom the said Wilkins looked up for a prebendal stall in a neighbouring cathedral. Miss Forrester had sat down at the piano-forte, and a group was formed near her, of Mrs. Paulett and her daughter and the widow Green, with Sir Frederick Holebrook. Mr. Orby, on joining them, said, he was sorry to see such a scarcity of beaux. "I wish, Sir Frederick" continued he, "that my son was here to night, to assist you in entertaining these fair ladies. *A propos*, I have heard from him to day, ladies;" addressing Mrs. Paulett and her daughter, "Frank desires to be particularly remembered to you." Whether from the suddenness of the announcement, or more powerful reasons, Harriet blushed up to the forehead, while Mrs. Green, with a sneering smile, said all the other ladies of B—— were little obliged to Mr. Frank for being so exclusive, casting a meaning glance at the same time to Sir Frederick, whom she had already fixed on as the fittest person to intrust the future care of her heart to; thinking that Lady Hole-

brooke would be a more efficient name on the lobby of any London *soiree*, than Mrs. Green.

As soon as Harriet could recover a little, she said, she hoped Mr. Orby was well when his father heard from him?

"Oh, yes, very well, he was just leaving Napoli for Egypt, having got a passage on board a King's ship."

Sir Frederick, who observed the embarrassment that these few words had occasioned, asked Mr. Orby, who that very pretty girl was, that was sitting next to Mrs. Orby?

"Why, it is her daughter, and my niece, Charlotte; don't you know her yet? Come, I will introduce you;" and taking him by the arm, led him to that part of the room. Mrs. Green could have spared this mode of diverting the baronet's attention from Harriet, it was like Scylla and Charybdis, and she was much surprised on seeing the evident satisfaction Miss Paulett seemed to feel when Sir Frederick was led off to be introduced to her friend. She could have no idea that the young lady could be so great a fool as to let such a prize escape her; and judging from her own ideas, she

set it all down as assumed, by way of masking Harriet's designs the better. What a cunning creature, thought she to herself, and how soon she has learned it.

CHAP. XII.

ADOLPHUS Armitage Newbolt was, in the mean time, carrying on his suit to Miss Jane, who listened with a general air of satisfaction to all his soft things, whilst his pa. stood at a short distance, contemplating the success of his dear boy, with at least as much pleasure as his own; he had plenty of money, he said, and only wished his son to be united to some good family. Having ascertained that the Orbys were of the oldest families in the county and highly connected, his pleasure was unbounded when he saw that his son's inclinations prompted him in that direction. Wishing to impart his agreeable sensations, he turned round and observed Mr. Ridgway, whose eyes were appa-

rently rivetted on the same object. "Ah," said he, "Mr. Ridgway, I am glad to find that your taste seems to agree with mine, in admiring that fine girl with whom my son is now talking."

"Yes," was the reply, "I have had my attention a good deal occupied. You know," said he, "that I am now writing an Universal Dictionary, which, of course, must be also polyglot. As I must give explanations to the words I invent in all the languages generally in use, I had begun with the alphabet, but finding that a dry mode of proceeding, I now take any object that strikes me, and fix my name, transferring it afterwards to its proper place in the vocabulary. In seeing this congregation of human beings, I was led to think of mankind in general, and to divide them more into distinctive shades. I conceive the usual definition of the *genus homo* too limited, as it makes woman to be only a branch of the stock, whereas I look on her as quite a distinct animal, different in feelings, tastes, mode of being clothed, and several other particulars; in this I am a St. Simonian. I, therefore, in my Dictionary, mean to make a clear distinction, and then subdivide them according to certain rules;

man, I have chosen the word *macadam*, the woman *embera*. I have already noted the distinctions for the men, and when he spoke to me, I was settling names for varieties offered in those sisters. For the complexion possessed by Miss Cha have already something in my mind, rather at a loss about her sister. Perhaps he could favour me with some word of your invention, that would do to attach to an abstract of dark eyes, dark hair, and taper waist.

Had he asked Newbolt, how many inches of timber there were in one of the posts outside the door, or how much it would cost to paper and paint the room they were in, he might have got a satisfactory answer. The question he gave quite put the builder at a loss; but having the question repeated, and finding such an unsatisfactory

words, he had better apply to the young lady of the unknown tongues, that had been spouting at the Scotch church; she would fill his dictionary for him in a week, and help him to describe the ladies in all the colours of the rainbow.

Sir Frederick Holebrooke, after his introduction, and a few minutes' conversation with Charlotte Orby, rejoined the groupe with whom he had been previously conversing.

"Well, Sir Frederick," said the widow, "what do you think of the blonde?"

"Really," said he, "I have been greatly struck with her, not so much for the beauty of her features, as from the air of perfect candour and ingenuousness that looks forth, as it were, from her countenance and adds to the extreme appearance of youth. The tone of her voice, too, is the softest, I think, I have heard."

"Why, Sir Frederick," said the widow, "I declare you must have lost your heart; we shall all be jealous of the golden locks."

"I shall be sorry to hear that; what say you, Miss Paulett?"

"I must join you in praise of my fair friend, Charlotte; she is all that her appearance be-

he never heard so melodious a speech possessed by any woman."

Mrs. Green seemed much astonished at such an eulogium from one she at least would have been a rival, but it only added force to her attractions in the eyes of John when he found her so ready to do justice to his young friend, and her heightened expression and the earnestness of her tone, gave force to all she said. Had the widow guessed the truth then passing in his mind, she might have despaired. Fortunately, her ideas were not employed; she was at that moment thinking of *chateaux in Espagne*, and thinking what he would say and do when Lady Holesome

The party at last broke up, and all returned to their respective homes without accident except a trifling degree of the late

put to the carriage, they did not seem particularly anxious as to the performance of their task which was rather longer than the direct road would have been;—the doctor, wishing to avoid trouble, took the opportunity of making some calls on his way to Mr. Leslie's. When the cattle were turned out to take him home at night, they seemed conscious of making an exchange for the worse, in leaving their present comfortable abode for their own cart stable accommodation, and displayed no alacrity, which is usual, in returning home. Coachee, observing his charge to be rather *seedy*, drove very steadily, and, to save a mile of distance, ventured to drive across the common and through a green lane, which he conjectured would be in a good state. In this calculation he was unfortunately not correct; there had been a very heavy fall of rain the day previous, and during its continuance, a whole train of waggons, laden with coal and lime, had cut the way into deep ruts, and into one of the deepest of these, that communicated with the ditch, the fore-wheel of the reverend divine's carriage entered, and finally glided into the ditch, where it stuck fast, and the efforts of the horses seemed inadequate to drag it out.

his position. The coachman at that he would be obliged to him a little, and that he would engage to get the carriage out of its present situation. The doctor, who could not see the force of the argument, declined following it, saying he would not break his legs in the dark by cart ruts.

"Well, sir," said the man, scratching his head, "if you are to leave the place, you must give us your oath to swear, or we shall stick where we are till morning."

"To swear," said his master in

"Yes, sir; that ere near horse is the one which be the thill horse of the team, and he will not move till he be started with an oath."

"Well, James," said the doctor,

He had no sooner done so, than Jehu, with a jaw-breaking oath and a smack of the whip, brought Dobbin into motion, and the carriage was removed from the Slough of Despond ;—the doctor, the next morning, impressing it on his coachman's mind how proper it was, and becoming a christian, to try some other less objectionable mode of getting his cattle into motion.

The party that had met at dinner agreed to go, *en masse*, to the Hunt races, so called as given by the gentlemen of the subscription, to encourage the sport among the farmers, and the prizes to be contended for were also furnished at the expense of the subscribers, together with the dinner which was to conclude the sports. The contests were to be decided on the usual race course, and to commence early, not to interfere with the more serious matter of eating and drinking at three o'clock. On the day appointed, a large cavalcade proceeded to the scene of action, where, if not much racing sport was looked for, a good deal of fun was expected : the weather was fine, and every thing propitious. The company, in addition to those who were at Mr. Leslie's, comprised all the

occupation than attending an manner
our two body curers, two soul savers
dandy from London. The Rev. Dr.
would have expected to be destroyed b
ning had he made his appearance in such
place, as all kinds of recreation are no
minated by the *elect*. These personag
in the saloon of the racing stand; a few
betting men were on the turf; the mill
the neighbourhood had been all put in
tion, to turn out the usual quantity
things to adorn the ladies for this annu
shop.

A fruit girl was handing about the
of her basket, in which were some wild
berries.

"What fine fruit," said Mrs. Orby;
Doctor Williams, what kind of crop
this year?"

him he might eat as many as he could, and I should not miss them; this was in the middle of the day. He took off his coat, and lay down beside my strawberry bed, and remained there an hour and a half, and how many do you think he consumed, ladies?"

On their expressing the impossibility of even guessing, "Why then, during all that time, and eating as fast as he could, he did not consume the produce of one root."

"If that was not a radical surfeit, it is hard to say what is," said Dr. Waldron. "Supposing a man to die of strawberries, of course the straw buries him."

"Oh, for shame," said Mr. Forrester, "that is the worst I ever heard you make, doctor."

The attention was now called to the sports; the ladies' cup was to be run for, gentlemen riders. There was a large start, but the numbers decreased on approaching the goal. Sir Frederick Holebrooke was the winner, followed close by Mr. Leslie's Don Pedro, rode by the maritime jockey whose qualifications as a gentleman have been already detailed. Then came a contest for a saddle and bridle; a £5. sweepstake; the ladies' purse; and then the

Hunt stakes, gentlemen riders again. In race, the skipper of the cutter Elenor too kept the lead, which amused Doctor Wa extremely. He called out, "the sea wolf at the field;" when, at his elbow, he heard, "much?" from some of the knowing ones. which the doctor answered, "Two lengths his horse."

"What do you mean, sir?" was the reply, "did you not offer to bet one of your horses against the field?"

"No, indeed," said the *medico*, "it is the sea wolf, and see he has already won, he must sacrifice a colt to Neptune this very evening. I dare say it will be an ass, as he will be out to-night long before it is dark.

The *leg* did not exactly know how to take this speech, but said he was sorry he had wasted his time in talking to a madman; "And me too," said the doctor.

As an interlude between the races, a dance was got up between two of the yokells, and most of the gentlemen went out to see them. It turned out a poor affair; and when they returned, they were upbraided by the ladies for giving countenance to such brut

which they defended by the usual common places.

"Pray," said Dr. Williams, addressing Mr. Forrester, "did you ever see Molyneux, the black?"

"Yes;" was the answer, "but never in the act of combat."

"I have," said the Doctor, "and an extraordinary fellow he was; I never saw the biceps muscle so strongly pronounced in any other person. When I came home from India, I landed at Portsmouth, where I had an opportunity of performing some service to the poor fellow, for which he was very grateful. It was the time of the fair, and a great many idle people were of course about the streets. Returning from the theatre one night, I found Molyneux at the door, who offered to give me escort home. I said, I did not think it at all necessary, but as he pressed to be allowed, I made no further objection. We had not gone far down the high street, when two half drunk marines stopped up the way, and would not let us pass, threatening to use force if we attempted. I put on a frowning countenance to the man next me, who appeared so overcome

that he staggered against a window shutter; while Molyneux made a blow at the other, who was never seen afterwards."

"I never," said Dr. Waldron, "heard a better mode of dispersing a mob; while you grinned one *jolly* into a window shutter, the black knocked the other into the elements. Have you any idea what gas he resolved into? Sulphuretted hydrogen, I suppose. A marine thus becoming air, was also made more of a sailor, as he was now a marin-er."

"You may joke about it as much as you please," said the Welshman, "but it happened exactly as I tell you."

"I am glad," said Mr. Orby, who was present, "that the roguery displayed among what they call the *fancy* has brought the noble science of fisty cuffs into disrepute, which, however we might endeavour to excuse to ourselves, must always to foreigners have appeared a barbarous practice, unworthy of a civilized nation; and I am glad its discontinuance has arisen from its own vices, rather than the interference of magistrates."

The next thing that engaged the attention of the company was a leaping race; for which

purpose hurdles had been planted across the course at intervals that decreased as they approached the winning post and stand, and where, consequently, the saltations were multiplied. This race afforded the greatest amusement, from the balking of horses, the tumbles of the riders, and other incidents of the same kind. One immense man, a grazing farmer, Ashby, mounted on a great clumsy horse, rode through two lines of hurdles and one of these rural fences stuck fast on the toe of his boot.

"Now," said Dr. Waldron, "I call that the way to take a leap, when you not only take it, but carry it away with you. I suppose the grazier had an eye to trade, in carrying off a spare fence or two."

When the horses were all come in, the gentlemen went down to see the result, as there was so much confusion at the latter part of the race, that it was difficult to say who was the winner. Dr. Waldron had an opportunity of cracking some jokes on the maritime Wolf, who had fulfilled his promise of winning the *steaks*, and as the doctor said, something to fry them with.

Under the stand, in a room of nearly equal dimensions to the saloon up stairs, were the gam-

bling concerns ; at one end the roulette, with the banker tempting the visitors to make their fortune, by only guessing the right number, and gaining thirty-six for one they put down, "Or you may have, gentlemen," said he, "odd and even, *rouge et noir*, and many other chances." At the other extremity was a fellow rolling a ball in a hollow space until of itself it ceased its vibrations, and then calling out, in a monotonous voice, "Black wins—red loses;" whilst in the middle was the man with the painted cloth, and large dice to correspond, with figures of anchors, hearts, &c. This fellow spoke fine, and with grimace, saying, "Now, gentlemen, *meek* your *geem*—now is the time." These *chevaliers d'industrie* pulled hard on some of the farmers' pockets, not leaving wherewithal to pay their dinner reckoning.

When the sports had concluded, the ladies, with only a few of the elder gentlemen, returned to their carriages ; the others remaining to dine at a neighbouring inn with the farmers at three o'clock, on boiled beef and cabbage, roast joints of mutton and pudding, ale and pipes, so that when they returned in the evening

with aching heads, they bore about them strong the odours of the tobacconist.

The ladies, thus deprived of their beaux, had rather a dull drive; but as far as Miss Paulett was concerned, the comparative solitude in which she found herself, was a decided relief from attentions she could not meet. The widow Green had determined to make the baronet her own, *coute qui coute*, and during the whole period that he was in the stand she never left him, at one time asking questions about Sappho and Greek Lyrics, praising the beauty of his horses, and talking scraps of Italian from Petrarch and Guarini, to which he answered at random, being more powerfully attracted in another quarter. Mrs. Green, however, was so adhesive that he could not speak to Miss Paulett, as his heart prompted him; he had only left the language of the eyes, and those trifling marked attentions, the freemasonry of love, noted by those to whom they are addressed, though generally imperceptible to the lookers on. They did not escape the widow, who lost no means in her power to cure the poor young man of what she called his infatuation. In this plan she was much comforted by observing the coolness of Harriet to her young

admirer and the evident restraint she w
while he was addressing her; she, therefor
all occasions, made direct inquiries of H
about Frank Orby, in such a way to avoi
appearance of too direct an appeal, but a
same time to give the baronet to under
that there was a formidable rival in his way
this idea she was glad to find assisted b
inquiries and inuendoes of other friends.
Sir Frederick free from the attraction of
riety, the widow doubted not the effect o
own powers of pleasing, which she was res
to exercise to the utmost to rob her friend
lover.

On retiring from the race course, Mrs. C
carriage, in which were her two daughter
Doctor Waldron, took a more circuitous r
avoid the dust and crowd returning to the
and on their route they passed, on their
handsome park, ornamented with a fine sh
water.

"Dear me," said the good and simple
Orby, "what a fine piece of water.
doctor, is that an arm of the sea?"

"No, madam," replied the doctor gravel
don't think the sea has quite such long arms

reach into Warwickshire ; if it is any portion of Neptune, it must be his leg."

"La, mamma," said Jane, "how can you be so stupid, as to suppose that could be the sea in the centre of England ; why, don't you know that it is Harwood Park, and the pond is formed by a small rivulet that runs through the ground?"

"My mother," interposed Charlotte, "only meant that the piece of water was so extensive that it looked like an arm of the sea."

This little conversation threw some degree of light on the different characters of Mrs. Orby's children ; the two eldest girls were always on the alert to expose the ignorance of their mother, while Charlotte usually endeavoured to throw a veil over her parent's deficiencies. On the present occasion she was assisted by Dr. Waldron, who said that the expanse was so great, that it bore a great similitude to an estuary, or arm of the sea, and he concluded his good-natured remark without an attempt at a pun. Mr. Reginald Orby, who sat on the box, lost this conversation, perhaps luckily for the credit of his wife, who remained silent during the rest of the drive, until they arrived at home, more alarmed by her

daughter Jane's interruption than from an of having drawn ridicule on herself.

The evening was to be closed by a ball up for the occasion a few days before when the gentlemen had rode off the eff the early dinner and strong ale, doffed fumigated garments, and dressed in ba tume, they joined the expectant females Town-hall. All the party that had been course was now re-assembled, with the exc of Mrs. Paulett and her daughter, whose sence was much deplored by Sir Frederic hailed as a favourable omen by the v When the dances were formed, the Baronet asked Miss Forrester, and she up, nothing loath, proud of having in her the handsomest man in the room. Miss rester was a person of very striking appearance possessed of good figure and graceful carriage with all the means of displaying them to advantage, an excellent horsewoman, a good musical musician, and an accomplished dancer. Her hand was an object of contention to young men, who all flattered themselves having made some impression, drawn from fact, that the lady danced with such spirit

at the conclusion her eyes were lighted up with such pleasure. To indifferent persons, however this inference did not follow, as they observed an equally gracious manner to all her admirers, and in the spirit of *medisance*, set the young lady down as a finished coquette; while the widow, they said, was fishing for a salmon, her sister was only plaguing the gudgeons.

The baronet danced the second time with Charlotte Orby, to the evident annoyance of Widow Green, who, however, succeeded in securing his hand for the third quadrille, and being in high talking vein, she ran her partner through the mazes of the dance, and the whole range of arts and sciences. Finding out that Sir Frederick was an amateur chemist, she failed not to insinuate the similarity of their tastes, and to acquaint him that she had made that branch of physics her peculiar study. Towards the close of the quadrille, she asked her partner if he had waltzed much on the continent? and having ascertained the fact, she put forth such undeniable hints, that he could not avoid taking; and she soon had the pleasure of spinning round the rooms in his arms. (I hope not too strong a word, ladies.) The style and manner of her

movements, she had no doubt, would make a powerful impression, and in the gallopade she betrayed no lack of activity. (It used to be objected to the old-fashioned English country dance, that it was *hoydenish*, what do you call this new invention, Mesdames?) The widow had also the kindness and condescension to put her partner through all the mazes of the mazurka, to which he yielded with a good-natured smile, that found its way to the bereaved heart of Mrs. Green, and was exchanged for an expressive sigh. In fact, she returned home a delighted woman; but as happiness is never complete, she dreamed at night of her *dear* Billy Green being alive, and handing her into a ball room, from which she awoke in a fright.

CHAP. XIII.

THE house in which Mr. Reginald Orby resided, and which was now his own, had been built by an eminent legal practitioner and estate agent. At the side of the building that looked towards a recess from the street that led to the coach-house and stable, he had constructed his offices, with the double view of being retired from the noise of a thoroughfare, and affording the means of a private entrance to many of his clients, who were not ambitious of making a public entrance to a lawyer's *study*. When the house came into possession of its present owner, he was rather at a loss what to do with this part of the premises. As he had already got his *own room* in a different part of the mansion, his wife had put

in her claim to use it as a dépôt for her curiosities. But he demurred to this arrangement, as it would bar him of a short cut, when he wanted to see how affairs went on in the stable. His doubts, however, as to its appropriation were at once decided as soon as he qualified to be one of the *great unpaid*. Nothing could be better suited for a justice shop. It was soon fitted up with a long table, covered with black leather, a large elbow chair for his worship, and a wooden stool for the clerk, with three or four chairs for the accommodation of any of his brother justices, who might drop in to hear his sage decisions, and a bench, or form, for the use of such of the natives as were allowed the privilege of sitting, when attending this sublime tribunal.

The seat of justice was softened by an antique velvet cushion, and at one side of the magisterial chair, stood a sort of book-shelf, containing Burns and Blackstone, with other legal worthies; abstracts of several Acts of Parliament; a prayer-book, with a cross on it, gilt, and an almanack. In this hall of justice Mr. Reginald Orby took his regular seat, generally, twice a week. The principal day was Tuesday, as not only containing a summary of the offences com-

ur worthy magistrate seated on his
a, his clerk with pen in hand, and
rd given to bring in the prisoners.
door; you see first enter a game-
l the precise *toggery* of that class,
leash an animal between a grey-
hepherd's dog, and without a tail,
under his arm an air gun—then a
n, in a frock coat, who, by his de-
lowncast look, you easily imagine
er, and you can be at no loss to
hat offence he is brought forward.
on is closed by the beadle, bearing
what appears like a fishing rod with
w at the end of it. The deposition
keeper then goes on to state, that
having suspicion that the present
seph Nuncaton, was following his
his master's woods, he, with two
s, went forth to endeavour to sur-

pheasants were at roost, and gently touching those birds nearest to the ground, they put forth their heads from their wings to learn what was the matter, when the cane was turned a little about and exposed to the heads of the animals a piece of tow saturated with brimstone and containing a nearly smothered fire, which instantly deprived the pheasants of their senses, and they dropped on the ground. This hero was so intent on his sport, that he was taken *in flagrante*; the air gun standing against a tree, to be used when the birds were out of reach; the dog they found tied up outside the copse, ready to run a hare, had they met with one in their travels.

"The animal," said the keeper, "would do any thing; beat a copse, course a hare, or stand to partridge, and, very likely your worship, knows what we are talking about. As for the man himself, I have not searched him, but I will be bound he has some of his night's work about him."

Directions having been given to overhaul the prisoner, out of sundry long pockets in his coat were produced four fine pheasants. The word, "commit him!" was pronounced with oracular voice, and the culprit was led off, leav-

ing in the justice shop the implements he used in that branch of the fine arts, to tell against him at a future day.

Then came some cases of affiliation when the justice room was crowded to excess; so curious are we to see the misfortune of others, and to observe a young fellow who has been more merry than wise quail before the parish officers, when, if there is no money forthcoming, they offer him the pleasing alternative of wedlock or padlock.

These being disposed of, an Irish lady made her appearance, accompanied by one of the parish officers, claiming to be passed to her native country.

"And pray, my good woman," said Mr. Orby, in his mildest tone, "what brought you here?"

"Why, sure, to look for Mick."

"And who is Mick?"

"Is he not my husband, then?"

"Well, and have you seen him?"

"No, never a bit, forbye the hole that he is buried in."

"Why, is he dead?"

"Sure enough, and that he is."

"And how came you to know it?"

"Bekase he writ me word."

"What, wrote you word he was dead?"

"Yes, I have got his letter in Ireland."

"Perhaps, sir," said the beadle, "the woman may not be so far wrong, as here is a paper was found on the man's body who drowned himself."

"Sure, and did'nt I tould you so; it's honest Michael Doyle, that would'nt be behind hand to prove his wife was spaking truth, dead or alive."

"This is a very extraordinary history," said Mr. Orby, "but come, let us hear this testamentary document, written by a man after his death."

The clerk then read as follows, occasionally interrupted by the disconsolate widow.

The paper was folded regularly, with this superscription, "This will be fownd after my deth, if thea look sharp.—Michael Doyle." Here his widow put in her voice, "Oh, poor dear Mick, and sure enough that's his own hand of write; he was always an iligant pin-man, my poor dear boy." The paper being unfolded, the clerk continued to read as follows:—
"As I noe the people that has fownd my car-

kase is curious about the manner of my deth, which is somethin out of the way, I'll givem aul the satisfakshon in my power about it, as I noe the hole matter from beginnin to end." Here an explosion of the widow's grief in a flood of tears, with "Oh, my dear Mick, I wish I was with you ; why did you lave me?" The will continued, "which is my own misforthan that I marrid a cross woman, that's never plazed but when she is aftir vixin me and spending my substance, whereby I've been reduced to great shifts, as aul the world noes, and Father O'Toole in partickler, so let that rest for the liest sayd the soonest minded, and I don't car to be rip-pin up ould soares." "Come, come," said Mrs. Doyle, addressing the clerk, "be asy, Mr. Thingummy, you're after invintin all that out of your own head ; my poor jewel never would have said that of his wife, more particklary on his dying day." The clerk, without noticing this interruption, continued, "It may be reported, as the world's grately given to lyin, that I dy'd by axident, but that's a mistcake, for I throw'd myself intoth e river o' Wednesday evenin, and so drowned myself of my oan akord, being tired of the world and fritted out

of my life, and as the littel that is lift of my substance is not much, I hoap therll be no quarlin my dispoassin of itt in the followin manner: ther may be in my britches pocket (as I put ther aul I cood geat to gidder) about somethin less than half a ginny in silver and sixpenses, wit some hapence, givv that to littel Dolly Maginnis, at farmer Daly's; the people seyde, and so did my wife, that I was too fond of her, but that's a lye of her own inventin, and iff I was alive I'd say it to her fasse, so let noboddy go to reflect on her on my akount." "Ah, the spalpeen," broke in the widow, "wasnt it all on account of that dirty trollope, Dolly Maginnis, that all the differ was betwixt Mick and myself; he used, your honour, to be always after followin her, and makin her presents, forbye trating her to whiskey, and was I to be starvin at home while he was wasten his substance?" "It certainly appears a hard case," said Mr. Orby, "but let us hear the remainder of the bequests." "Peter M'Donough mayd me pay to much for my cabbin and littel bit of pataty grownd, but I mayd it anser by chaytin the parson and one way or oder, so I lav itt to my youngest son Robbin, becaze he's a more cuter lad and more

good-nathurder, and I luvv him better nor Corney; as for him and his moder, they'll provide for themselves; I had enuff to do to maintain em during my life, and I'm sure I'll not trouble my hed about em now I'm ded. My sow and piggs and my crucifix, along wid my bades, I lave to Fader O'Toole, for he's a good soul enuff at the bottom; my oak saplin, my dog Smutt, my woolen night cap, and my razure, I give to honest Toby Hooragan, for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, though the people givvs out oderwise, becaze he takes a sup and has turned his childer out of doors; my best shart I givv to the same Toby Hooragan, as for the tuder, it's the one I have on now, and not much worth any bodys taakin, so I lave it to my wife, that she may have no raison to complane. I bore an indifferent good karacter while I was alive, and wud have nokk'd the biggest man down that darrrd say a ward against itt, but now I'm ded, they may say what they plaze, and to be sure thea'll say bad enuff."

"Well, Mrs. Doyle," said Mr. Orby, as soon as he saw by the clerk's folding up the paper that he had come to a conclusion, "what think you of your husband's last will and testament?"

"Raally," said Mrs. Doyle, "it is not like any tistament ever I saw, ould or new; but isn't it bad tratement for his wife?"

"Perhaps you would like to see the shirt he has left you, and can tell me how the other parts of his will are to be carried into effect."

"As for the shirt," said she, "it is a dirty rag, but may be you'd be after givin me the half ginny now why, that was in his breeches pocket?"

"I cannot well do that," said Mr. Orby, "seeing he has bequeathed that particular sum to Miss Maginnis; possibly you can direct me where I can find that young lady."

"If its Dolly you mane, and she is to have the half ginny, the d—l give her good of it; and them that wants to find out where she lives, let them go look."

"Well, Mrs. Doyle," said the justice, "I am sorry that you have been so badly treated, after coming so far to look for a dead husband, to find that he has left you no other proof of his love than an old shirt. I must, on that consideration, give you a little assistance myself, (handing her a crown,) and shall have you passed to your own country, unless you can find some

one here that would be inclined to take you for better or worse."

"God bless your honour for the crown piece and the pass; as for another husband, I've no great fancy for one, unless it might be your honour's self, you're so fair spoken."

"Really, Mrs. Doyle, I am very sorry not to be able to meet your wishes in that way, being already married; but look round, perhaps you may find some one that might please your eye."

As she was desired, the widow cast a glance over all the audience, until her eye rested on the rosy face of the beadle, who, in his gold laced cocked hat and blue coat with red collar, held his station near the door—"I don't see never a one, plaze your honour, forbye that gintleman that's standing at the door with the three-cornered hat and the griskin round his neck."

"There, Smithers," said Mr. Orby, "there is an offer for you; this fair lady is inclined to take you for better for worse, on consideration of your hat and coat."

"Much obliged to your worship," growled the beadle, "I have no fancy for an old woman that made her last husband drown himself."

"There, listen to that," said widow Doyle,

waxing wroth, "so I am too ould for you, and you throw up in my face poor Mick drownning himself; if he was alive now, he would knock that three cocked scraper about your noddle that you would'nt see what you were talking about."

As Mr. Orby did not wish that the flood-gates of the lady's oratory should be further opened, he cut off the *conference* to which such a *lengthy protocol* had given introduction, by handing over Mrs. Doyle to the charge of the parish officer; and he was about to close the gates of justice for the day, when a considerable bustle was heard at the door, and in a few moments a group of persons made their way into Mr. Orby's *home* office. A little sallow, thin, *eager* looking person was seen assisting a constable in dragging forward a man, who seemed evidently reluctant to appear in public, particularly while labouring under the charge of robbing his principal, the yellow gentleman aforesaid.

Mr. Orby entertained considerable antipathy to the prosecutor in this case, whose name was John Horner, and who kept a small bookseller's shop, where all sorts of trash was sold, and every variety of *penny erudition*. With this man Mr. Orby had once a dispute about a small bit of

garden ground, *abutting* on his own property, which he wished to get possession of, either by purchase or barter, but the stiff-necked bookseller would not *take* on any terms. The worthy justice also thought that the collection stuck up in the window of Mr. Horner was anything but orthodox, and he looked on the owner as a radical; no wonder his bile was a little stirred up, and the pleasant part of his feelings was not increased by seeing Dr. Waldron and young Newbolt stroll into the court, to witness the proceedings.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Orby, seating himself in his chair of state, and assuming the magisterial solemnity, which had been recently thawed by the fun of Mrs. Doyle, "what charge have you to bring against this man?"

It may easily be supposed, from what has been before said, that the prosecutor was not a person likely to *worship* the justice—he addressed him as plain Mr. Orby, said the charge he had to make against his journeyman was of having robbed him of a very considerable quantity of paper.

"A very serious charge, sir," said Mr. Orby, taking up Burn's Justice, "robbing in a dwell-

ing-house, sir ; a very serious charge ; have you well considered the amount of your proof before you enter into a deposition as to the facts ?”

“I have, Mr. Orby,” was the reply, “and I have such proofs as will be quite sufficient to convince any unprejudiced person (leaning some emphasis on the word unprejudiced).

The deposition was then entered into, which went on to state that the prosecutor having at various times missed quantities of paper, his suspicion at length fell on the prisoner, and having obtained a search warrant from one of the corporation, he had searched the lodgings of the prisoner, and in various places found concealed a quantity of paper, which he had no doubt was the same that was stolen from him.

“Was there any wrapper or marked cover with this paper ?” was the question from the bench.

“No ; the paper was in one or two quires, and some of it even in single sheets.”

“Then, Mr. Horner,” said the justice, “I beg leave to say that you have incurred a vast responsibility by swearing to the knowledge of the paper, and I suppose you take great credit to yourself for your powers of discrimination.”

"No greater than your own, Mr. Orby, when you took it upon you to swear to the identity of some hay stolen from your loft, by which Bill Teggart was sent to the treadmill."

"Quite a different thing, sir; your remark has nothing to do with the case; I consider it impertinent, and have a great mind to commit you."

"You had better not commit yourself, Mr. Orby; my remark was quite pertinent, and it will be easily allowed that swearing to paper is quite as reasonable as to hay."

"I have no desire to argue the matter with you, sir, but have this to say, that I was grounded in my knowledge of my own hay by the great quantity of Dutch clover that was in it."

"And I," said Mr. Horner, "was guided in my knowledge by the water mark in the paper, which is at least as good as the Dutch clover."

"Water mark, water mark," iterated Mr. Orby, "I have not heard a word of that before."

"Because," said the prosecutor, "you did not give me time."

"Oh, then," said Mr. Orby, evidently glad to have a loop-hole, "that alters the case materially; let the depositions be proceeded in."

The prosecutor gave direct testimony to knowledge of the property, and its having been found in the possession of the prisoner, and evidence was corroborated by his own shopman.

The prisoner had only some vague excuse to make as to the possession, and committal followed as a matter of course.

Mr. Orby felt, during this proceeding, a sense of humiliation, of which he could not divest himself, but at the conclusion, wishing to regain his consequence, he said, "this affair, Mr. Horn has been gone through at your desire, but it is rather out of the usual course to apply in such cases to a county magistrate."

"Certainly, sir, it is," was the reply; "but not our borough magistrates been employed day in their perambulation, and I considered a case demanding immediate decision, I would not have applied to Mister Orby," (drawing out these last two words to the utmost length, and making his farewell bow.)

He, who had been enacting all day previously the lion of the justice hall, now retired to his den much discomposed, and did not show again until dinner was announced. He had usually, on these justice days, entertained

wife and daughters with what occurred during the examinations (sinking the anxieties of the parish officers), but this evening he remained silent and out of spirits. The bile has not only its own sins on its head, but is made answerable for all the solemnity and stupidity of the world. No wonder, then, that the green and yellow spectre was made to account for Mr. Orby's unwonted gravity, and his wife earnestly recommended him to take rather a powerful dose of calomel going to bed. He found, however, as good a remedy in avoiding the sight of the radical bookseller, and in a day or two regained his former equanimity.

As Waldron and young Newbolt retired from the halls of Themis, and gained the street, the latter drawled out, in his finest manner, "really, very *particular* drudgery that of Mr. Orby's. What a *monotonous* method of passing the time, it is quite *ridiculous*."

"I am afraid," replied the doctor, "he found nothing very ridiculous in the last examination—it is not "little Jack Horner that sat in the corner, making the Christmas pye," but a more troublesome sort of customer, that seemed to have got Mr. Orby on the horns of a dilemma, and

gored him considerably. I dare say he will hate the name of horn-book, horn-work, or even cornucopise for some years, and that the sound of a French-horn will be no music to his ears. But, come, let us stroll down to the Black Lion, and hear the news from the quidnuncs; yesterday was the blank day, "stale bread and no post," to-day their ideas will be stimulated with the fresh news, and we shall have all sorts of comments."

On entering the news room and looking round, they saw several (not book-worms, but) newspaper moths, hard at their daily and unprofitable labour; and in the centre of them was the dictionary maker, up to the ears in news.

"Do you know," said Waldron, "Ridgway, you bring to my mind, a turtle feast that I was once at?" At this unusual address, the several moths raised their heads for a moment from their work.

"I don't understand," replied the ex-pedagogue, "how you can make that out."

"Why," replied the doctor, "last year, I dined with the Sheriffs of Bristol, and a few moments after the grand attack commenced, I cast my eyes round the table, when I saw a man

directly opposite to me; he was devouring a soup-plate of turtle, at his elbow he had another in reserve, and behind him stood a servant with a third, ready as a relief. Now, you are as fond of news, as that fellow was of turtle; and I find you with your eyes on the *Courier*, the *Globe* on your knees, and your left elbow pinning down the *Standard*; as I know your politics differ from the latter, I suppose it is to prevent others from being infected by its pestilent pages."

"No, really, not at all, not at all. I quite forgot about the paper on my knee; you are very welcome to it, and I had no idea of keeping it from others."

"I recollect, Ridgway, to have heard you declaim very learnedly against monopolies, and attack the India Company and the Bank, but you see in this small affair of the papers how the spirit of monopoly creeps on us unawares."

Doctor Williams came into the room, and speaking to young Newbolt, asked what sport he had the day previous?

"But very indifferent, only two and a half brace."

"That is nothing, I suppose," said Waldron, "to what you do in Wales?"

"Certainly, very inferior to the generality of our sport. I have often," said he, "bagged seven brace of grouse—and in partridge shooting, I never kept any account."

"That was the wisest way; but I think, Williams, you must have been an excellent shot when you were young, as I observe you have a prodigious sharp eye, when—a fee is to be gained."

"I certainly was a good hand," said Williams, "but once I had the most extraordinary shot by accident. Walking along the banks of the Usk, I observed a hare at the opposite side, my gun was instantly at my shoulder, and I let fly; at that moment, an otter raised its snout above the bank, and a trout rose to a fly, the whole three fell victims to my shot."

"Capital," said Waldron, "what an excellent gun; have you got it yet?"

"Oh, yes; but I left it in Wales."

"What a pity! What was the maker's name?"

"Hoby, I think," said the Welshman.

"Why, my dear fellow," drawled Adolphus Armitage, "that is the man that makes my boots in St. James's street."

"Boots," said Williams, in some confusion, but then recollecting himself, "I believe his gun-shop is at the back."

"I never saw any," said Newbolt.

"Oh," said Waldron, directly, "perhaps my friend Williams, means Gunter? *he* has a back shop, and not only makes guns, but the batteries to put them in, as you may be convinced by attending any ball and supper in London."

Williams swallowed the bait, although he did not see what balls and suppers had to do with the question, and said, "Oh, yes, I think that is the right name."

"You may depend upon it," said Waldron, "it is correct, Gunter's guns have that peculiarity in their make, that if they burst they do no harm; and if they get too hot by rapid firing, he will ice them for you; but here we have a sportsman of another class, as Leslie entered in his red coat. Well, Leslie, what sport?"

"Oh, very fair; but have any of you seen our apothecary *secundus* Davis? I lent him one of my horses, but he got spilt, and was carried home on a hurdle. I have just been to see him, he seems confoundedly frightened, and flatters himself that his shoulder is put out, but

I don't think it is. Had you not better go and see him, Waldron? You know he is at daggers drawn with the other apothecary, and if he is really hurt, it will be a charity of you to give him a visit."

"Waldron, who tried to gain amusement from every thing, promised himself some fun in drawing out the hunting apothecary, and taking Newbolt under his arm, proceeded to the house of Mr. Davis."

On being shown up stairs, they found the patient stretched on his bed, an old woman employed in bathing his shoulder, whilst he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." On seeing Waldron enter, "Ah, doctor, this is really very kind of you to come and see me; I have had such a dreadful fall that I don't know if ever I shall recover, and at least I think my shoulder is dislocated.

"Oh," said his comforter, "never mind, my good fellow, after you have had two or three such tumbles you won't mind them a bit; it is nothing when you are used to it; but come, let us see about your shoulder," and taking up his arm, he worked it back and forward like the handle of a pump, accompanied by such contor-

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tions of the patient's features as would have won him the grinning prize at any fair. "It is nothing," said Waldron, "your shoulder is no more out than mine, and you will soon be able to grin as you walk."

"Ah, you may laugh," said the rueful apothecary, "but if you suffered as I do, you would not be so funny about it. I shall be kept in the house this fortnight, and lose all my patients."

"Oh, never mind," said the doctor, "I will go and visit all your patients for you, so make your mind easy, my good fellow; here, take this glass of wine, it will do you good, and tell us your hunting adventures; I like to hear of the moving accidents of sportsmen by flood and field."

The patient being comforted with these consolatory assurances, and moreover, the inwound man being fortified with the glass of sherry, began the story of his adventures.

"I was," said he, "attending Mr. Leslie, a little girl, who is sick, and he asked me to dine. As we sat together, he produced a bottle of very capital claret, and we talked all the usual topics; he praised the figure of a horse that I lately purchased, and regretted

he was lame; he then asked me if I was fond of hunting, and like many other silly people, I said I was, although I never attempted it. 'Well,' said he, 'come here and breakfast at nine to-morrow, you shall have my black horse, that is so quiet a child might ride him. We will go and look at the harriers, they are to be on Swinley common, and there are no fences in that neighbourhood.' I went the next morning, not half liking the invitation, and was, after breakfast, mounted on what he calls the George horse. He was so fresh, that it was all I could do to keep my seat till we got out of the town; he then became quite quiet, and even when we joined the hounds, he did not display any tricks like many of his neighbours."

During this preliminary matter, Waldron felt his punning propensities burning his mouth, but when the chase was fairly entered into, he turned every thing as having reference to the *shop*.

"We rode," continued Davis, "all about the common, beating the bushes"—

"Looking for primary symptoms," interrupted the doctor.

"But in vain"—

"Latent symptoms."

"At length we went into a fallow field, where a country fellow told us we should get a hare, and there sure enough we did find a hare in her form"—

"Or as we should say, medically, *coagulated pus*."

"To give her law, the dogs were held back, and we only started at a brisk ca"—

"*Thartic*," was the interruption.

"At length the hare, which was a very strong one, got to the end of its tether, and away we went at a *scouring* pace."

"Come, that is a good phrase," said the doctor.

"We had continued to skirt the common for some time, when we entered a large field by a gap"—

"The disease leaving the *stomach* and getting into the bowels."

"At one corner of this enclosure was a five barred gate, and the rest was fenced in with a high hedge, except in one or two places on the right, where it had fallen into gaps; to these I saw several of the farmers making their way, and I would fain have followed them, but the

great brute of a black horse would have his own way"—

"The *symptoms* had become *obstinate*"—

"And would follow Mr. Leslie's horse to the cursed five-barred gate"—

"Which you, no doubt, found to be a *bilious obstruction*."

"I screwed up all my faculties for the leap"—

"Very like a *consultation*'—

"But the horse, whether thinking light of my weight, or determined to show his activity, leaped about two feet higher than he need have done, and while he went on to the end of the chase, I remained at the foot of the gate, which I had certainly cleared"

"A powerful effort of nature. The horse went on," said the doctor, "and was in at the death, while you were nearly in at your own; but come, it will be something for you to talk of, and I must take my lesson how I am to visit your different patients. I hear you are patronised by the saints, and I must have some hints how to get on, and what I am to say of this five-bar affair. Had you broken your collar bone by falling out of a pulpit at a conventicle, you would have had a subscription, or

perhaps a statue, but it does not savour much of the fruits of the spirit, breaking your neck here hunting ;—you had better say that Satan seduced you in the shape of Mr. Leslie and a black horse, and that once escaped, you will never try the adventure again.”

“Why, as to the saints,” said Davis, “Cane had run away with all the other patients, and I was obliged to be *good* in my own defence. I am most anxious that you should see Mrs. Drumgool first ; she is nervous, and has visions ; she is one of my best, and the loss of her would be £100. a year out of my pocket. Perhaps,” said he, “the news of my disaster has not reached her.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, my fine fellow,” said the doctor, “your flying leap has nearly reached Coventry by this time.

CHAP. XIV.

"COME, let us see," said Waldron, taking out his tablets, "here goes Mrs. Drumgool as No. 1. I know something of her, although I never was in her house. Who next?"

"Miss Sarah Miller, No. 13, Fountain-street, a tendency to melancholia, and in a very low state. Then Miss Maria Letwidge; she is also nervous and low spirited, originating, I believe, in a disappointment in love. These are all the godly patients I have."

He then added to his list those of his employers who were out of the pale of goodness, and, furnished with this catalogue, Waldron proceeded on his embassy, promising to report progress the following day.

FRANK ORBY.

His first visit was to Mrs. Drumgool, the patroness of the sect. When his name was announced, he was ushered into her room, where she sat with her foot on a stool and near the fire; on a cushion lay a brace of superannuated cats, and the room echoed to the barking of four poodle dogs. The like number of parrots were suspended in cages in different parts of the room, and close to the window a squirrel performed its never ceasing rounds in a revolving machine. On a large table lay the Evangelical Magazine and Review, a collection of tracts ready for delivery, with several portraits of *soi-disant* reverends, that would have been becoming ornaments to the dining-room of the worshipful company of coal-whippers, whom they much resembled. From the tract alluded to, the excellent Mrs. Drumgool had selected passages the most striking in the character, and had formed them into a sort of daily text, each one being copied on a piece of card, and introduced into a sort of pannel, in the manner of a perpetual almanack, of the following may be given as specimen—“What shall I do to-day”—“Do you pray?”—“Welcome, welcome, all ye!”—

you a sabbath breaker?"—"Set your house in order." The text on the day of the doctor's visit was, "Is it well to be here?" As the apartment was hot, dirty, and *frowsy*, and sundry odours proceeded from the menagerie, the doctor thought it would be better to be any where else. He sat down, however, at the invitation of Mrs. Drumgool, and immediately entered on the subject of his mission.

"Ah," said the lady, with a sound something between a sigh and a grunt, "is our confidence always to be deceived, and worldly mindedness always to stand in our way? Who could have thought that Mr. Davis would have been led off in the paths of Satan?"

Waldron, with difficulty, retained a smile at the idea of his black majesty hunting a pack of harriers, a pastime he has hitherto not had much credit for; he, however, composed his countenance to the utmost gravity, and said, that every one must deplore such an instance of backsliding in his unfortunate friend, but which he looked on as one of the trials of faith to which we are subject.

At the use of this phraseology, the patroness of the saints opened all her eyes, and seeing a

corresponding ruefulness and dejection on the long-drawn face of the doctor, she felt a degree of pleasant surprise, and said, "indeed, doctor, you have put this in a true light, and I had no idea of the word of truth coming forth from you, whom I had considered as one of the lost sheep."

"How grieved, madam, I am to learn, that I have thus, undeservedly, fallen in your esteem; by what means have I incurred this grievous suspicion?"

"Why, doctor, if I may so, I have drawn my conclusions from the pursuits of your wife, her parties and balls and all those inventions of the devil, in which I thought you had partaken."

"Ah, madam," said he, sighing, "it is one of the penalties of matrimony, to seem partakers of what one does not approve. I have often, and often deplored these vanities." (He was sometimes annoyed at the expence.)

"How glad I am to hear you say so," was the reply, "and to learn you have serious thoughts; and, under this impression, I will freely forgive, what you call, very properly, the back-sliding of Mr. Davis. I am going to have a few friends this evening to tea, and prayers at

seven, when we will be comforted with the presence of the Rev. Mr. Bradfute, lately arrived from the great prayer meetings in North America. He has promised in the evening, afterwards, to give a discourse at the chapel,—his stay being limited, as he has a call to administer the word at Manchester. I shall be very glad, doctor, if you join us a little before seven."

Lucky fellows, these doctors, they never want an excuse. Screwing up his mouth, to a double ruefulness, Waldron expressed his great regret, he was obliged to attend a patient, who at that hour was subject to daily hysterical paroxysms." The villain! he was engaged at that very particular hour to go to Newbolt's, to try a batch of sparkling Burgundy that Adolphus had received as a present, that was his patient, and the flying of the corks the only hysterical paroxysms.

Having taking a solemn and affecting leave of the head of the sect, he next visited Miss Sarah Miller, whom he found in the most abject state of dejection. She had been infected for some time with fanaticism, when she was taken ill of a nervous fever, from which she was slowly recovering, when she had sent for her pastor, who bore the ominous name of Churmsides, to whom

she looked for spiritual comfort. He, by way of refreshment, drew a lively picture of the torments to all eternity to which those who were not of the *elect* were subject; and, in the *true* spirit of *Christianity*, as administered by these *exclusives*, told her to look sharp. This denunciation preying on a mind weakened by illness upset the balance of her faculties, and she became a prey to continued remorse for no crime. All Waldron could get from her was a repetition of the words, "Miserable sinner that I am."

As he did not pretend to "administer to a mind diseased," at least to that amount, he took his leave, after having prescribed something to calm the present agitation. He left the house, with his own spirits much affected by the scene, and took the road to the dwelling of Miss Letwidge. The young lady resided with a widowed aunt, Mrs. Eversly, with whom the doctor was acquainted, as, previous to the arrival of her niece, she had mixed a good deal with the society of the place. He was, therefore, more at home in this case, than in either of the two preceding ones. He began to apologise for the absence of Mr. Davis, and was glad to find that no ill-

natured commentaries accompanied the sorrow expressed at the accident of the apothecary.

The young lady was reposing near the fire on a sofa, and her aunt had been seated close to her before she rose to receive the medical visitor. The doctor took the vacant chair, and addressed the patient with some common places, usual on such occasions. She was apparently tall and well formed, with an expressive cast of countenance, bearing evident marks of much care and anxiety, with that heavy languor of the eyes, denoting debility of body. After some general inquiries, the doctor was at no loss, even without his previous information, to attribute the present unhappy state of the poor girl to the right cause; he, therefore, only prescribed something simple, and recommended the young lady to endeavour to get out in the open air and take exercise, attributing her present state of weakness and debility to the want of those natural stimulants. There was no allusion made to religion, nor was there any external appearance to indicate that as one of the causes of the patient's altered appearance. The doctor took his leave, and was followed by Mrs. Eversly, who, asking him to walk into the parlour, said,

"I am very happy you have called, doctor; it has always been my wish to have consulted you about this poor girl, but she has had great repugnance to see any one, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade her even to see Mr. Davis. Poor dear girl," continued she, "I am in the utmost anxiety on her account; she has suffered grievously in body and mind, and I am in the greatest fear that if she gets through this trial of her health, it may be at the expense of her reason. If you will sit down, Dr. W.," said she, "I will give you a little sketch of her history, which may be of use in endeavouring to find something to alleviate her present sufferings."

"Maria is the youngest daughter of my late brother Letwidge. She was from infancy a delicate child, and was consequently much nursed, and particular attention paid to her during the period of early youth. This treatment might, in some degree, have increased a natural indolence and timidity of disposition, which seemed to grow with her years. She appeared incapable of undertaking any thing from her own resources, and clung for support, in even the slightest of her difficulties, to her mother. The character of Jane, her elder sister

by three years, was repulsive to one of such shy and retiring habits as her younger sister. Jane possessed a well cultivated mind, was alert and clever in all she undertook, seeming to possess, with a masculine understanding, a mind full of resources, which gave her at all times an air of independence, which, among her detractors, passed for rudeness. With a temper so repellent, it is little to be wondered at that Maria forsook, in a great measure, the society of her elder sister, and clung with greater tenacity to the support of her mother. The modes in which the two girls were brought up might also have the effect of adding to the contrast already so strongly marked by nature. While Jane was sent to a public school, where she gained that confidence and knowledge of the world, imparted by a collision with different characters, Maria, whose bodily health required constant attention, received at home, and from the hands of her mother, all the instruction she could impart. Affairs had gone on in this manner for some time, and the period of instruction had passed, when Maria received an invitation from the daughter of a neighbour in the country, to spend a few weeks with her at her father's house.

Mrs. Letwidge was very glad of the occasion to make her timid daughter mix with a little society, and gain confidence. The invitation was accepted, and at the appointed time Miss Langton arrived in her carriage to take away her future visitor. It was with a painful sensation that Maria put her foot beyond the threshold, as if instinctively apprehensive of all the misery this excursion would cost her, and feeling that sort of lonely and desolate sensation, which parting, even for a short period, with those one holds most dear occasions. The lively spirits, however, of Emily Langton soon drove away these melancholy thoughts, and by the time they arrived at Gower House, Maria found herself sufficiently in spirits to meet the family with at least the appearance of cheerfulness. Mr. Langton possessed a moderate sized property, which he was very desirous to increase by every possible way, in order to aggrandise his eldest son, who was to succeed him, and who was at this time studying at the Temple. For the second, whose name was Henry, he had procured an Indian writership. His education, with reference to that course of life, had been completed, and he was now at home, enjoying with his family the intervening

time previous to his embarkation for Bengal. He was handsome in his person and graceful in address, but of retired and quiet manners. This similarity of habits insensibly drew Maria Letwidge and him together. Their sympathies had all the same tendencies; no wonder, then, a more tender sentiment soon sprang up between them, and before the visit was expired, my poor niece found that her heart was gone in exchange for another. Emily Langton often rallied Maria on the growing attachment, and said what a wondrous grave and solemn pair her brother and her friend would make. Whilst this was going on, Emily, who was full of whims, said to her friend, one Sunday, 'I have heard, Maria, that there is a famous preacher in the village, who is to hold forth at the chapel at three o'clock to-day; suppose Henry and you and I go over there, we can say we are gone for a walk, and papa will not know any thing about it, as he would be very angry if he heard what was our errand.' Maria would have combatted such a clandestine proceeding, but was overruled by the volubility of her friend, now aided by her brother, who had come in. Accordingly, after luncheon, the trio proceeded to the village

chapel, where they were received with every mark of respect. The discourse made no impression on Henry Langton, whose attention was devoted to another object, and very little on Maria; but on the volatile and sanguine mind of Emily the novelty of the doctrine, and the fervour with which it was *cast forth*, excited her imagination as a contrast to the more orthodox tenets and stayed demeanour with which she was familiar. She, therefore, proposed a repetition of the visit, and the next time, whether from being less shocked at the exaggeration of the preacher, or the subject on which he treated, (brotherly love), being more interesting to Maria's present state of mind, she gradually imbibed a sort of taste for the exhibition, which, however, would probably have been attended with no results, had not subsequent events of the most afflicting nature ripened those seeds that had been so inauspiciously sowed. The time at length arrived for Mr. Henry Langton to join the ship at Portsmouth that was to carry him out to India, and the parting of the two lovers was tender and melancholy in the extreme. Henry promised, as soon as he had placed himself in a situation where he could support a wife, to return to

Europe, and make his dear Maria his own, and begged permission, during his absence, to be allowed to correspond, as the only means of affording him any comfort during the interval. This, the tender Maria promised to obtain permission from her parents to do, to whom she resolved to impart the whole affair on her return home. The lovers then took a tender farewell, and shortly after Henry's departure, Maria terminated her visit, not bearing to keep in view the different objects that constantly reminded her of the absent lover. When she arrived at home, she made known immediately to her parents all that had passed between Henry and herself, and claimed their approbation, which she no sooner obtained than she communicated to her lover, through his sister, the permission she had received to correspond; this pleasing intelligence reached him the day before he sailed from England.

"In the autumn of that year, my poor brother was seized with typhus fever, which, from the first, assumed such a malignant type, that the physicians entertained scarcely any hopes. He struggled for only three days, when he fell a victim, notwithstanding every care and attention that was bestowed.

My sister, who had watched and attended her husband with the greatest assiduity, in spite of all remonstrances touching her own danger, unfortunately caught the infection, and followed her husband to the grave in less than a week; leaving my nieces to their own guidance, or rather to the discretion of Jane. To do her justice, she paid ample tribute of grief for the loss of such kind parents, but over her stronger mind time sooner shed its healing influence than over that of the unhappy Maria, who remained weeks plunged in the stupor of despair. From her sister Jane she could not derive many soothing lessons of resignation and fortitude, and it was only from the frequent visits of Emily Langton that she derived any consolation, who, as a matter of comfort to her young friend, suggested her receiving a visit from the pastor to whose chapel in the village they had paid their clandestine visits. This, after some objections on the part of Maria, she at last effected, and introduced the *Reverend* Mr. Snodgrass, at such periods as she thought my niece Jane was occupied with her domestic business; and these conferences took place in a boudoir that Maria had fitted up for herself

during her mother's life time. The preacher, who was a man of quiet and insinuating demeanour, was not long in making a conquest of the conscience of poor Maria, weakened as her mind was with recent suffering; and having the conduct of Emily Langton, and her presence during these interviews, to keep her in countenance. These *celestial* visits," continued Mrs. Eversly, with half a smile, "could not be conducted with that secrecy, as to prevent them coming to the ears of Jane, who, with her usual promptitude, ordered the doors to be closed against the spiritual guide, and repaired to her sister's room, where she read her rather a sharp lecture on her folly, methodism, and weakness. Had she condescended to argue the matter with gentleness, she might possibly have succeeded, but this imperious mode had a directly contrary effect to that intended. The spirit of resistance, more or less infused in all minds, was roused in this instance, and made the otherwise timid Maria adhere to her new opinions with more tenacity than she could have been supposed capable of. The visits of Emily Langton, from which she derived such pleasure, were abruptly terminated by the death

her brother, who was killed when out-
ing. The grief and affliction of Mr.
for the loss of his favourite son was
severe, and the disappointment of all
tious hopes added poignancy to his
lot to allow the family name to run
e of becoming extinct, he sent instant
recal to his son Henry, in India; and
his character was not of that pro-
or determined nature as to promise so
prospective as that of his elder brother,
ere was no choice left, Mr. Langton
ged to bow to his fate. The intelli-
the probable return of Henry Lang-
a gleam of sunshine on the darkened
of Maria; her spirits rallied, and in
e of the many months that must elapse
er lover reached England, she endea-
re-establish her health and spirits. But
a great drawback; Emily had again
d her to visit the conventicle, and as
er interfered with any of her arrange-
t of doors, and had, as she said, given
up, they met with no obstacles.
rrival of young Langton in England was
announced. He flew down to meet his

father, and, at their first interview, imparted to him his love for Maria Letwidge, and the engagements he had formed on this head. Although Mr. Langton was not overjoyed with this communication, yet on the first moment of his son's arrival he did not wish to appear harsh. He certainly had more ambitious views for his settlement; but being a reasonable man, and seeing nothing absolutely to object to, either in family or fortune, he gave his consent. Henry, after embracing his mother and sister, flew down to meet his mistress, armed with the consent of his parents, and the tenderness of the meeting of the lovers may easily be imagined after so long a separation, and anticipating such bright prospects as now opened before them; never, alas to be realized. The intercourse between the families became continual, and Henry Langton spent all the time he could spare from his father with Maria. The days flew on unheeded; the marriage settlements had been agreed to, and the day of the wedding fixed; when Henry Langton, going with his father to pay some visits to the neighbourhood, complained of a heaviness about his head, that he could not account for. His

said, "Never mind, the fresh air and the
will do you good; come along." The
were at the door, Mr. Langton mounted,
as his son put his foot in the stirrup
backwards, and in two minutes was a
. The consternation and dismay that
his father at this catastrophe may be
ly imagined. His senses, seemed for the
quite to have left him, and when they did
partially, it was only to pour forth an
erent string of exclamations, interrupted
sjointed directions to the servants, who
now assembled, to send for medical aid.
was quickly procured; but without the
est hope of benefit. Poor Mr. Langton
carried in a fainting state to his own room,
e the assistance of the medical people, of
ail in the case of his son, was applied
better success in recalling him to his
s, only to make him more aware of the
ievable loss he had sustained—how all the
ns of his ambition, his alliances, and long-
for the aggrandizement of his family,
at once and for ever annihilated. After
leath-blow to his hopes, Mr. Langton felt
elf as it were cut off from society, and

when I was last in that country, he remained confined to his own room. His wife and daughter felt equally with himself their deprivation, in losing an affectionate relative, but had not the additional pang of disappointed ambition to encounter.

“When the intelligence reached poor Maria, which it did, through the officiousness of a silly maid servant, at once, and without preparation, she dropped senseless on the floor, and when carried to a bed and undressed, and her senses partially restored, she fell into a succession of hysterical fits, which all her attendants thought would terminate her life; these were succeeded by a state of profound stupor, which was, at least, equally alarming to her sister and her attendants. She remained several days without any nourishment than what could be introduced into her mouth by a spoon, and when this state of abject depression had passed away, it was succeeded by a sort of stupid apathy, no wise consolatory to her surrounding friends.

At this time I received a letter from my niece Jane, giving me the above details, and imploring me to come to their assistance, and if necessary, and it was practicable, to carry

her sister from such a scene of comedy and misery. I lost no time in setting off for Northamptonshire, and on my arrival found things precisely as I have described. I consulted with the medical men, as to the propriety of moving my niece in the state she was in, they agreed that there could be no risk, and that it was probably the best chance for recovery, in being removed from the scene. I then lifted her into the carriage, and with the assistance of her maid, brought her here safe, by easy stages, and we have since watched her progress towards recovery with the utmost anxiety. She has recovered her thinking faculties, and her improvement was going on rapidly, when that villainous man, Churmsides, by some means or other, learned that Maria was one of the *godly*, not only that she was *good* but rich; and as he wished to procure funds towards building a chapel, he thought such an acquaintance would not to be despised. He, therefore, watched for an opportunity when I was from home, and he himself introduced. I was extremely annoyed at my return to find he had gained admission, and still more so, when my niece made it a point of being allowed to see him again.

Not wishing, in the weak state of the poor creature, to deny her any thing she wished for, I reluctantly allowed those visits to be repeated; repenting every day the indulgence I had granted, and wishing the intruder at the bottom of the Red Sea. I used to sit and listen, with my ears tingling, when this wretch was, what he called, 'denouncing judgment,' and making the poor invalid tremble at his descriptions of future punishments, and telling her all she had already suffered was only a prelude of what was to come, and a just retribution for the vanity of her thoughts and backslidings—and this addressed to a poor creature that hardly knew even the name of vice or guile. I have been often obliged, through sheer horror, to interrupt these homilies, and I am quite happy, doctor, at this visit of your's, as I hope you will assist me in getting rid of this demon, who holds forth to the broken-hearted invalid the eternity of torments, by way of comfort and consolation."

"I see how the matter is, at once," said Waldron, "and as I shall take upon me the office of physician, I shall say, let not this poor girl be annoyed by any conversation that can excite her; let her not see any one but those I recom-

mend, and keep your door shut on all others. As soon as I have run through the rest of my patients to-day, I shall send a letter by this post to your niece, in Northamptonshire, requesting to make any plea to call her sister away from this for a period, the longer the better; and the more you can keep her in motion, and the greater variety of objects she can see, in a quiet way, the better. In the mean time, I shall give you a daily call to see how things go on, and if your fanatical friend should be troublesome, it will go hard between the footman and me if we are not *up-sides* with Mr. Churmsides.

Having taken his leave, and gone the remaining round of his own and Mr. Davis's patients, the doctor returned home, with his spirits at considerable discount, after all he had heard and seen that day. He ran up stairs to pay a visit to his wife, who was confined to her room, and then sat down to discuss his solitary dinner, as lonely and dull as a finger-post on a common. He was not long employed at this essential part of his day's work, before he started up to go and pick up some new ideas from Newbolt's burgundy. He soon traversed the town, and arrived

in the presence of *Old Bolt* and his heir-at-law, steadily sipping their bottle of port.

"Ah, doctor, is that you? Armitage and I were just talking about you." (When he spoke of his dear boy before strangers, or wished to appear magnificent, he always called him *Adolphus*, but familiarly he applied his wife's name *Armitage*.) "We were beginning to be impatient about tasting this wine sent to *Armitage* as a present, and now we shall proceed to business." A cooper full of the wine in question was ordered up and long ale glasses, as more capacious than those used for champagne. *Old Bolt* would not, however, allow the port wine to be removed—"he did not know how he would like the fizzling stuff."

When it was tapped, however, he declared it excellent, but thought it rather washy stuff, that a fellow might drink a gallon of with impunity. *Waldron* said, "it behaved better to you, than it promised at first; as it began by spitting in your face, and then warmed your heart, and it shewed its zeal in your service, by its anxiety to get out of the bottle." All manner of jokes were passed on the subject; and from *Old Bolt* being so pleased with the tipples, they

voted him that night to be Duke of Burgundy. He began, imperceptibly, to find that he had not given sufficient credit to the liquor, which had made evident inroads on his system of cranio-logy. He laughed, shook hands, talked politics and religion, and then would have a song round. As his share, he favoured the company with the "Old Carrion Crow"—"The weary pound of tow," and the venerable masonic ditty, which runs thus :—

"Brother Hugh,
It was to you
For justice I relied,
For the sake of wine,
You did incline,
To the robbing of a brother."

He made many ineffectual attempts to finish this "tuneful ditty," but it would not do, he had become *crowing drunk*, and finally fell off into a hiccough, when his dutiful son rung the bell, and the ex-carpenter was carried off to his bed *glorious*.

Having 'seen the Duke of Burgundy better beaten than he was by the Swiss, Waldron rose to return home, and *Young Bolt* offered to give

him convoy. "I had," said he, "been drinking some of that kitchen wine, port, with my dad before you came in, and it is a muddy foundation for such sparkling liquor; a walk will do me good."

"I have," said Waldron, "to look in at one of my patients before I go home."

"Oh, never mind," said Newbolt, "I'll walk up and down till you come out."

At the end of the visit, the two friends proceeded on their way to the doctor's abode. Their route lay by rather an unfrequented street, through which they were proceeding, Newbolt singing scraps of songs, when he suddenly ceased, and said, "Hark! what noise was that?"

"Ah," said Waldron, "they are at work at the chapel. I recollect now; they have got to night a Yankee from the back woods, who is giving them a spiritual *jollification*. Let us go and hear what this learned dispenser of the word has to say."

"With all my heart," shouted Adolphus.

When they arrived at the door, the uproar of psalmody was at its height, and could only be compared, in their own language, to "the bellowing of the bulls of Bashan." Under cover

of this explosion of sound, Waldron and his friend gained a lodgment within the outer door of the chapel, and meant to remain there until they could trust their ears within the walls. As they looked to one side, they observed a sort of small anti-room, in which was a fire and candle burning, and its being a more inviting spot for repose, they proceeded there. The only furniture in this apartment was one chair, and ditto table; a circular machine to contain the gas was in one corner, with a gasometer attached, and leading from thence was a pipe, in which was fitted a cock, passing through a kind of cupboard that had a lock to it, and was now standing open. This was evidently the station of the man who was *ex fumo dare lucem*, by doling out the gas, to light up the Evangelicals within. It was probable that this hero had only left his post to enjoy, in its full plenitude, the psalm shouting going on in the tabernacle. From whatever cause his absence arose, it was a luckless dereliction of his duty. As Adolphus Armitage took a view of the locality, either the genius of Philip Orby came over him, or rather the spirit of the *Bourgogne Mousseux*, for in an instant he turned the cock to stop the further

supply of gas, locked up the cupboard, chucked the key into the ashes, and blowing out the candle, made a precipitate retreat. The doctor, who had no ambition of being cat's paw in such an adventure, followed at double quick, and they did not halt to have their laugh out, until free from any chance of being overtaken. In the mean time, the guardian angel of the gas-pipe, seeing darkness setting in so suddenly over Israel, made a bolt to regain his station, and then a rush for the gas-pipe; finding the door shut and locked, and having in vain groped about on the table for the key, he lighted the candle in a hurry, and proceeded to the chapel door, as if he meant to count the animals coming out of the ark. On the first approach of darkness, there was a general tendency towards the door, but this movement was much accelerated by some fellow calling out, either through fun or fright, that the gallery was falling. Then the rush for the door became tremendous; hats, caps, wigs, and gowns, were torn away by the momentum. The reverend preacher, in endeavouring to make his retreat from the rostrum, missed his footing at the second step, going down all the rest without counting, and lighted prone with his pro-

in the corner of a pew, which materially
that organ, and, although in perfect
made him see all manner of lights.
Next morning he was not visible to man
an, and remained in his seclusion nearly
the part of his "human face divine,"
the eyes, being painted a beautiful yel-
lows, and the eye-lids
ed the purple portion of the rainbow.
it to Manchester, was knocked in the
whereby the weavers lost as pretty a bit
sense, "as you would wish to hear of a
er's day." As the author of all this mis-
ad the doctor kept their counsel, they
amused with all the conjectures of the
ay—the saints said it was one of the de-
of Satan.

here," said Waldron to Newbolt, "you
ey are right; every one knows what a
nap you are, and how you delight in silk
ats, therefore it is clearly a satin de-

doctor made his visit the next and each
ling day to his fair patient, whom he found,
rather restless and irritated in being cut
the converse of her spiritual guide. She

had, probably, a feeling something akin to that of the drunkard whose liquor has been debarred, or an opium eater deprived of his drug. In a day or two, however, she became reconciled, as Waldron pointed out the necessity of perfect quietude, and the propriety of avoiding any thing exciting. He had omitted to call one day, and was agreeably surprised to find a carriage at the door, with the trunks ready, and post horses. He walked up to the drawing-room, and by a significant glance from Mrs. Eversly, understood at once that every thing was right. On addressing the fair patient, he was told that she had heard of her sister's illness, and her desire to see her, and that although very weak and incapable of much fatigue, she was resolved to go, and that her aunt had the kindness to accompany her. They were to travel by easy stages to Northamptonshire. As she was ready dressed for her journey, the doctor took her arm to assist her down stairs, and was very happy when he saw the two ladies start.

In about a fortnight afterwards, he heard from Mrs. Eversly, saying her relations were both better, and as soon as she thought her niece Maria quite able to bear the journey, they would

return; that the change of air had been very beneficial, &c.

Two months had rolled on, when the doctor received a note from that lady from her own house, where he went directly. She awaited his coming in the dining-parlour, and then acquainted him that her niece's recovery had been quite surprising. They had found her sister getting the better of a severe attack of illness, and her languid state made her more compassionate towards what she thought the weakness of her sister. Religion had never been alluded to, but it was with pleasure that Mrs. Eversly saw weeks elapse without any desire being expressed by Maria about going to the conventicle. Her former friend, Emily Langton, now an heiress, was about to be married, and had been laughed out of her saintly propensities, which, to say truth, never hung very heavy on her mind, and in turn, she amused herself by ridiculing what she now called the fancies of her friend Maria, and had no doubt effected a good deal by that means.

"You shall see my niece, doctor, and I have no doubt will find her in better health; and now,

I think, you might venture on the topic which has caused us all so much uneasiness."

The doctor went up stairs, and hardly recollected his patient, so much had she improved in appearance. He congratulated her on her good looks, and said that nothing further would be required to establish her perfect recovery than air and exercise, and a little cheerful society. "You should," he said, "endeavour to walk a little, and, by all means, avoid heated rooms, or large assemblies of people."

"How, then," said the convalescent, "am I to attend public worship, and our chapel here is small?"

"In your present state of health," said the medical adviser, "there can be no harm in abstaining for a short time, particularly as you can procure at home, what you would meet with at your chapel."

"But," said Maria, "I thirst after the word."

"Why, then, cannot you go to the parish church?—it is roomy and airy, and Mrs. Eversly's pew is particularly well calculated for any one who wishes to avoid publicity."

"But then, my conscience, doctor, will not

to listen to the cold hearted doctrine preached there."

"I cannot say much on that head," was the answer; "nor am I any judge of other people's consciences; but I will venture to ask you, Miss Anne, one or two questions. I should like to know your kind heart," said the doctor, "were you, if you loved your father and mother; and that tear arising in your eye, an answer; but I will ask you, if you had, during their life time, full confidence in the wisdom and judgment of both your parents?" "Yes, I was, at least perfect, in every relation of life; my father and mother seemed regulated by the strictest rules of prudence."

"I suppose they also possessed consciences?" "Yes, certainly."

"Have you any reason for thinking, if they had any thing in the religion they followed which they objected them in that respect, they would have continued to follow the outward profession, while holding a secret conviction that it was wrong?"

"Certainly not; they were both incapable of duplicity."

“Most probably not.”

“Well then, it appears to me that your parents credit for all these good you have, of your own self confidence your ideas in opposition to theirs. theologian, but that very fact appears to savour much of humility, which is, stand, the basis of the religion you I will not provoke you to enter into a but only leave to your reflection the I have put, and hope you will give consideration.”

Most probably the young lady did with effect, as the doctor saw his late accompany her aunt to church the Sunday.

Waldron said he felt that degree of that the smugglers are said to have w

the satisfaction he derived from this affair, at
least equalled that attending on the most bril-
liant medical cure he had performed in his life,
the best pun he ever made.

END OF VOL. I.

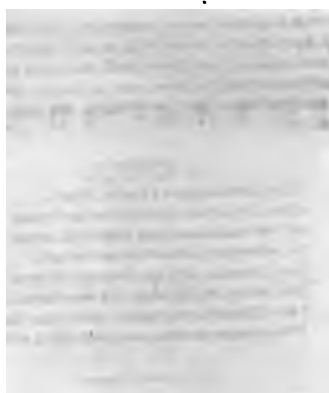


FRANK ORBY.

A NOVEL.

VOL. II.

10



FRANK ORBY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

"A youthful passion which is conceived, and entertained, without any fixed object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night: it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix, and even to dwell for a moment with the stars; but at length it falls and bursts, and its most terrible effects are produced on the spot where its course terminates.

GÖETHE.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid;
Love, constant love has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

BYRON.

VOL. II.

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FRANK ORBY.

CHAP. I.

WE left the youthful travellers just landed at Alexandria, where, finding the plague still in existence, although the usual period of its termination was near at hand, they resolved to lose no time in getting away from a scene of such misery; and nothing to be found in the society of the town was likely to detain them. It appears as if all the scamps of Europe had sent delegates to meet in this place, where they go under the denomination of frank gentlemen—free and easy gentlemen they certainly are. Orby being unwell, applied to one of them called a physician, who turned out to have been a run-

away diamond merchant, from Leghorn. To do him justice, he did not make any rash experiment, but gave his patient an emulsion of almonds, and told him not to sleep with his window open. Whether from this *potent* medicine, or the efforts of nature, in two days Orby was so much recovered as to be able to embark with his friend in a clumsy boat on the canal; and if losing a little blood was of any use, he had plenty of what Dr. Waldron would have called *fleabotomy*, or *musquitobotomy*, before they got into the Nile. After being a week pent in their hooker, they arrived at Cairo, where they visited the tombs of the caliphs, the Nilometer on the Island of Rhoda, and of course went forth into the country to visit the Pyramids, "and all that sort of thing", as the man says in the farce.

It is not our intention to drag the reader through the detail of a voyage up the Nile, which has, of late days, become almost as common as the journey to Paris used to be to our forefathers; and little of novelty can be expected from the journal of two youthful travellers, urged by mere curiosity. After all that has been written and said about this country

of the Pharoahs', it would be superfluous; in fact, the only thing that can distinguish one traveller from another now-a-days, is the endurance of suffocation from dust in a mummy pit. It will suffice to say, that in twenty days they reached Thebes, and scratched their names on the base of the statue of Memnon, looked with amaze at the temple of Carnac, and the sepulchres of Gournâ. From thence, six days more, to Assouan, and the island of Elephantina; and passing the cataract of the Nile, arrived at the proposed termination of their travels in that direction, the island of Philoe in Nubia. From hence, the travellers imagined, that in some day, not far distant, a rail-road would take its course along the eastern shores of Nubia and Abyssinia to the straits of Babel Mandel, where steamers would be stationed; and having performed the previous part of the journey by the same means from England, and up the Nile to the aforesaid island, boarding-school Misses from the *establishments* of Mile-end and Turnham green, would be enabled to pay a visit to their yellow-faced fathers and uncles at Bombay, return during the period of their summer holidays, and think no more of the

journey than they do now of visiting Tintern Abbey, or the Trosacks. Stafford, who was a great musical amateur, compared the course of the Nile to the clefs:—Abyssinia being the treble, Nubia the tenor, and Egypt the bass; and in that direction they turned their heads, after examining the ruins of the three great temples on Philoe. On their way, they remained a day at Essouan, the ancient Syene, and walked over the island Elephantina. Further down, they stopped at the Ruins of Koum Ombos, where the large temple was dedicated to the worship of the crocodile; and fifty miles lower, paid a visit to the magnificent temple of Edfou. They returned to Cairo, without either being devoured by a crocodile, or having the opthalmia, and, almost as extraordinary, without Orby having been in love on the road. The Nile had begun to increase for some time, and shortened by its increased force the duration of their voyage. Having taken a look at the old barbarian, Mahomed Ali, who murdered his three hundred Mameluke guests, and visited the scene of the massacre, they departed from Cairo, and after a voyage of short duration, arrived again at Alexandria. The plague had

ceased; indeed the Christians in the Mediterranean say, that John the Baptist never allows it to pass his day, the 25th of June. Whether the saint possesses the power or not, it is certain that the disease ceases at the summer solstice. It is regular in its visit in March, and departs in June; and as the Turks use no means of prevention, it is likely to continue the same course as long as that unhappy country is under the Moslems. Ali, the Pacha of Janina, who was an admirer of European manners, endeavoured to follow the example of the Franks, in cutting off the disease; and set about it in a truly Turkish manner. A village in his páchalick was infected with the plague, he immediately drew a cordon round of troops, employed some thousand people to build a stone wall round it, and whoever attempted to scale the boundary was shot directly. This at least was an effectual quarantine. Orby and his friend had intended to have gone to Constantinople, but not meeting with any vessel going direct there, and Capt. Freemantle having offered them a passage in his brig to Malta, they changed their minds, and thought it as well to take that direction, on their way to

England. They departed, therefore, from all the ten plagues of Egypt, the misery of dirt super-added, and found vast relief and comfort in getting again into a clean bed, free from the tax levied by the vermin on shore. Getting on board an English ship of war, from countries similarly situated, is like getting home. A person feels himself at once surrounded with all the little comforts to which he has been long unused. The passage to Malta, from contrary winds and calms, was tedious; but they at length arrived safe at their port, and were put in quarantine under Fort Emmanuel. Having at length been released, they soon renewed some acquaintance they found in the garrison, and passed a few weeks in the most pleasant manner, during which they made shooting and fishing excursions to the islands of Gozo and Cumina; visited the famous rock on which grows the fungus *militensis*, now no longer in such great repute, and having been familiar at every regimental mess and private English house in the garrison, they became anxious, on account of the season, to take their departure. Sicily lying in their way, they wished much to pay it a visit, and not finding any better mode,

resolved to take their chance in a sparonaro that was about to sail for Trapani, the master of which agreed to land them at Girgenti. This is no more than an open bark, with a small canvass screen fixed abaft, where there is hardly room to lie down; the rest of the boat is occupied by the cargo, with planks placed over it, on which the men stand when rowing, which is not accomplished by pulling but by pushing, and is, perhaps, the best mode for using very large oars, or rather sweeps. When at this exercise they use a kind of half song, and which, composed of the guttural Punic Arabic, has not the most soothing sound. The boat is likewise furnished with an enormous latteen sail. The crew never take their departure in doubtful weather. On this occasion, although they left Malta with the wind at east, they kept along the shore of Gozo before they stretched across, saying, the wind would change before night to the west, but that they would have fair weather and a favourable run across.

The promise made of a fine passage was strictly fulfilled; having left Malta in the evening of one day, and arriving at Girgenti the following night. During the course of the day, Mount

Etna formed a never ceasing object of curiosity and interest, appearing very near, although its distance must have been at least one hundred miles. The mole, where the friends landed, is about four miles from the modern Girgenti, built on the ruins of the ancient Agrigentum, and from its elevated situation, has a commanding and imposing appearance. As Malta, for three parts of the year, offers nothing but aridity, and for the remainder, the vegetation is so shut out by stone walls that little of it appears, the contrast may be easily imagined, afforded by verdant corn fields, studded with olive trees and encompassed by myrtle and geranium hedges. Without attempting to enter into the details of antiquities scattered over the site of the ancient city, it will be sufficient to say that few places which remain of antiquity above ground offer more food for research, or show more clearly the limits within which it stood, than Agrigentum. The modern town is wretched enough, and the travellers were glad to leave it the following morning on horseback, accompanied by one of the Campieri, an animal half robber half guide. A nobleman, who had been redeemed from slavery at Algiers and landed at Girgenti, had

been assassinated on his road to Palermo. After some time the assassin had been discovered, tried and executed, and his quartered limbs, still fresh, were fixed on a post facing the entrance of a mountainous glen, on which the travellers entered. Their road afterwards lay in the course of a torrent that wound among the gorges of the mountain through a wild and savage country, but not devoid of picturesque beauty. At the distance of forty miles from Palermo, the scenery assumed a more cultivated appearance; and at thirty-two miles, they entered on a *strada reale*, which continued till they arrived at the metropolis of the island.

Having put up at the Locanda Siciliana, near the Marino, the first inquiry was for conveyance to Naples. The only thing that offered was a polacca, that was to sail in two or three days with a cargo of fruit, in which they determined to proceed. The morning of the following day was devoted to lionising in the town and beautiful environs. In the evening, Stafford wishing to make some further arrangements about the passage, went down to where the vessel lay, whilst Frank sallied forth to take a stroll in the garden that joins the Marino.

He had scarcely entered, when he observed, quite close to him, an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be taken ill, and in the act of falling; a young girl, who accompanied, attempting to support him. Frank had just time to give his aid; and receiving the person in his arms, carried him to the nearest bench, where he laid him down, undid his neckcloth, and a servant girl, who had followed her master, now coming up, was dispatched for some water, but before her return the old gentleman began to revive, and seemed surprised at finding his head supported by a stranger. He looked for his daughter, and finding her by his side, he said faintly, in Italian, "My dear Clara, what has happened, and who is this gentleman?" The water having arrived, and been administered with effect, he became soon well enough to ask other questions connected with his state, which were affectionately answered by his daughter. As soon as Orby saw him sufficiently recovered, he flew off to procure a carriage, with which he soon returned, and having assisted his new acquaintance into it, he begged permission to call the next day to make inquiry. This was granted, and he then learned that his name was Signor

Pisani, that he resided in the strada Huova, within two houses of the Ottangola, where he should be very happy to return his thanks for the assistance so opportunely afforded.

During the whole course of this affair, the eyes of Orby were rivetted on the face and form of his new acquaintance. In his life he thought he had never seen beauty till then. Her form was of the most perfect symmetry, and the various attitudes into which she was unconsciously thrown in attending her feeble father, gave additional charm to the contour of her figure ; the varied expressions of anxiety and joy depicted on her lovely countenance, would have melted the heart of an anchorite. The features of the face were of the Grecian form, but that was entirely overlooked in the contemplation of the expression afforded by a pair of black eyes, of the brightest lustre, perfectly suited to a complexion rather dark. In a person of very fair complexion, a redundancy of colour produces an effect rather insipid, such as we generally call *dairy-maid* ; but the same quantity of red infused into the cheek of a brunette, lights up every charm with redoubled brilliancy. Such combinations are found but rarely on the

continent—in England, scarcely ever. Such as we have described the attractions of Clara Pisani, they had the effect to *bouleverser la tête* of Orby, who reeled out of the garden in a state of intoxication he had never felt before.

Shortly after, meeting Stafford, he poured forth such a strain of eulogium on the charms of Clara as quite astonished his friend. He raved of nothing else all the evening. As soon as decency would permit the next day, he was at the door of the signor, by whom he was received with feelings of gratitude, and by his daughter with an expression of thankfulness, chastened by the most elegant manners. The visit was prolonged beyond any three common ones, and with permission to return the following morning, he took his leave, many fathom deep in love.

The next day found him punctually at his post, when he learned that Signor Pisani had held a public situation in the Milanese, from which he had retired on account of ill health; that having returned to Florence, his native place, he judged that the unsettled state of Italy would give him a favourable opportunity to visit a small property he possessed in Sicily;

his business at Palermo would be finished in four days, when he and his daughter were to return to Florence, most probably by way of Naples, if a conveyance offered. A spell under which poor Orby was bound closer during the discussion of this topic, such so, that he had some thoughts of giving his engagement to Stafford, and following the movements of his enslaver.

The days that had been fixed for remaining in Palermo, had been for some time overpassed, and Stafford became more anxious than ever for their departure; for although he could not concede the point to his younger friend, that the Florentine was a girl of surpassing beauty, yet seeing, with cooler judgment, all the difficulty and danger of pursuing an amour of that nature, he did all that lay within his power to withdraw Orby from the sphere of the nymph's attractions. Finding his efforts to do so gave up the attempt, and while Orby lived in the strada Nuova, his now deserted father was fain to seek amusement in visiting the beautiful environs of Palermo; at one time standing in admiration at the rich and beautiful prospect from Mon Real, embracing the greater

part of Palermo, surrounded with gardens and orange groves, terminating with the beautiful bay ; at another, he would visit the Benedictine convent of St. Martin, contrasting its arid and wild situation with the landscape he had just left, and with the luxury and comfort the interior of the building afforded. On another day he would stroll into the convent of Capuchin friars, outside the town, where the bodies of the priests are preserved, and in the clothes they wore during their life, placed in niches, the most extraordinary spectacle of monkish vanity existing, that excites in visitors the mixed feelings of disgust and ridicule.

Poor Stafford, now cut off from any one to whom he could impart his ideas, began to feel this mode of self-communing rather dull, and was about to enter into some explanation with Orby as to his future designs ; when the hero in question entered the hotel one morning, shortly after having gone to pay his usual visit, with considerable agitation, and asked if any letter or message had been left for him ? as Clara Pisani and her father had both left Palermo, and he could not, by any possible means, get farther intelligence than that they had gone

to take leave of some friends in the country, at some distance, but in what direction he could not ascertain. "But I am resolved," said he, "to find out, and you must assist me, George. I have ordered horses to be got ready, and we shall set off directly. You shall take the road to Alcamo, and I will search the neighbourhood of Termini."

"Why, what the deuce, my dear Frank, has got into your head? By what sort of title are we to hunt these people out? and, suppose I should meet them, what am I to say?"

"Oh, never mind, only let me know; I can no longer live without the presence of Clara; she is now every thing that is dear to me on earth."

"Very likely," said his friend, half smiling, "but why should you disturb her father and her, when paying some farewell visits? You know they are going to Italy, and if we miss them at Naples or Rome, we shall be sure to find them in Florence."

With a repetition of such arguments, his friend at last succeeded in tranquillising Orby, and made him consent to leave Palermo, where

there was no longer any attraction, further than the chance of once more seeing his Florentine before embarkation; but as he was at last persuaded by his friend it would be better to anticipate her arrival, and in a manner to way-lay her, when she made her appearance in Italy.

We fear our friend, Frank Orby, has already fallen in the estimation of our readers, by his too ready susceptibility to the charms of the sex, and that we shall find it difficult to excuse his aberrations from the lovely Harriet Paulett; yet some palliation may be found for his conduct, which may make it appear less heinous, and as we have not engaged to paint a *monster* of perfection, allowances may be made for the frailty of a youth of twenty-two, thrown into the world so early, and encountering a species of female beauty he had never dreamt of. Had it been possible, however, to bring him to the test of reason, it would have appeared that this last attachment arose more from his imagination than his judgment. Such as it was, it reigned for the present paramount, and Clara Pisani was ever uppermost in his waking and sleep-

dreams. The obstacles that stood in the way now and then arose against him, but he allowed little time for their consideration, or if he did, it was only to seek for resources to combat them.

CHAP. II.

As people in love, like insane persons and children, require to be looked after, all the arrangements for their passage to Naples had to be taken by Stafford. He secured a couple of berths in a fruit vessel bound to the capital, and they took their departure in a beautiful morning from the lovely shores of Sicily. They had spun out the short winter during their stay at Malta, and now the early spring was giving notice of its approach, the weather was delightful, and all the time they remained on board the felucca, they were enabled to spend it on deck. The many interesting objects, however, they met on their voyage, were not sufficient to draw Orby from his reveries. He lived in a world of

As Lent had just commenced, the vessel seemed horrified at being partake of some eggs at breakfast. Afterwards, one of the small hawk's bill common in the Mediterranean, was asleep on the surface of the sea. The lowered and it was secured. It to be full of eggs, but these were eaten by scruple, being the produce of a fish. a distinction between the roads that paradise and Purgatory ! After a navigation somewhat retarded by calms, they entered the bay of Naples, in the evening of a day, and having feasted their eyes on the surrounding objects, Stafford and his loved ones landed at the mole.

Which has been said about the bay of Naples, that it would be superfluous to repeat, is certainly superior to every thing in the world. Dublin bay has, without any reason, been brought into comparison ; but it is at least surpassed in scenery by Bombay harbour, and surpassed in the higher beauties of nature by Rio Janeiro. It did not, however, produce a powerful effect on the mind of any one of its present visitors. There is

something so much more striking in visiting a country by sea. You plunge at once into the contemplation of new scenery, new manners, and ideas, without that gradual change operated in approaching the same place by land, where the assimilation commences before you pass the frontier, and gains strength as you move along, so that at least the emotion of surprise is softened when you arrive at your destination.

Soon after their arrival they made enquiries for the fellow travellers they had parted with at Lyons, Seton and Travers. They were glad to find that they were still at Naples, and their acquaintance was renewed. This was particularly pleasant to Stafford, as his companion was so wrapped up in extasies, as to take little notice of the ordinary occurrences of life. As long as their excursions only extended within a morning's drive, Orby was content to accompany them as he could, previous to starting, learn at the pratique office the arrivals of the shipping of the day before; but when they extended their jaunts, to look at the temples of Pæstum, or the palace of Caserta, Orby always declined accompanying them, filling up his

time "in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and calling to mind the ineffable charms of Clara Pisani. Three weeks had passed in this state of expectation, and no signs of the approach of the Florentine being visible, the disappointed lover felt no regret in leaving Naples, as had been agreed on between his three companions. Travers and Seton had been there all the autumn and winter, were not averse again to turn their heads to the north, and Stafford hoped that their society and consequent mirth would drive, what he called, the maggots out of the brain of his friend. In this they seemed partly to have succeeded. They had hired a post coach and horses to Rome, to travel in any way they liked; and during a great part of their journey all was frolic and fun, in which Frank Orby, against his will, was forced to join. The unfortunate coachman was, when nothing better offered, their constant butt, and was so much astonished and annoyed, that he vowed to St. Peter and St. Paul, and the virgin into the bargain, that he never would undertake again to drive a set of Signori Goddam; that

they had worried himself, and half killed his horses.

Travers and Seton had arrived at Naples by water, from Genoa; therefore, the part of Italy they were travelling, was as new to them as to their fellow travellers. Having an engagement to meet their families at Florence within a certain period, they were anxious to make the best use of their time in seeing the sights. They had, therefore, hardly knocked off the dust of their boots in La Piazza d' Espagna, than they sallied forth to lionise. Be not alarmed, sensitive reader, or suppose that we, from a wish to swell our pages, would take the base advantage, after bringing you to the Eternal City, of tying you to the skirts of a professed cicerone, and drag you through all the things impossible to be remembered. It is sufficient to have suffered such torture, without inflicting it on others. We shall only say that their lion hunter entered them regularly in a course of picture gazing, statue hunting, and search of antiques; all of which passed before the retina of Frank Orby like the figures in a magic lanthorn, leaving scarcely more impression, so differently were his thoughts em-

He soon took an opportunity of stealing and as the most likely place to obtain information he desired, he proceeded to Tom house, to look over the list of arrivals which he had forgotten to do on the first of arriving in Rome. La Dogana was shut, the clerks gone home to take sleep, and as he had no particular fancy of joining his friends, he proceeded to the lounge away the time until they met there, as agreed on.

After taking two or three turns, in the most quiet and melancholy mood, he chanced to look in his eyes, and to his extreme joy and surprise beheld the object of all his cogitations, Pisani. She had just opened the window that led out on the balcony, when he observed her. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous; whilst the colour mounted to the cheek of the charming girl. A moment he led Orby to her side, in all the extasy of the meeting. His reception was kind. Her father was tired to take some repose, and these two persons had full leisure to convey to each other the feelings of gratification they experienced on thus meeting, and in

talking over events during the period of their separation. He gave the details of what had happened to himself, with constant reference to his thoughts during the time. Clara, on her part, acquainted him that her father and herself had gone to pay a farewell visit to his sister, who lived not far from Trepani; that her parent had fallen ill there, which detained them for a considerable period. On arriving at Palermo, there was no vessel likely to sail for Naples, but that one chanced to arrive from Messina, that had something to deliver at Palermo, on her way to Civita Vecchia, and on board this vessel they had embarked. After a rather tedious passage, they had landed at Civita Vecchia, and arrived a few days since at Rome; that Signor Pisani, finding his infirmities increase, was anxious to proceed to Florence, but found himself unequal to undertake the task immediately, and they had remained in this house, that they had hired until her father was able to move, which she thought would be in a few days. As may be supposed in such a case, time flew past on pinions of down; the old gentleman might have been dead and buried for what one of the party cared. When

he made his appearance in the room after his *siesta*, Frank was received by him with a certain degree of cordiality, and was permitted to repeat his visits, but qualified with so many hints of increasing infirmities and bad health, that the youth easily saw his gratification in that way would be much curtailed. He, however, hoped he might be able to make himself useful to the old gentleman; offered to perform any business for him which he could not undertake himself; wished to procure the advice of an English physician, then resident at Rome, and seemed, in fact, determined to make a lodgment good; but all his *empresment* was received coolly, the signor saying, that quiet and repose was all he wanted. He then threw out some hints to the young lady, and questions, where she took her walks, but in answer, only heard that her father being so infirm, she scarcely ever stirred out except to hear mass at St. Peter's. So: thought Orby, you shall not pay that visit alone. Having taken leave, he found his companions waiting for him in the Corso, and returned with them to dinner at the hotel.

His first inquiry next morning was the time at which mass was celebrated, and taking his

departure half an hour before, watched, with eagle eye, the approach of every female. At length the slender form of Clara was seen advancing, attended by her maid Barbara. As Orby did not wish to discover himself until her devotions had terminated, he contented himself by following her at a distance into the church, and concealing himself partly behind one of the pillars, feasted his eyes on what he preferred to all the saints in the calendar, as the interesting petitioner breathed forth her prayers in one of the small chapels. When she quitted the entrance of this magnificent temple, she found Orby by her side, who, after making the usual salutations, begged she would not immediately return home, but take a more extended promenade. To this she could not consent, as her father expected her at home, but, first looking to her maid, she said she would take a turn or two in the portico.

After making his apologies for intruding on her at such a moment, which he attributed to the limited time he might have to enjoy the pleasure of her company, and that what he had to say could not be compressed within the limits of a formal morning visit, he continued to depict, in the most animated though delicate

manner, the impression that had been made by their chance rencontre at Palermo; that her image had been still uppermost in his mind, and continued in the same strain, only checked by one or two expressions of apparent displeasure, at an address of this nature on such short acquaintance. After a few minutes, the lady said it was time she should return, and begged that he might not accompany her through the streets, she wished him good morning. As, however, no interdict had been given to his visit at the house, he availed himself of the old gentleman's permission to call again in the course of the day. The door was opened by the abigail, and, imitating examples in like case, Orby slipped a piece of gold into the hand of Barbara. The visit passed nearly in the same manner as the previous one, with this difference, that more attention was paid to the signor, and such topics entered into as it was thought would be pleasing for him to discuss.

The next and every succeeding day was devoted to the same strict attendance *at church*, and the walks after the service became gradually more extended. Time flew on golden pinions, and it was like a painful awakening

from a dream, when Clara told him one morning, that her father had fixed the time for their departure. This, although he might fully have expected it, sounded harsh and grating on his ears. His mind was thrown into a chaos of conflicting emotions. The love which he cherished for his Florentine, though paramount, was combatted with the consideration of how such a suit would be entertained by his own father, or the parent of the lady, to whom he had never hinted his attachment, and might expect to have to combat all the prejudices about country, religion, &c. Although he flattered himself, that his addresses to Clara herself were favourably received, he had not received that perfect assurance which the jealous lover requires to allay all his doubts. Under this mixture of feeling, he repaired to the usual rendezvous, and the conflict that was passing in his mind found a ready interpreter in the sombre and melancholy cast of his countenance, which was so strongly pronounced, that the lovely Italian at once observed it, and enquired the reason, which, of course, led to an explanation; and, during its discussion, the parties insensibly extended their walk within

the adjoining palace. Here Orby made the fullest disclosure of his passion, with the offer of his hand. Although this must have been foreseen, it was received in the most tremulous agitation. A tear started from her eye, which, hailing as a pledge of approbation, he clasped the maiden with ardour to his breast; and those walls of the vatican, from whence have fulminated so many denunciations—within which, cardinals have intrigued and ministers squabbled—now witnessed the transport with which young Orby conveyed to the lips of Clara Pisani *le premier baiser de l' amour*. The moments flew by unheeded, until the pair were recalled to their senses by the ever-careful Barbara. Other ideas now took place of the more tender ones. A rapid consultation took place, as to the mode in which Frank's wishes were to be made known to Clara's parent, who, it appeared, had rather confined notions connected with religion, and was much under the controul of the opinion of his younger brother, who was a great bigot in matters of faith; that in all probability, without his assent, the father would not give his approval, and that could

not well be obtained before their return to Florence.

Various schemes and plans had been canvassed among the party; the maid Barbara being admitted to the conference. It was finally agreed, that the lover should have ready the next day a written proposal, to be confided to Barbara and delivered to the old gentleman. Accordingly, on his return to the hotel, he set about giving the ancient Italian a history of his birth, parentage, and education; the manner how, and the time when, he fell in love with his daughter; his anxiety to become united to his family, and all that sort of thing. Having folded and directed his missive, he the next morning repaired to what was to be the last meeting at Rome. Having wandered, he scarcely knew how, in company with his beloved, into that suite of apartments in the Vatican which Raphael has immortalized by his works, it was there, and only in presence of the faithful Barbara, that the lovers made the interchange of vows of love and constancy, repeated a hundred times; but these tender endearments were brought to a conclusion, like all other affairs,

by the inexorable hand of time, of whose fiat Barbara was the present organ.

Orby gave his address where he should be found in Florence, and likewise in England. In the former place, Orby, with all the sanguine feelings of a lover, hoped to be for ever united to his Clara. After another exchange of heartfelt promises and a tender embrace, the lovers, at length, separated.

The following morning, which was the day Signor Pisani was to leave Rome, Orby received an answer from him to his proposal. The letter was civil and plausible, but not such a one as Frank could hail with pleasure. It began by acknowledging, in general terms, the honour Mr. Orby had done him by proposing for his daughter, but thought the measure in itself too precipitate, as the young gentleman could not have had time to obtain his father's consent to the measure ; if that was granted, he (Signor Pisani) saw no particular objection, but on a matter of such weighty importance, he should think it necessary to consult his own family ; that, as that would require considerable time, the members of it being much scattered, it would scarcely be possible, in a limited period,

to give the result, and that it would be needless for Mr. Orby to remain at Florence in that expectation. The answer should be sent with the least possible delay to England.

This was not a very satisfactory answer, but Orby was obliged to take it, as there was now no time or opportunity to remonstrate. At all events, he had the consolation of thinking that every thing was above board and no concealment.

CHAP. III.

LENT still continued during their visit to Rome, and of course all public amusements were shut up. This left almost as the only resource, the daily occupation of looking at palaces, churches, and paintings, until they became as much mixed up in their minds as the figures in the kaleidoscope, with no relief but drinking Orvietto wine, and now and then a smile of a Roman damsel. His friends had often rallied Orby on his long absences; sure that he had discovered some treasure of black eyes, that he was jealous of concealing. None of them, except Stafford, knew the real state of the case, and he was even very far from supposing that his

friend had gone so far. He rather looked on it as something that would amuse him for the present hour, and have no results. They had a jovial evening, and Orby, desirous of drowning some unpleasant feeling that hung about him, entered into the spirit of the party. They drank a good deal of wine, and it was late before they separated.

Orby got up late the next morning, and, with an aching head, went down stairs. On the breakfast table he found a letter from his uncle, which, for the time, drove all other ideas out of his head. It was folded in large size, and in one corner " (private and confidential.) "

" Dear Frank,

" I have to inform you that your father has been lately much indisposed, and, according to the official report of the two doctors, Williams and Waldron, is in considerable danger. The disease is inflammation of the lungs. Although I have a better opinion of my brother than either of his medical advisers, I feel myself no less in duty bound to give you notice of his present state ; and, as I suppose, you have fulfilled all the objects of your mission to the continent,

you will no doubt turn your head homewards, where your friends are anxiously expecting you. I have sent a duplicate of this letter to Naples, and shall write one to meet you at Paris.

“I have the honour to be, dear Frank,

“Your affectionate uncle,

“R. ORBY.”

As he finished his letter, Stafford entered the room, to whom he handed it, without comment. Having read it, his friend said, “I am sorry to hear of your father’s illness, which I hope will not prove so serious. I have had also a stave from my dad, who has desired me to lose no time in getting to Paris, to follow up a claim he has against the government; the particulars of which will meet me there. Therefore, I am ready to attend you, and our two travelling friends will accompany us to Florence.”

A carriage was immediately hired to take them to Florence. Under the excited state of feelings, every moment of delay to Orby was painful; and it was agreed amongst the quartette, that, after an early dinner, they should set off. The interval was barely sufficient to

get a *visa* on their passports, and pack up their portmanteaus. The bustle attending these operations, kept Orby from thinking too much on what principally engaged his mind. He stepped into the carriage that was to bear him from the Eternal City, his head full of anxiety on his father's account, with something of the same kind on the score of the fair Florentine; and he left this grand magazine of wonders, with a slender knowledge of Roman antiquities. As the season was something advanced, they found it pleasant to continue their route, and only came to a halt when they arrived at Bolsena, where they rested a couple of hours, admired the beauties of the lake, under the assistance of a good breakfast, and then set forward on their journey. After they had passed Puglia, and were at the foot of a hill, they observed before them an old-fashioned calèche drawn by a pair of steady horses, moving slowly up the ascent. With the quickness of a lover's eye, Orby in a moment recognized in an old gentleman and young lady, the Signor Pisani and his lovely daughter. Stafford also, although he had only seen Clara once at Palermo, and again at Rome, recollected her perfectly. As

their carriage soon overtook the other, Travers stood up, exclaiming, "What a charming creature in that carriage, let us go slowly, that we may have a better view." They had now got abreast of the calèche, when the recognition took place between Clara and her lover. Stafford also was recollected, and received a bow from the Florentine, as well as a mark of attention to Orby's friend, as a means of drawing off general attention from Frank and herself. The father had, in the mean time, made a bow to Orby of such a nature as not to invite further converse; and as their carriage was light and drawn by four horses, the young men soon had only a distant view of the occupiers, much to the relief of Orby and his mistress.

"By heaven," said Travers, "I never saw so lovely a brunette. So, Mr. Orby, while we desiccated our brains with marble statues, and papyrus manuscripts, you were studying in a far different school; but I hope you do not mean to monopolize so divine a creature. I give you notice to be jealous. If this lady is going to Florence, you must look to it, as you know I remain there." This was said in a half joking tone, but it was infinitely painful to Orby.

He begged Travers to spare any further prosecution of the subject, which was very painful to him. He would hardly, however, have escaped the quizzing, had not Stafford also joined in the request. It occasioned only a cessation of bantering on the road, it was renewed at Florence. The first day they arrived there, and dined together, Travers continued the same theme; and as he became elevated with wine, proposed the health of the beautiful brunette. He asked Orby her name. This question put him in rather a painful situation. By acknowledging the whole truth, and the relation in which he stood to Clara, he would have at once put the affair at rest; but he felt delicacy on her account, and did not like much the tone in which he was catechised. He, therefore, answered, that she was a young lady of good family, in whom he took an interest, and that was sufficient.

"Oh, then, by Jove," said Travers, "as you only take an interest in her, there is no reason why others should not do the same; and as you are going to leave the country, I shall venture to act as deputy, it will serve me to pass some of the intervals of time."

"I have already told you, Mr. Travers, that

the subject is unpleasant, and I desire you will desist."

"You desire, do you, very fine; and I suppose you also desire that I do not interfere with your divinity? I shall treat your commands, in both ways, as they deserve."

"Then," said Orby, no longer able to restrain himself, "you are a very impertinent fellow, and I wish you good evening."

He retired with his friend Stafford, to take a turn in the cool of the evening, when they were soon overtaken by Seton, who delivered a message in due form, for the next morning at six o'clock, which, of course, was accepted. Orby returned directly to his hotel, to settle such matters as might be required, leaving the providing of weapons and arrangements to Stafford, who, in addition to other precautions, ordered a carriage to be ready to leave Florence immediately, in case of any thing serious. The place chosen, was a narrow road leading from the Arno, at present nearly darkened with the luxuriance of foliage of different trees and shrubs. A spot better fitted to witness the meeting of lovers and receive their sighs, than the

ground marked out, the opposite stations, and the signal being on, they both fired together. Travers struck through his adversary's hat, while Orby's shot in the shoulder, the occasioned him to fall. All the while the fear that the wound was mortal. In a few moments Travers revived, and looking up said, "I don't think it is any thing serious. I commend you, Orby, to leave Flanagan as you can. This has been all very hard pushing you so hard, and I deserve it, but let us now be friends;" he then put his hand to his late opponent. It was then that Orby, who expressed his regret, and his hopes that the hurt would be trifling, in consequence, and his assurance that he was always ready to meet Travers as a friend. A surgeon, who had been at hand, made his appearance.

shoulder was discovered. The ball had lost much of its force in passing through the muscles of the joint; it had taken its course along the shoulder blade, at the extremity of which it had lodged, so near the surface, that, by a slight incision over the part, the surgeon was able at once to extract it; bound up the wound, and removed his patient to a carriage that was in attendance. Stafford had paid their bill the night before; their portmanteaus were packed on the carriage, that was waiting for them at the end of the lane, under charge of their valet-de-place, Guiseppi Mezzi, whom they brought from Naples, and who wished to see some of his relations living at Bologna. The former friends, now all reconciled, shook hands at parting; the wounded man and Seton returning to Florence, while Orby and Stafford took the road to Bologna. Orby did not leave Florence without having sent a few lines to his dear Clara, stating the reasons that had prevented him waiting her arrival; to say that he was on his way to England, from whence he would write the moment of his arrival, and begging her to keep in mind all their mutual promises of fidelity. The "Alps and Appenine" are

into an Italian one, *digiunare*, which signifies to fast, and the landlord supposing you strict in religious ideas, was not surprised that you meant to abstain."

"*Sacre!*" said the Frenchman, "*Je ne suis pas Catholique de cette façon, allons donc, garçon Colazione*, you call it."

After he had been supplied with his coffee and eatables, his good humour returned, and he laughed heartily at his own mistake.

A few moments, hastily snatched to run through the gallery of pictures, and the travellers were again on the road towards Mantua; from whence, after a short rest, they proceeded to Milan. Here they saw nothing very particular, but an old asthmatic man being choked, having extreme unction administered to him, and a party of English eating ham sandwiches in the cathedral. From thence they proceeded, *ventre a terre*, to Turin, and crossing Mount Cenis, were not long before they reached Lyons. Here they disposed of their now rickety britska, and having secured two *corner* places in the *malle poste*, enjoyed themselves over a good dinner and bottle of Chambertin until the time of departure. To quote Colman's joke,

hen taken, to be well shaken;" this prescription was strictly followed as relating to air dinner, whether for the benefit of digestion is not quite so clear; but after a fine bump-journey, the travellers were safely landed in Paris, without having seen much of *la belle* France on the route.

Orby's first visit was to the post-office, where he found a letter of rather old date, from his uncle, stating that his father was in some degree better, but not quite out of danger, and desiring that he was extremely anxious to see him as soon as possible. Frank, therefore, after catching a few more last words to Clara, took leave of his friend Stafford, with whom he proposed to correspond, and set out again in the same manner by the mail for Calais, leaving strict injunctions with his travelling companion, to make frequent inquiries at the *poste restante*, and any letters that might arrive, to forward them immediately to him in England. He also engaged Stafford, as soon as his business was concluded in Paris, to pay him a visit to Selby Hall, in case he found his father better, as he was very anxious to introduce his friend to him, and to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

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fairly set himself down to besiege the heart of poor Harriet, to her infinite annoyance. Having reason to think the young lady looked with rather favourable eye on his cousin, and well aware, that he should lose in the comparison, he set about to excite a jealous feeling in her mind, and endeavoured to fix a persuasion there, that Frank Orby was too volatile and *volage*, ever to fix his affections permanently on any woman; and these impressions he endeavoured to implant by hints and inuendoes. He had at first, in a careless way, mentioned, as a curious report, that Frank Orby and his friend had afforded protection to two French *danseuses*, who were going to exhibit their graces at Milan; but, that he, for his part, could not believe such a thing, as, whatever his cousin might practice in private, he believed he had too great a regard for public opinion, to make such a display; and when he observed these hints begin to have effect, pretended to be an advocate for his absent cousin, saying, how shameful it was in persons to propagate such idle stories. Out of pure invention, he got up a story that Orby had been engaged in a duel with an Italian nobleman, who was jealous of his attentions to

his wife; and when a confused account of the affair at Florence reached England, it served to corroborate Philip's invention, and he added numberless stories of his cousin's amours in Italy and Greece, which he drew from the same fertile resource. His ingenuity was at first rewarded, by observing the evident uneasiness these reports gave to Harriet; but in endeavouring to secure his advantages in that way, he rather overshot the mark. Although Harriet was the least suspicious of all persons, she could not fail to remark in the end, that the foibles of Frank Orby, if they did really exist, were put so prominently forward by his cousin, and when she coupled this with some indications of the youth's own passion, she began to think all was not right; more particularly, when Philip gave further indications of paying his addresses more directly to herself. Tiresome and disagreeable as such a theme was to her, she began to feel a degree of remorse for having listened to these, perhaps, unfounded reports; and she endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid all conversation with Philip Orby. This was the less difficult, as the only times her ungainly suitor endeavoured to obtain an audience

were those when he expected Sir Frederick Holebrooke was otherwise engaged, as he also was a very constant visitor at Boyle's court. He was well aware what a formidable rival he had in the baronet, particularly as regarded the light in which he was received by Mrs. Paulett; but he thought it best, in the first instance, to get rid of the more formidable opponent in his cousin, who he was convinced possessed an interest in the young lady's heart.

CHAP. IV.

WE must now show the reasons for the summons Frank Orby received to return home. It has been already shown that his father, Mr. Lucius Orby, had given up the study of geology in a pet, not being able to draw from his various experiments conclusions sufficiently strong to fix the period of the Deluge, or whether there was more than one deluge. As Cowper remarks, philosophers who are not willing to take the word of the great Author how the universe was formed, only confuse themselves by inventing theories how it ought to have been done. In this predicament stood Mr. Orby. He had run through every hypothesis that had been started. None pleased him more than that one,

of the earth being run foul of by a comet and having its poles capsized. But neither this or any of the others satisfied his doubts, and, as already stated, he sent the whole science to the "tomb of all the Capulets." He enjoyed for a considerable time that healthy state of mind when it is not burthened with any particular care, had entered into and enjoyed the society of his friends. When one day he called at his brother's house in the town, the family had gone out to pay visits, and as the senior Mr. Orby had walked in, and was rather warm, he said he would sit down in the drawing-room until his sister-in-law returned. Having cast his eye over all the rubbish of jars, snuff-boxes, imitation of ancient lamps, hand screens, and such like gear, he observed lying on the sofa a moderate sized quarto, that he took up without much hope of finding any thing in it very interesting. This book was a loan from a saintly friend of Mrs. Orby, who begged her to read it, to strengthen her faith in the events recorded in the Bible. Mrs. Orby, whose faith was very willing to be convinced, took up the book to fortify her conviction, but, to use the phrase of Adolphus Armitage Newbolt, it was beyond her *calibre*.

Having vainly tried to get the better of a page, she threw it on the sofa, determined, with a white lie, to tell her friend how much she was pleased with the work. Not such was the effect on her brother-in-law; he was struck with the title, and proceeded to the contents with all the ardour of a new pursuit. The book was written, as well as we recollect, by a Mr. Prescott, of Liverpool. The scope of it was to prove that the Newtonian system was incompatible with the account in the book of Genesis, and if it was taken as true, we must disbelieve the miracle of Joshua and the sun, but by returning to the nearly forgotten system of Ptolemy, that every thing could be reconciled;—that the sun, moon, and stars all travelled round the earth, “as you all may plainly see,” and that our noble planet, Tellus, was the centre of the universe, round which every thing in the system, falsely called solar, revolved; that the sun, in place of so many millions of miles, was at the more convenient distance of twenty thousand; that what we call the planets are only large lumps of ice, unfit to be inhabited, as clearly proved by their having no atmosphere; that the fixed stars were a kind of Davy’s lamps, placed there for our

benefit in winter nights, and that a good deal of this could be proved by looking at our nearest neighbour the moon; that it was clear that Madam Luna did not sport an atmosphere, therefore, no natives, and that it was very difficult to say of what materials she was composed, something calculated for the transmission of light, and as we only see one side of her ladyship, the other was probably opaque, like the dull and bright sides of a teakettle. All these positions were strengthened by mathematical problems, shewing the futility of measuring the sun's distance by parallax, and giving a better way; that the experiments of the pendulum were vague and uncertain, and did not go to prove that the earth was shaped like a China orange, as any one might ascertain by looking at its profile during an eclipse, where it would appear round, quite round, and nothing but round.

Mr. Orby was hugely pleased with all he read, and was quite absorbed in his studies when his brother and wife returned from their walk. "My dear sister," said he, "you must lend me this book until I can send for one to London."

"It is not mine, Lucius, but I dare say Mrs.

Drumgool will be glad to lend it to you. I will step over and ask her,"

Made happy at the possession of his treasure, Mr. Orby hurried home, wondering that the study of astronomy had never occurred to him—the noblest of all sciences, as he said to himself.

On his arrival at home, he opened the book again at random, and found the absurdity of the Newtonian scheme of the movement of the earth in its orbit and at the same time on its own axis, which, taken into consideration the *pace* Mr. Tellus must go at to *keep time* in his orbit, and spinning all the while to produce night and day, would create such a combination of motion, that no centripetal or centrifugal force could resist, consequently, all the waters in the ocean would be squirted off into the vast expanse. On reading this, a bright thought arose in Mr. Orby's mind. He ordered all the maids up into the hall, with every mop in the house and a bucket of water. He was well aware of the usual effect produced by twirling this instrument over the arm, which was in a certain degree a confirmation of the theory above named. But then part of that effect appeared to be produced by the jerk of

the hand, that had no corresponding element in the motion of the earth. He would, therefore, endeavour, by a sort of uniform motion, to imitate the double action. Having then made his nymphs saturate their mops, but not enough to make them drip, he made them hold them perpendicularly above their heads, turning round on their heels, at the same time describing a circle in the hall of which system he was himself the centre. The damsels, never having learned to waltz, performed this evolution very indifferently, and the only result was, wetting their noses and getting giddy heads, that quite discomposed their gravity, and interrupted the experiment; so that the astronomer was obliged to dismiss his virgins, in doubt about his theory, but they did not entertain any about their master being quite mad. The next morning he sent for a sort of factotum carpenter, who lived in the village that joined his estate, a man of considerable ingenuity, whom he had found very useful in several of his other pursuits. To this man he gave the sketch of an observatory, to be erected above a part of his house, that was flat-roofed and leaded, and himself he stowed away in the

London mail that night, to order all his instruments—an astronomical clock, two telescopes, a transit instrument, sextant, and all the paraphernalia of a star-gazer. He waited to see these all fairly on their way down, and then returned home, with his head full of ascending nodes, logarithmic distances, right ascension, and Heliocentric longitudes. He had laid in a store of all sorts of almanacks, tables, and treatises on algebra and fluxions, that painted to his mind's eye the delights of pursuing so magnificent a science, without stirring out of his own house for the winter.

The amanuensis had been living, in the mean time, in clover. He was boarded with the house-keeper and steward, and had nothing to do in the quiet intervals, but amuse himself in the library and take a walk in the grounds. In this happy state he had vegetated for some time, when, taking up in the library a work on botany, and breaking his shins over the nomenclature, he rejoiced within himself that his patron had never taken up that jaw breaking science. From this pleasing state of *dolce far niente* he was awoke by the summons of the carpenter, an event that boded him no good; and he was

scarcely gone, when the scribe and experimentalist was summoned to his master's study. He here received directions to set about, directly, a course of astronomical study, to revive his geometry, his algebra, his conic sections, and his logarithms, ready for immediate use on Mr. Orby's return from London. With these injunctions he was dismissed to the library, to pore over the works of Newton, Kepler and La Place, with what appetite he might; and under this discipline he remained till the master arrived. Then was the aid of the youth required in setting up the instruments, which would never have been accomplished, had not Mr. Orby brought a man from London to give directions.

The first thing set up was the transit instrument, and with it the neophyte astronomer was as much delighted as a child with a plaything. He was above all edified with the process of procuring a fine thread for the field of view, by dropping a spider out of a box, and taking possession of the rope by which the fly-killer lowered himself away; nothing else would answer, the finest hair being too thick. For hours together would the student sit at the

instrument, while his clerk, with benumbed fingers and blue nose, noted the different culminations, for the correction of sidereal time, until the rate of the clock was ascertained. The rest of the machinery was brought into action, and Mr. Orby was the happiest of men. Hearing of a man, who lived not far from Birmingham, who had become famous for constructing lenses for achromatic telescopes, he rode over there, one day, to procure some of great magnifying power. Having obtained what he wanted, he returned home in the midst of a torrent of rain, that soaked through every thing he had on. When he arrived at home it was late in the evening, and his servant advised him to change his clothes before he sat down to dinner. He was about to follow this prudent advice, when, casting his eye on the nautical almanack that was lying open, he observed a pencil mark, that instantly reminded him of an occultation of Jupiter and his satellites by the moon, that would take place just at that time. He instantly flew up, wet as he was, to the observatory. That moment even the immersion might be taking place, which he would not lose for twenty dinners. For the

matter of dinner it was of no consequence ; he kept a French cook, and lived on what Mr. Hardcastle calls kickshaws, so that he dined at any hour, sometimes not till ten at night. He had his scribe at his elbow, and was fortunately in time enough to see the second satellite go behind the screen of the moon, and successively the others, with the planet itself. He waited to see the whole party make their exit on the other side, and having carefully noted the time, he proceeded to change his wet clothes, and then sat down to dinner. He felt very *yawney*, then fidgetty, then shivery, and at each symptom took a glass of wine. That did not seem to mend the matter, nor did some brandy and water procure any more benefit ; on the contrary, he felt worse, and thought it time to go to bed. His servant was luckily a fellow of common sense, and, without further ceremony, sent a man on horseback for Dr. Waldron. When the doctor made his appearance, much to the surprise of Mr. Orby, he found him with all the symptoms of inflammation of the lungs, and producing his lancet case, bled him at once. By this time Mr. Orby, the brother, had arrived ; the man who

was sent for medical aid being desired to call and acquaint Mr. Reginald. When the operation had been performed, that gentleman called Dr. Waldron into the next room, to ask what he thought of the attack; and being answered that it might be very serious:—

“Then, doctor,” said Mr. Reginald, “let me advise you to call in Dr. Williams, to act with you. You know my brother’s love for experiments. He has made physic his study among other things; will probably argue the point with you, and dispute, or not use your medicines. Therefore, for fear of any unfortunate result, it will be better for you not to have the whole responsibility on your own shoulders.”

“Much obliged to you, my dear sir. I shall bring Williams out with me to-morrow. I shall call and desire Cane to make up some medicine, and send it out; and he will meet us here in the morning, to repeat the bleeding, if necessary.”

“And I,” said Mr. R. Orby, “will remain here, and see that my brother has some one to sit up with him at night, and give him medicine when it is wanted. So, good night, doctor,

I shall be anxious to have your opinion to-morrow."

Dr. Waldron having, on his return to B—, sent preparatory notices to his brother doctor and Mr. Cane, it may be as well to say a few words of the latter personage. Mr. Theophilus Cane was, we were going to say, the principal apothecary in the town, but as that word, as well as attorney, have sunk into oblivion, we shall amend our phrase and designate Mr. Cane as a *general practitioner*. He was a round lump of a man, with scarcely any neck, *d'ailleurs*, rosy-faced, and jolly looking. His tongue was, most probably, too large for his mouth, as, in speaking, his voice sounded as if it had to pass a two-penny loaf in its outward passage. He was very clever in the *shop*, and the ladies in the neighbourhood gave him credit for his talents in their maternal difficulties; but these great qualities were somewhat overlayed by an unconquerable passion for politics, and absence of mind, that often stood in the way of his professional functions.

In the morning, at the time appointed, Dr. Waldron called on his friend, or rival, Williams, to take him to visit the patient. Just as

the carriage was turning out of the little courtyard in front of the house, a man, wheeling a barrow with the liver and lights of a bullock, stopped the way.

"There, doctor," said Waldron, "that is a light load; as we are going to consult about a man's lights, had you not better step down to refresh your memory about the healthy state of that animal's lungs?"

"There is really no end, Waldron, to your merciless punning; I wish you would leave it off."

"I will," said his companion, "when you give up your stories."

"Oh, that is a different thing," said Williams, "I only relate what I have seen, or heard from good authority."

"Very well," replied Waldron, "I believe we both act something in the same way—you *play* a little on your stories, and I do the like with my words."

When they arrived at the scene of action, the general practitioner was not forthcoming. An immediate consultation prompted the necessity of again bleeding, and Dr. Waldron was pre-

paring to officiate, when the obstetric professor made his appearance.

"Why, Cane," exclaimed Waldron, "I see you are no hurri-cane. We have been expecting you this week; you are a sort of paradox, for although you are the first-born of Adam, you are last that came into the world, at least we find you so; but come, bleed this gentleman till we tell you to stop."

These directions were immediately put in practice.

"Ah," said the operator, looking with satisfaction, "that vein breathes finely; depletion, Mr. Orby, is a fine thing now and then in the animal economy, but does not do so well in the body politic—it produces too much debility. The long and expensive wars in which we have been engaged"—

"The devil," interrupted Waldron, "you have not been fighting with your wife, Cane? But come, that will do for the present, we must give Mr. Orby some respite."

"When the medical men had left the sick room, Mr. Reginal Orby had a consultation with them, and the result of it was to dispatch letters to the different places where Frank Orby might

be expected on his return to Europe; one to Malta, another to Naples, and one to Rome.

In the evening, the medical tribe had again assembled, and Mr. Orby was sufficiently strong to discuss the mode of treatment that had been adopted. It had become expedient to apply a blister, to which he willingly assented, as he put faith in the article blister, and had no doubt it would relieve him. As Mr. Cane unrolled it, Dr. Waldron said to the patient, "You may expect it ultimately to be blis-ter, but in first instance it is misery-once"—

"It is," added Mr. Theophilus Cane, "a rough remedy, but such are often required, and I hope it will finally lead to reform. Here," said he, holding up a pill box, "you will take to-night, sir, this pill, the whole pill, and nothing but the pill, and, to-morrow morning, this draught."

"Which," said Dr. Waldron, "you mean as the draught of the pill, but in this case the order is reversed."

"And," continued Cane, not seeming to mind the interruption, "when you have gone into committee, you will report progress"—

"And," interrupted the physician, "ask leave

to *walk* again ; of sitting and lying you will have had enough when in our hands."

Mr. Orby, the next morning, was rather exhausted with all his remedies, but after the doctors left him about ten o'clock, he fell into a kind of broken slumber, during which he dreamed, or imagined, he heard a faint murmuring sound. How long this lasted he had no means of judging ; but on awakening, his surprise may be imagined, when he found Dr. Wilkins on his knees at the bedside, in the act of praying. As he had no further acquaintance with the divine than having met him at Mr. Leslie's, he was rather astonished at this proof of his zeal, and not particularly pleased, as he thought he had been the means of depriving him of some refreshing sleep. He, therefore, begged to know by what accident he had been favoured with the services of the doctor.

"Oh, sir," said he, "hearing you were very unwell, I considered it my duty to call, and offer you such consolation as lay in my power ; and your housekeeper, Mrs. Hallett, who is a very pious person, assured me I should be conferring a favour on herself if I would give you the consolation of prayer."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Orby, "I feel much obliged to you and the housekeeper, but in future I beg I may be a party in such arrangements, and for the present I should be glad to be spared further discussion."

This would have been a sufficient hint to any body, except a saint; but those worthy personages think they never can do enough to show their zeal, and only look on such rebuffs as part of the persecutions they must undergo in dispensing the word. Therefore, nothing daunted, the doctor drew forth something from his pocket, saying, he begged permission to read a discourse he had drawn up once on a similar occasion, which had then brought forth good fruits of the Spirit. Mr. Orby, though much annoyed, could not help being amused at the doctor's pertinacity, and answered him, good-naturedly, that if he thought his discourse would put him to sleep again, he should be happy to listen to it. With this permission *Ninety-minutes* commenced his task. The exordium began with an eulogium on those good and pious people who, at the sacrifice of their own ease and comfort, were always ready to administer consolation to those in sickness or misery, and

from thence glided naturally into the theme of a sick chamber, where their advice was balm to the expiring sinner. He then touched slightly on the beatitudes of the good, in order to show, by contrast, what the wicked suffered, which he did *con amore*; giving such a minute description of the tortures to be suffered in a place "not fit to be named to ears polite," that it might have been supposed he had been the d——l's play-fellow, and passed his holidays in the shades below. Luckily for the patient, he escaped this accurate description; having fallen into a dose, when the doctor had arrived on the confines of limbo, and he was so intent on his subject, that he did not notice the somnolency of the patient. When he had finished his peroration, the doctor, in a tone of voice that would not be denied, asked Mr. Orby how he liked his discourse? This was no easy matter to answer, but thinking by politeness he would sooner get rid of his ghostly adviser, he made some attempt to be complimentary.

"There is but one thing more," continued the doctor. "I wish before I go, to have a little conversation with you on the state of your soul."

This was rather too hard on the sick

but knowing it would be no use to get passion with his spiritual comforter, and not wishing to give him the affront by ringing the bell, he bethought him of the saying of the Frenchman; and quite to his present companion had never heard he continued, "You were speaking of my doctor; I begin to be doubtful whether I am one."

"Ah! what is that you say?" ejaculated the patient.

"Why," said the patient, "I ought to know I have myself better than any body else." Seeing the effect he had already made, he added, "And pray, doctor, are you sure you have one yourself?"

"Sure of it," ejaculated the doctor, with a look of horror, "most sure, most certain."

"And how do you prove it?"

"Why, in ten thousand ways, by all I see, hear, and feel: but, above every thing, I hope I have become one of the chosen vessels by the communications of the Spirit."

"And pray," said his questioner, "what are they like?"

"It would be in vain to attempt to describe

to one who has not felt it; but it is a certain exaltation, a kind of fulness quite indescribable."

"And is that fulness ever attended with pain?"

"I grant it is sometimes, but that is borne even with pleasure, so amply is it made up by the beatitudes that attend it."

"Well, Dr. Wilkins, I feel much indebted to you for your attention and advice, and in return for the latter, beg leave to give you a little of mine. The next time you have any beatitudes, take some ginger, or allow my friend, Theophilus Cane, to give you his advice; and though you may not feel so heavenly the next day, you will be able to talk common sense. So, I wish you good morning."

The patient having gone on the *other tack* to compose himself to sleep, the doctor saw there was no use arguing longer with the scorner. Turning up his eyes, he left the room, and meeting the housekeeper, he squeezed her hand and gave a sort of spiritual grunt, that declared plainly the patient to be finally lost.

CHAP. V.

WHEN Mr. Orby had got over the most violent part of the disease, he made his factotum bring him out of the library all the newest works on medical subjects, particularly such as treated of diseases of the lungs. Those he had read to him, until he imagined himself in possession of all the different symptoms. Having seen by accident the new German practice of subdivision of medicine into tens and hundredths of parts, he thought he would try its effects on himself. He, therefore, had every draught sent him, divided into hundreds, and mixed with more water, and his doctors were much surprised, after being told by the patient that he had taken their medicines, to find they

had not produced effect. From these causes his recovery, which had been calculated on early, after losing the inflammatory symptoms, was delayed for some weeks. Nature, however, had been busy in his favour, and by the time Frank Orby arrived at home, he was able to go about in a wheel-chair, and the arrival of his son seemed to give him fresh life. He would have entered into the whole history of Frank's travels, had not the latter prudently postponed the relation until his father was stronger. He passed the two first days of his arrival with him before he went in to see his friends at B—.

As Mr. Orby had discontinued his visits when his brother was pronounced convalescent, and as Frank had desired his father's servants not to mention his having come home, his arrival at his uncle's was quite unexpected, and happened at the moment when his cousin Philip was remarking to some visitors, among whom were Mrs. Paulett and her daughter, Mrs. Green, and Miss Forrester, how very extraordinary the conduct of his cousin had been, never to have noticed the receipt of his uncle's letters, some of which must have reached. The arrival of the person in question was rather an

awkward commentary on Squire Philip's good natured remarks. He was heartily welcomed by all the party, perhaps, with the exception of his male cousin, but was rather thrown off his balance by this unexpected meeting with the fair Harriet, whose countenance, heightened by a transient blush, never appeared so lovely; her person and manner had likewise gained since he saw her last. Fortunately for him, there were so many present claiming his attention, as in some degree to cover the embarrassment he felt growing on him in presence of Miss Paulett. But his feelings will be better expressed in his own letter to his friend, George Stafford.

“Selby Hall.

“My dear George,

“I must begin my promised epistle by taking *credit* to myself for having behaved to you as ill becomes a friend, in failing to make you acquainted with the whole of my want of confidence. To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, whether from fear of your raillery, *mauvaise honte*, or some other cause, I never could bring myself, while we travelled together, to make

you father confessor to my peccadilloes ; but now that I have placed three hundred miles between us, which is too far for a blush to be seen, 'I shall a tale unfold,' not one 'that will make your hair stand like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' but such as, I have no doubt, will bring me *such a lecture*—but I shall fortify myself for its approach, and now let you know the extent of my sinning. You were aware of my strong attachment to Clara Pisani, strengthened by our rencontre at Rome ; I now inform you, that on the day you waited my return from the Vatican so long, we pledged our faith to each other in the most solemn manner, and I now feel myself bound to her by ties as indissoluble as all the ceremonies in the world could make them.

"I already hear you say, 'how rash, how improvident,' I grant it all ; but have only to say, what has prudence to do when assailed by a passion at once so pleasing and terrible ? In the delirium of my ideas, some such feeling would fly across my mind, but it was instantly chased away the moment the lovely enchantress came in sight. In fact, in her I saw the whole world, and would have sacrificed it all for her

sake. Time and absence have, in a faint degree, softened the impression, and the impertinent prudence oftener crosses my path; but a vision more lovely, and infinitely more troublesome to counteract, stands in my way: you will guess, Harriet Paulett. I met her unexpectedly at my uncle's, when I went to pay my visit on arrival; and how can I describe, except to a friend like you, who know all the weakness of my heart, what passed in my mind at this meeting. The short period of my absence has had wonderful influence in developing the beauties of Miss Paulett's person, and added lustre to her charms, heightened as they were by a slight blush, when I went to shake hands with her. Never had I seen any thing more lovely or striking than her appearance; and yet, thought I, never can all this fall to my lot, and I began inwardly to curse the Greeks and their cause that had ever forced me to lose sight of so much perfection. I must have looked stupid and embarrassed, and was not at all relieved by being attacked by the merciless Widow Green, on looking so doleful at the moment of my arrival amongst friends. What am I to do, my dear George! I wish you could come and

give me your advice, or tear me away at once. I cannot, on my father's account, think of leaving him on the moment I return; on the contrary, the sight of my unworthy self seemed to infuse new life, and it would be both cruel and unnatural to quit him just now; and how can I, without inflicting pain, at least, on myself, and possibly on others, remain here, where I shall be constantly exposed to a temptation, perhaps, beyond my powers of endurance? I wish you would leave Paris and come down here; you might assist me, and I long to introduce you to my father, who adds to my torments, by throwing out hints of matrimony; how happy he would be to see me settled; appeals to me, if Harriet Paulett is not one of the most highly accomplished females of the day; then hints at his own infirmities. I am every way a most unhappy dog; do come and drag me out of the pit."

From the same to the same.

"Dear George,

"I must again commence my letter by boring you with my miseries, which seem to spring up in all directions. A few days after I wrote my last, I rode over to pay a visit to Lord

Montresor. The servant said his master had just gone down to speak to his gardener, and that he would return in a few moments. He asked me to walk into the drawing-room, to await his return. I followed him up stairs; when he opened the door, and ushered me into the room, in which was only one person, and that one, perhaps, of all the world I had the least wish at that moment to see, Harriet Paulett. She was looking out of the window towards the lawn, and her attention was called by the noise the servant made in closing the door. When he retired, she turned round, and then saw me; no doubt looking very foolish and embarrassed, as I certainly felt so. I made some awkward attempt at a 'how d'ye do; unexpected pleasure of meeting; I hope Mrs. Paulett is well;' with a due proportion of hums and ha's. Harriet, who at first seemed in a degree embarrassed, recovered directly her self-possession, informed me that her mother and herself had come over on a visit to Lady Montresor the day before, and intended to pass a few days; her ladyship, who was their relation, being rather in indifferent health. This little history afforded me time to recover myself, and finally

to gain ease and confidence. I complimented her on her improved appearance since I went abroad, at which she slightly blushed, and immediately turned the conversation to the subject of my tour on the continent. I said that my journey had been rapid in going out, as I intended to have seen all the things most worthy of notice at leisure on my return; but that the accounts of the illness of my father had broken in on that plan, and that both coming and going I had run through the country so rapidly, that I might as well have staid at home; the thought crossing me at that moment that it would perhaps have been better that I had. This idea probably influenced the tone of my voice, as the attention of Harriet seemed to be much engaged. But if such was the case, she quickly reverted to the subject, asked me the mode in which I travelled, and what way I preferred? I replied that we had tried different modes; that you and I had gone up to Paris from Rouen, on the top of the diligence, "And *from* Paris?" said my fair questioner, with more appearance of curiosity than I could account for. "Oh, from Paris," replied I, "we went post four; a hired carriage. "Four?"

was again the interruption, interrogative. "Yes," said I, "but you seem surprised that four gentlemen should travel together post." "Oh, no indeed, not at all," said the fair Harriet, in something of a flutter, "it must have been very pleasant." "Yes;" our two companions, Mr. Travers and Seton, were both pleasant young companions, and our journey with them, as far as Lyons, was the gayest thing possible; there we separated, those young men going to Italy, and my friend Stafford and I taking the road to Marseilles." "Indeed," exclaimed Harriet. "Yes, indeed," said I, rather piqued, "do you doubt the truth of what I have said?" "No; not in the least, Mr. Orby," was the reply, "but I am glad to hear your account, as a contradiction to a malicious story that was circulated about your leaving Paris." You may imagine my curiosity was on the *qui vive*, but I in vain pressed the young lady for the nature of the report, and the author of it, she said it was out of her power, and as to the source from whence she derived the intelligence, it would only lead to mischief to disclose it. After this, the conversation took a more general turn, on the few objects that had fallen within my observation, when we were

joined by Mrs. Paulett and Lady Montresor. His lordship shortly after came in, and said he would have apologised for his long absence, had he not seen how agreeably I must have been employed during his absence, bowing to Miss Paulett. He also turned the conversation on my travels, and in a joking way, asked if the ladies in the different places I had visited had not driven my fair countrywomen out of my head? To this I answered, certainly not. "But," continued he, "you will not pretend to say, that the black eyes and long lashes of some of these southern damsels have not made an impression, if they have not, you escaped better than I did myself, when travelling as a young man. I recollect, when at Rome, parading up and down the Corso with some young Englishmen, we observed two girls in a balcony. Their complexions were rather dark, but, in other respects, we all agreed that they were the two most beautiful creatures we had then ever seen. We talked of nothing else all the evening, were all in desperate love, and had made every enquiry; but all we could learn was, that they were two Florentine ladies, on their way to that city. They left Rome the day afterwards, but I shall never forget the impression

that was made on me at the time." While this speech was going on, bearing so strongly on my own case, I have no doubt that I performed the unmanly act of blushing; certain I found my face hot as fire. I think it must have been noticed, as pains seemed to be taken to change the conversation. I shortly afterwards took my leave; and as a climax, on my return home, I found an invitation from his lordship, for my father and myself to spend the day with him the following Thursday, which my papa, knowing I had no engagement, had accepted, on my part and his own, finding himself now sufficiently recovered to go out. I think the governor had some further view, as, during the day, every means seemed to have been used for bringing me into converse with the fair Harriet. I was placed next to her at dinner, sang with her, and was left to talk *music*, while the rest of the party sat down to cards. Putting aside the embarrassment of my internal feelings, I got off pretty well, as there was no cross questioning about my travels. But can I long bear this state of constant temptation? Harriet Paulett, in the height of her charms, is brought before me on all occasions. You know my foolish susceptibi-

lity, and can pity the state of tantalization in which I am placed, added to by the uncertainty I am in, relative to Clara, not having heard a word from Italy since my arrival. That my father and all my friends are anxious for my attaching myself to Harriet, I can have no doubt, and I think with grief and pain on the disappointment I shall occasion to them all, when the truth comes out. I sincerely hope that some event may occur, to tear me away from this dangerous neighbourhood. Can you invent none? Every moment I am here, I feel my situation more painful. Come and assist me."

From George Stafford to Frank Orby.

"Paris.

"My dear Frank,

"Although you did not make me your father confessor, yet from circumstances that fell within my own observation, coupled with my knowledge of your inflammability, I was led to think that there was more in the matter than your worship chose to confide with me ; and the warmth of your manner in taking up the quarrel at Florence confirmed me in my surmises. To say the truth

at once, my dear Orby, I am very sorry you have gone thus far, as it may baulk the well-founded expectations of your friends, to see you married to one of your own countrywomen; but having thus expressed my regret, I shall not say a word more on that point, but try to assist you in any way you can point out, or myself invent, to extricate you from your present unpleasant position, which ought to be done at all events, not only for your own sake, but possibly for that of others; after which, we must take things as they come. Something may have happened in Italy—the influence or commands of parents may have induced the lady to give up her attachment to you and accept another, or something else in the chapter of accidents. I shall, at all events, be more within reach, either for advice or assistance, as the affair that detained me at Paris is now drawing to a conclusion so rapidly, that you may direct your next letter to me to Bond-street. The dullness of attending every day at the ministerial bureaux has been something lightened by the company of Broderick, who has been my companion almost since you left me. He got tired of his *rural felicity*. The hunting scheme has been

abandoned, at least for this season ; and hearing from my dad that I was here, he has come over to put himself under my wing. Do you know, I begin to hold myself very high as a sage and prudent character, seeing that I am constituted dry nurse to some of my *giddy* friends—no offence, Frank. I have taken the novice round all the wonders of the place, upon which he philosophises a *faire peur*.

“You recollect Baron M——, who was so long in emigration in England ; my father had it in his power to be useful to him in a secret and important transaction, and he has ever after expressed the greatest gratitude. When you and I passed through Paris, he was in the country, but I made a point of finding him out when you left me in the lurch. He has been extremely kind and very useful. From his acquaintance with many *employés*, he has had the means of assisting me materially in the prosecution of my claims, and I shall be mainly indebted to him for my ultimate success. Among other acts of kindness, he has introduced Broderick and me to a circle of his own acquaintance, inhabitants of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, most of whom were, like himself, so long expatriated.

Those personages are not at all ambitious of the acquaintance of foreigners, and being able to associate with them occasionally may be reckoned a high favour. Perhaps they feel a degree of honest pride in not wishing to let strangers see the paucity of their means of entertainment ; but when in society with them, any want of that kind is quite forgotten in the amenity of their manners. We sometimes pass an evening in this circle, either in conversation or the moderate exercise of *ecarté* for franks, or whist of five sous points, which you may suppose will not ruin either of your juvenile friends.

“ I have resided too short a time in France to pretend in any way to form a judgment on character, but I can only say that, taking the better order from what I have seen, I can observe scarcely a difference between them and the best class in our own country ; they have equal attention to all the courtesies of life, and in politeness of manner, have more natural ease than ourselves. I may add, that their ladies have a decided advantage over ours in dress, not so much in the richness of the style, as the power they possess of turning the most trifling things to advantage. Of the class below these,

tage. Many of them are military and have been accustomed to domineer over a thing in itself not likely to add to the tone, and these persons have given vogue to that style of *brusquerie*, common to the military classes. A few of them might be dispensed with—cutting out smoking of cigars, dram drinking, and the like in every room.

“I went some days since to dine with a general officer, a high royalist. His wife and maiden sister live together, and I found a snug little party at his own appointed hour of six, and was punctually there. When I alighted, I observed three carriages waiting, and heard the general give directions for mine to remain. I was ushered into a room full of gentlemen. The general's sister was seated in her room and at work. When the party had all

gone the round, our host descended to
age; we all followed in succession, and
e rattled to a hotel in the neighbourhood
Invalides. Here we found a splendid
awaiting us. To use the slang phrase
sailors, "the Frenchmen were certainly
way when they were serving out sto-
" and capacious ones they must have, to
all that I saw stowed away on that
n. There was the eternal soup and
; then ragouts, fricassees, fritters, &c.;
atelotte of carp and eels; then a succes-
rotis and sallads, that I thought would
end, concluding this solid part with a
gudgeons fried in oil, the best thing of
d I ever tasted; then *soufflets*, *omelettes*,
reets in abundance, *puis le dessert*, the
washed down with the best wines of
. The eating finally subsided after a
ours spell, and I sincerely hope I shall
have such another task to perform. The
ve organs, at least in my case, had nearly
up the hopeless job. We had then coffee
asse, mixed with ultra-royalist politics,
dispersed. Broderick and I have been
together in what is called *un appartement de*

neighbourhood lately.
foy took a handsome hou
She had not resided lon
by an Italian marquis,
paying his addresses to
they were publicly marrie
In about three weeks aft
Pinelli was obliged to go
bassy, and in little more th
departure, intelligence w
having been killed in a duel
into deep mourning, and se
all society, except that of
joined her on hearing the
After a due time given to gr
gradually with the trappings
out as gay as a lark. Being
personal beauty and finishe

was for some time busy as to who she could be. At length play began to be introduced; and in process of time it was not difficult to guess from what quarter the resources were to come to meet the current expences. Broderick and I have often lounged away an evening there; and shed a few Napoleons, in return for the smiles and graces of the fair hostess. The *salons* were crowded, principally with foreigners, and I have no doubt it was a thriving trade. But such prosperity was not doomed to last. Some of the agents of the licensed gaming houses, got scent of this *reunion*, and having procured sufficient testimony of the play that was going on, gave information, and in consequence *la bella marchesa* with her *mamma* disappeared suddenly. They have left no traces of their route, and conjecture has been equally at a loss from whence they came. The best part of the history however has since come out. The Marquis Pinelli was no other than her own mother; who had assumed male attire, and to whom she was publicly married. Having an opportunity of sending this by the ambassador's bag, I have lengthened my epistle, I fear, beyond all endurance. Our affairs here will be all settled

to-morrow, and on Thursday, Broderick and I set out on our return home. To vary the scene a little, we propose going to Mayence, and dropping down the Rhine to Cologne, and from thence by Aix la Chapelle and Brussels to Ostend. As we shall not allow ourselves to be too much seduced by the picturesque, this route will not detain us many days, and I shall, *chemin faisant*, turn in my head some plan for drawing you away from your present *danger*, which I apprehend to be imminent; and hope, that if nothing should arise in that imaginative brain of yours, that mine will produce something for your advantage. Bröderick desires to be remembered, and is anxious to shake you by the hand. He is a very honest fellow, and I like him every day the better for the goodness of his disposition.

“Adieu, *au revoir*.”

CHAP. VI.

From Frank Orby to George Stafford, at Long's Hotel; dated from Cheltenham.

"MY dear George,

"Without taxing your invention, or puzzling my brains for an excuse, I have found by accident the means of breaking asunder the chains in which I was near being enveloped, and feel so satisfied and delighted at events which, rather than my own fortitude, have saved me from a world of trouble and annoyance. But I must endeavour to detail things as they occurred.

"Some nights since, Mrs. Waldron gave one

of her best balls, at which every one was present, among others, Mrs. Paulett and her daughter. I chanced to have some conversation with them both on their first arrival, and learned that Harriet had suffered some persecution from the addresses of my worthy cousin Philip. From a question I put rather suddenly to the fair one, I have little doubt, by the way she answered it, that Squire Philip was the author of some unfavourable reports about me. Was it worth while, or was I unconnected to him by family, I would wring his neck; but I shall merely despise his futile attempts. You see, George, that had I remained loyal to Harriet, I should have had two rivals on my hand—the young baronet and Philip, aforesaid, the former, of course, the most formidable. He is a pleasant, gentleman-like fellow, not the least spoiled by the gifts of fortune, yet I should like him better if he was fond of some other woman. Strange inconsistency of mind, in the morning I would have been glad to hear that Harriet had eloped, or been by any means conveyed away from my sight; yet in the evening, when I saw Holebrooke lead her up to dance, I felt a pang which could be nothing but jea-

lousy, and that continued the whole evening. I did dance with her once, but I must have appeared stupid or bewitched, so absorbed was I with my own ideas. I had hardly left her, until I was placed under the persecutions of the widow Green, who, in a manner, claimed me for her own, and pestered me so with her learned conversation, that I asked her to dance, as a partial refuge. Questions about Italy, scraps from Ariosto and Petrarch, with all the affected pedantry of a *blue*, intermixed, now and then with questions, what I thought of Harriet Paulett, calling my attention to the gallantries of Sir Frederick, and asking me if I did not think it would be a good match. At the end of the dance, she threw out hints about waltzing, said she supposed I had practised much on the continent; but I would not take, and being heartily tired of my partner, I went and asked her sister, Miss Forrester, to dance, a girl who, without preferring any one, is equally agreeable to all, and in my present temper of mind, was the best suited person to cause me some distraction from troublesome thoughts.

"I slept at my uncle's that night, as I was to

remain the next day to help him to do the honours to a large party he was to have to dinner ; his worthy son and representative having gone to pay a visit in the neighbourhood of Coventry. The party went off, as it is said, with great *eclât* ; and after the guests had departed, some time was spent in talking it over, so that it was late before we retired to rest. My uncle had put up a tent bed for me in a kind of closet off his study, on the ground floor. Not feeling very sleepy, I took up a book that was lying on his table, and became so interested in it, that I continued reading, until my diminished candle gave me notice to quit. I thought once or twice, when reading, that I smelt something burning, but did not pay much attention. I had just opened the door of my little *reduit* to turn in, when a thundering knock at the hall door made me start. Thinking it might be the frolic of some young people, I was not inclined to take much notice, when I heard it repeated, and thought it was accompanied with the sound of fire. I rushed instantly to the hall and unbarred the door. On opening it, a young man, whose face I recollected, said immediately, "Mr. Orby's house is on fire ; look here, sir." On stepping

out into the street for two paces, I observed the upper part of the house to be in a blaze. In an instant I was up stairs, and as far as my knowledge of the sleeping rooms went, thundered at all the doors. When doing so, the man servant rushed down, half suffocated; and said the fire was from the cook's room in the garret; that he had endeavoured to force the door, but was overpowered by the suffocating smoke; and that as he could not make the woman answer, he supposed she must have already perished. My uncle and aunt, with two of their daughters, soon made their appearance in that state of paralyzed fear so natural to persons awoke from sleep by such an awful summons; and the young man who had given the alarm, after waking those servants who slept over the kitchen, came to join us. At that instant, my uncle, regaining his senses and recollection and looking about him, called out "Gracious heaven! my dear Charlotte must have perished." "How? where?" said I. "Oh!" replied he, wringing his hands in bitter agony, and then pointing to the stairs, on which the flames had already fastened, "There! There!" he said "in the room between the

but was too late. In an instant, I
door of the room, which was a kind
between the attics and garret. The
open to my shoulder; my arrival
time. The poor distracted girl, wr
dressing gown, was mounted on a c
the act of getting out of the window
the agony of her alarm, had appear
chance of life; but little that would
She had never thought of the door.
her in my arms, and having hast
some garment over her head, retur
way I had entered. In coming up,
the suffocating effect of the smoke
affairs appeared to be worse. Th
seemed all in flame. I knew it was
attempt the window, which only lo
on the roofs of some low buildings, f
we could not expect to get any ass

cending, I had the more confidence. Watching for a moment, when the current of air wafted the flame in another direction, I made a bold spring with my fair burden; and though almost choked with the heat, succeeded in gaining the landing place. My forehead and one of my hands were scorched, but my cousin escaped with a slight injury to one of her feet, which had become exposed. She had fainted at first, perhaps fortunately, as her fear, had she been sensible, might have taken away from the steadiness of my measures. There was no time for congratulation; we all descended directly to the next floor. The neighbours now came in, and were all busy in removing the things from the lower part of the house. The engine had also arrived, and all the town was alive, every one striving to be of use. Plenty of buckets were brought forward, water was procured in abundance, and in the course of an hour the fire became subdued. The young man who gave the alarm, and who is clerk to a lawyer, was coming home late with a friend from a party, when he observed the fire. He gave the alarm, and with much presence of mind, sent his friend off for the fire-engine;

and who, on his way back, made the alarm general. The ladies were removed to the house of Mrs. Drumgool, opposite, a saintly friend of my aunt's, and dressed themselves as well as their means could afford. My uncle and I remained, giving all our assistance to the firemen, and seeing the things removed to a place of safety. The roof had fallen, but the fire never reached lower than the attics; which were, however, mostly destroyed, except the floors, that were only partially burned.

"My aunt, in fitting up her house, had divided an apartment over the kitchen into two, in which she had planted a brace of maids and the coachman, thereby reserving the largest garret as a receptacle for all her bargains, nick-nacks, and toys. My father gave it the name of her Panathurmata. On the opposite flanks of this enchanted chamber reposed the footman and the cook. The latter, who had been hard at work all day with the dinner, told one of the maids, as she borrowed her inkstand, that she must write two letters before she went to bed. It is conjectured that she had finished this task, and had afterwards indulged in perusing a novel in her bed until she fell asleep, and the candle

set fire to her curtains ; the remains of the poor creature being found nearly burnt to a cinder, and beside her, the still unconsumed boards of a book. What a pity that the march of intellect, that produces the undoubted benefit of enabling chambermaids to write their own love letters, and peripatetic patriots to chalk their political sentiments on gates of coach-houses, should be attended with such awkward drawbacks. The fire, after burning the partition, found plentiful food in my poor aunt's chamber of curiosities, and no wonder that it burnt with such vigour.

"I have cross-written this all over, and shall send you the sequel to-morrow."

From the same to the same.

"I shall resume my history where I left off yesterday. The ladies, as I told you, had taken refuge in a neighbour's house. I dispatched a messenger, as soon as it was light, to my father, to acquaint him with what had happened, and in a very short time afterwards he appeared in his carriage. Having ordered in every vehicle about the place, he would take no denial, but

insisted on conveying the ladies immediately to Selby. My uncle and I were to remain, and select such articles as would be required to come out by the waggon, and see the remainder of the effects put into a place of safety. This was all carried into effect, and we rejoined our friends to dinner. I found them assembled in the drawing-room, the fair Charlotte on a sofa, and beside her sat Mr. Cane, the apothecary. I had to undergo another history of compliments, for saving my cousin, and a second edition of hugging from my poor dear aunt, for rescuing her darling. Having inquired of Charlotte how she felt, I understood that one of her feet, although at the opposite side from whence the flames proceeded, had been slightly scorched. Mr. Cane took up the word, and told me that having had the affair notified to him in the town, he had called on the ladies before they left their asylum, and ascertaining the nature of Miss Charlotte's injury, he provided himself with what was necessary, and followed directly. "But, my dear sir," continued he, "your face looks as if you had tasted a little of the flame yourself, and I see your hand tied up with a handkerchief; let me see, let me see," said the anxious

Theophilus, "what injury you have suffered." Whilst I sat reading in my uncle's room, previous to the alarm, I had not taken off my hat, and of course ran up stairs with it on; most likely a fortunate circumstance, as only a little of the lower part of my face was singed, but my left hand, which supported my cousin's head, being more exposed to the flame, was scorched. I felt it painful at the time, but in the bustle and anxiety, had taken no further notice of it; on taking off the handkerchief, however, great part of the skin came with it. Our Esculapius had immediately some plaster ready, and put me to rights, as he said, directly. As he was in the midst of the arrangements, he asked me if I had seen the paper that morning. I replied that when a friend's house was on fire, I did not think that the propitious moment to read the *Courier*. "Ah, very true," said he, "I had quite forgotten. However, you lost a good deal by not seeing the paper. I will bring it to you to-morrow—some beautiful speeches on the great question—turn your wrist a little that way, my dear sir, while I fix the bandage—our county member was particularly eloquent." At that moment the servant entered to announce dinner, and interrupted

the doctor's speech. My father made him stay, and we all descended to the dining-room, except the fair patient on the sofa. Of course nothing else was talked of but the late accident, and my poor aunt had to stand the fire of all the jokes levelled at her collection of bargains. "But then, my dear Reginald", said she, "you know it is no great matter, as I understand you are insured." "To be sure I am," said her husband, "but with what countenance could I make a claim on the office for all the rubbish you had collected? If they did not think I wanted to cheat them, they would suppose you and I were both mad." "Rubbish and mad," murmured my aunt, "why really, Mr. Orby, I can see nothing extraordinary in keeping a few spare things in store, ready for use, and if I was you I would claim for the whole amount." "And can you, my dear, assist me," said he, "in guessing what that is? You, of course," said he, with a smile, "kept an account of all you have paid for your various time-keepers, rat traps, blankets and coal scuttles." "No, indeed," said my aunt, innocently, "I know all the things were very—very cheap when I bought them, and that I thought was enough." "Well, Cane," called out my father, "what are

no more notice of it than you would of good health. Your ideas, I dare say, been employed on the recondite sub-
y sister's closet of curiosities; you have would venture to say, calculating some-
the public good—perhaps of paying national debt." "Dear me, very strange very strange," said the medico, "that old, Mr. Orby, light on the subject of tations. I was indeed, at that moment, of that very thing. In place of little measures, of reducing the interest, I once attack the principal." "Indeed," father, "and how?" "Why, sir, I take a charge of £10. per cent. on all tal of the country, to be paid within ars; and, as the instalments came in, stock to their amount, which, when they paid up, should be cancelled. I cal

him, when once launched on the sea of politics, asked him abruptly, if he had seen an account of a man having swallowed a case knife by accident, while imitating the tricks of a juggler, and what he thought would be the best course to follow under such circumstances? "Why," said the doctor, concentrating his ideas, "if I was forced to perform so unusual an operation as to make an incision into the stomach, I would proceed thus." "Oh, never mind," said my father, "no one would force you to do such an unusual job; but what other means would you use?" "Why, sir, I would apply solvents; I would make the patient drink diluted muriatic acid, as strong as he could swallow, and have strong acidulated infusions in all his diet." "What think you," said my uncle, in his quiet dry way, "of the rennet with which cheeses are made; it is, they say, the gastric juice of the calf, and would materially assist the process." "But," said my father, "there is still a better manner pointed out in Joe Miller." "Joe Miller," said the unconscious doctor, "I don't recollect any medical practitioner so called; there was a pupil of Abernethy of that name." "Possibly," said my father, retaining his smile, "the same." "I

shall certainly," said the worthy Theophilus, "inquire for his works, although I am surprised they have not fallen under my notice."

"I fear, my dear George, I tire you with all my *galimathias*, but shall resume my history the first leisure half hour."

From the same.

"As I foresaw that the next day would bring a tide of condolences, and congratulations; I put my arm in a sling, and having ordered my buggy the night before, my servant drove me over to Slane Hall, to return a visit I had received from Sir Frederick Holebrooke some days before. I found him at home, and was much pleased with his manner. My foolish jealousy had all evaporated. He took me round his place, shewing me only what he thought would be agreeable to me as a young man to see, his hunting establishment and dogs, all of which are on the best footing. I have seldom seen a better stud. When we returned to eat luncheon, he made enquiries about the affair of the fire, an exaggerated account of which he had heard, stating that my cousin had been

burnt to death. I put him to rights on this history, and we chatted about the ladies for some time, when he said, "I now recollect a piece of nonsense I must show you. I despise all anonymous notices; but have kept this to try to find out who has been so kind as to endeavour at making a quarrel between you and me. I cannot guess the motive." On saying this, he brought out a letter, evidently written in a disguised hand, which ran thus—

" 'A friend who has a great regard cannot refrain from acquainting you, that the most injurious reports concerning your character before your arrival in this country have been propagated by Mr. Francis Orby, and of which I have been ear witness.

Signed

" 'P. Q.' "

" Seeing a smile on my countenance, Sir Frederick said, "I see you are amused at it; a clumsy attempt to create enmity between us. What I am at a loss for is to conjecture who should take the trouble of fabricating such a falsehood." "I think I can make a pretty good guess," was my reply, "and if you will allow me,

the author with some degree of
This was granted, and after a little
rsation, I took my leave. Having
other calls to make, I did not arrive
il near dinner time, when the visi-
departed, except the general practi-
Dr. Waldron, who having called to
fly visit to enquire after the fair
l was invited to remain to dinner.
he saw me he commenced a series of
ig me a patent fire-escape, and
ail of my travels to the first floor
chimney. He would help me in
y cousin Charlotte down to dinner,
a director of an insurance office,
ght to claim part of what was saved
He then made allusion to Jupiter
talked of attic fire, and asked my
he liked being a lobby lawyer.

began making something of an apology to my papa, and fearing the inconvenience he would occasion, which he hoped would be only for a few days, as he thought he could procure a small house until his own was put in order. "Now, my dear Reginald," said his wife, "would not this be a nice opportunity for you to fulfil the promise you made to me and the girls, to take us some year, for the season, to Cheltenham?" This idea found a ready echo in the breasts of the daughters, and several—"do papas—how delightful," were uttered, and my worthy uncle seemed fast giving way to the torrent of soft supplications, when any doubts that might have been hanging on his mind were dispersed, by my father saying, "you know, my dear Reginald, that I am not easily put out of the way, and any apologies about remaining here are quite superfluous. I shall be most happy that you and your family remain as long as you find it convenient; but if you feel anything unpleasant in remaining in a house where you are not de jure and de facto master, I shall have great pleasure in joining you on an excursion to Cheltenham. The change of air may do me good, and it is

now many years since I mixed with the kind of company to be found there." This proposal was hailed with general satisfaction, and by none more warmly than myself, as it offered the means of withdrawing from a scene, that becomes daily and hourly more distressing; and, for my father's sake, I shall be glad of a change, as he has lately shewn a hankering after his astronomical studies, which would be anything but beneficial to his present weak state of health. On saying it was the only thing that he would regret leaving home for, as he had some observations he wished to verify,—“Oh, never mind, my dear sir,” said Dr. Waldron, “you can verify your observations in the high street of Cheltenham, take the altitudes of the ladies bonnets; observe the eclipses in their bright eyes, when dimmed by envy or jealousy, and note the transits of their pretty ankles, as they flit past you on the pavement. You may likewise see some fashionable comets in the streets, and plenty of stars at the theatre. So you see you will not want for astronomy, or gastronomy, as there are several great feeders where the waters furnish appetites. You will be as happy

as the day is long ; the place will take care of your liver, and I will drive over now and then to keep your lungs in repair." This sally of the doctor was well received, and it was soon agreed that I was to go over the next day to procure the required accommodation, an errand most pleasant to myself, as it saved the trouble of formally taking leave.

"Your's very truly,

"F. O."

CHAP. VII.

From the same.

"You will say, my dear Stafford, that I have been a long time finding my way to Cheltenham, but I could not well avoid previous details—here we are at last. As I mentioned in my letter, I was dispatched, in advance, to procure accommodation, that was soon obtained; a large furnished house for my uncle and family, and a smaller one, or rather part of one, for my father and myself. My uncle's family arrived in high anticipation of the pleasures of the place, and I thought the removal seemed to have been beneficial to my papa. To complete the party, my worthy cousin Philip came here from his visit

the day after we arrived, and the day following I received an anonymous letter, with the Birmingham post-mark, nearly a counterpart of the one sent to Sir Frederick Holebrooke, changing the names. I kept my suspicions to myself until yesterday. My uncle, according to his rules of business, copies, or has it done for him, all the letters he sends away, in a large book he keeps for the purpose. I went into his room to speak to him about something, he was not there, but the letter book lay invitingly open. As I knew he employed Philip as an amanuensis, when at home, I supposed it was left ready for him at present; and in the meantime, I took a look of the handwriting to compare with the two anonymous notes. The writing was certainly very carefully disguised; but in tracing it closely, I observed a peculiarity in making the letter f, which ran through the book, and was also the same in the notes. Having copied this letter on both the notes, and left them open near the book, I retired, and was glad to see Squire Philip enter the room directly afterwards. He did not show that day at dinner; and when I called on my uncle this morning, heard that a sudden order

had arrived for him to join his regiment at Manchester. I am very glad he is gone, and is, I think, cured of anonymous epistles. We have been placed in a situation of some difficulty; my father's French cook, who has lived with us for many years, and has made the territory quite his own, has been sadly puzzled by this migration. He had, on one of his visits to France, (a sort of leave of absence,) procured the seeds of different culinary vegetables, not much used in our gardens, and had given injunctions to the gardener that they should be reserved for his own particular use. He likewise attended to all the details of the poultry yard, and manufactory of *poulardes*. Arrived at Cheltenham, Monsieur was quite thrown out. He could neither get Tarragon or pimprenelle for his sallads, or *ciboule* for his sauces; nor could he make the Gloucestershire tykes understand what the latter meant. No *cardons d'Espagne* or *barbe de capucin* to be met with; not even Roman lettuce. Poor Bernardin was in distraction, and would I believe have given up his place in despair, if not have imitated the great example of the cook of Louis the Fourteenth, who fell on his sword because the fish had not

arrived in time for dinner. From this desperate state of feeling, he was somewhat relieved by my father ordering a basket of these vegetable condiments to be sent over every week ; and he was further consoled by meeting a townsman, or rather a fellow inhabitant of one of the villages of the Banlieu of Paris, who is a hair dresser in Cheltenham. I have this moment received your note, saying that Broderick and you would join me here. I am quite delighted, as I am sure will be our ladies. I had before leaving B——, given a hint of the possibility, and I mistake much if we shall not see the Widow Green here before many days are past. She has given me up, I believe, as a bad job, and will have no objection to speculate on some fresh beaux. I shall get you a couple of rooms in the high street, preparatory to your falling in love ; and where you will be able to see, what Cherry calls the objects of that passion, youth, beauty, and clean linen,”

“Yours very truly.”

When the Orbys moved to Cheltenham, the Widow Green had bespoken Emma as a correspondent, and had thrown out several hints to

and mamma, as she still affectedly called parents, how pleasant such an excursion be while their friends were there, as they always form a party of their own, independent of the rest of the company. She found by degrees these attacks were getting the better of the indolence of the seniors, and having waited in a few days afterwards, from her dear friend, the intelligence of the actual departure of the two beaux, such handsome young men with fine fortunes, &c., the fire of her solicitation was redoubled, and at length, to her great delight and that of her sister, the hour was fixed for their departure.

On arriving at Cheltenham, the widow heard there was a ball at the Rooms, and although it was late, she would not be satisfied without going there. Her father grumbled and consented, and there met all their friends, and in a short time the widow had accomplished one of her objects, having danced a quadrille and a waltz with Stafford, while her sister went through the ceremony with Broderick.

It may easily be imagined that Adolphus Newbolt and his respectable parent were not long in following the lead to the

fountains of salt water; it was exactly the region for the junior to shine in. His dandified appearance, with the precision of his turn-out, where he made his appearance daily between the turnpikes and the hours of three and four, produced a striking effect in the high street. As it was all a *settled thing*, Miss Jane had the high privilege of attending him on these excursions. For a few days, the father-in-law to be, was a little out of his element, but having met, fortunately, with a piece of ground for sale, in an *eligible situation for building on*, he became a purchaser, and very soon ran up a smart villa, which he presented to his future daughter-in-law, and while so engaged was quite happy, declared Cheltenham a charming place, and that he would not be satisfied unless his son was married there. Preliminaries to that effect had already been entered into, the drafts of the settlement made out, and the talents of the Cheltenham milliners were called into action to prepare the paraphernalia of the bride elect, while the discussion of these points served to fill up the leisure hours of the female circle. The arrival of Frank Orby's friends had occasioned a bustle, and some of the party had settled

all already in their own minds how they were to be disposed of.

The Widow Green, in the first instance, finding all her attractions thrown away on the grateful Orby, thought that of the two new rivals, Stafford was the most desirable, for though he had not so much fortune at his own disposal, yet he had more the air of a man of fashion, and his mind was more cultivated than that of his companion. She, therefore, made him her choice, and was for some time flattered that she had made a conquest, as Stafford was sufficiently complaisant, danced, rode, flirted, and talked *blue* with her; but the dæmon of jealousy came in now and then to mar these dreams of vanity. Although free from the presence of so formidable a rival as Harriet Paulett, she could not see, without regret, that Stafford devoted more of his time than was requisite in paying attention to Charlotte Orby, and after struggling some time to regain her own former ascendancy, she was forced, with great regret, to give up her hopes in that quarter, and turn her attention towards Broderick, who was now in course of flirtation with her sister. But of Cornelia she had no fear, she knew all her pleasure consisted

in being pursued, without any intention of being overtaken; but of Emma Orby she was not so sure. She observed, with some anxiety, that Broderick seemed divided between these fair ones, and while the balance was suspended, she determined to try to put both out, and she engaged her father and mother in all sorts of parties to further her views, although they sadly complained of the late hours and dissipation.

Cheltenham only offers extremes; there is no intermediate state—no purgatory; you must be either one of the godly, and pass your evenings at tea and prayers, buttered muffins and beatitudes, or you must be one of the wicked, and congregate with the Hunt. No sets of persons on earth can be more in antipathy to each other, not even orangemen and ribbonmen; the only worship in which they join, is that of scandal.

“Never mind generalities, Waldron, but tell me,” said Mr. Lucius Orby, “who is that person I hear them call Baron; it sounded like an English name, and the owner of it looks like the keeper of a livery stable.”

“Dear me, have you not heard of Baron Pincent Vincent? He and his wife are looked up to as people of fashion; he was a sporting

attorney—I beg pardon, solicitor—at Brighton, went to hunt in his red coat twice a week, was for one year in the high and enviable post of clerk of the course, was consulted in all matters of horse pedigree and disputes about matches, spent much of his leisure, which was considerable, in attending billiard tables, looking knowing, and betting his pound when he had one, sneering at the bad play of the novices, and admiring the professors. The profits professionally, however, did not keep pace with his love of the fine arts, and he migrated to Cheltenham, in order to better his fortune, which he did in a manner he had little calculated on. Not many months after his arrival in this region of salines, there appeared in the walks a spectre of a man, of a double saffron colour, a person whose life or liver you would be sorry to insure, but about whom curiosity was on the *qui vive*. His fortune was set down at a million sterling and many were the female hopes of catching him before his departure to—another world. This personage, whose name was Vincent, had remained in the east until he had amassed a specific sum, and although disease was creeping on him fast, yet he flattered himself the change

of climate would soon set him up again. He did feel a slight degree of relief on change of country, but it was only partial. Soon after his first visit to Montpellier, he had a twinge in the hepatic regions, that made him imagine his time was come. He had no great faith in European doctors, therefore he would not trouble any, but he began to inquire about a lawyer. The landlord of the house told him of several persons eminent in that way, and ran through a detail of their several qualifications.

"Oh," interrupted his guest, "my business is very short; as I don't want to consult about any abstruse points, I should like to have some one who would talk law only just as I want him, and furnish me with a little agreeable chat." "Why then, sir," responded his landlord, "I know the man will answer you to a T. My friend, Mr. Jeremy Pincent, is just the man, a nice little lawyer, knows his own business very well, and something of every other person's; he comes now and then in the evening to take a glass of brandy and water in the bar, and to be sure does amuse *Missus* and me with his funny stories." "Pincent," repeated his guest. Whether from the jingle on his own name, or

's eulogium, the lucky Pincent was
ke the last words of the nabob. He
pearance in a short time, and pro-
usiness; the draft of a will was made
ch bequests were made to cousins
removed, whom the testator had never
who had written him affectionate
dia. The attentive lawyer, in con-
e detail, was desired to put himself
100. for his trouble; when doing so,
o himself thinks he, I shall try to
ittle more before we part, my yellow
ter business was over, the lawyer was
tay dinner, and improved his ac-
so rapidly, that the late servant of
rable Company of Grocers became
hted with his society. He talked over
s of the day, hunting anecdotes, and
of Cheltenham (no trifle). The nabob,
ved in a sort of dignified solitude since
in England, not having notified his
ny of his dozen cousins, had allowed
int to occupy too much of his time,
oding over it, to think himself worse
ally was. The diversion of his thoughts
ening, by his jovial companion, did

him a vast deal of good ; he slept better than for many nights before, and attributed his improved feeling on the next day to the right cause. He was, therefore, anxious to see his little friend again ; and when he called the next day, he detained him under various pretexts, the principal of which was to procure him a ready furnished house, that would be comfortable, as he was tired of living at an inn. This the man of parchment promised to do in the course of an hour ; he was thanked for his zeal, and requested to return to dinner with his client. In the course of the evening it was discovered that his legal friend was a dab at all games ; could play piquet and chess. Here was a fresh bond of union ; the two new friends became inseparable. Two days after the will was made, the tribe of cousins made their appearance, hoping that their dear relation was dead, and the property theirs ; but were rather surprised to find that their friend had apparently taken a fresh lease of his life. They began to fuss and fume, and endeavoured to make a lodgment in his house ; but that would not do. Mulligatawny, with his lawyer, were too sharp for them, and they were obliged to leave Cheltenham, muttering curses against the

crusty Indian and his legal friend. A few days afterwards, Mr. Vincent made a proposal to the lucky Pincent to give up his profession, and receive £1000. a year. This, with the run of the kitchen, was no bad catch for a man who could hardly afford to keep a clerk, and he jumped at the offer. At the end of two years, the liver would hold out no longer, and the Oriental breathed his last; leaving all his property to his dear friend Pincent, on condition of adding his own name to the firm, so that it now became Jeremy Pincent Vincent, Esq. To avoid litigation, the will had been drawn out by another lawyer, and properly witnessed; the one in favour of the eternal cousins being previously destroyed. They, however, made their appearance in a swarm, like vultures, after the decease, and their rage knew no bounds. They formed a committee, and resolved to contest the will on the plea of undue influence; but they lost their trouble and their money together, the will being deemed quite valid. To take off the freshness of his new fortune, Squire Pincent Vincent set off for the continent, where he remained some time. After visiting France and Italy, he was returning to England by Ger-

many, and was in the states of one of the *mediatized* princes of the Rhine, when walking out one day in the country, he saw a carriage advancing rapidly, and as it approached, he observed there was no coachman, and that the horses had taken the management to themselves. He had scarcely made this observation, and that a gentleman and lady were in the vehicle, when it approached him with great rapidity. The road was narrow, and had been cut out of the declivity of a hill, where it sloped to the edge of a high bank, that overhung the river, from which there was not any defence. As the carriage, which was open, came near, a lady appeared sunk on one of the seats, in a fainting state, while a gentleman was standing up, who endeavoured to ask for assistance, more by his gestures than by any chance of making his voice heard. The little lawyer, who had been all his life a dabbler in horses and carriages, saw at once the extent of the danger, and probable means of extrication. His eye caught the reins, which, when the coachman was *spilt*, fell from his hands, and were trailing along the road. With much presence of mind, Pincent Vincent ran along with the vehicle,

until he succeeded in picking up the reins, and then handed them to the gentleman in the carriage, who immediately pulled them in; and our little friend, watching the effect of the first check, rushed up and seized one of the horses heads, which it would have been madness to have attempted sooner. He was just in time. The carriage had arrived at the narrowest part of the road, and when stopped, the fore-wheel was within a couple of inches of the edge next the river. After leading the horses about fifty paces farther, and finding them quiet and tractable, he went to make enquiries at the door of the carriage. The lady, though recovered from her swoon, was in a dreadful state of agitation; and the gentleman seemed afraid to leave her in that state. In this dilemma, the man of the law asked, in the best French he could muster, if they wished to return, and offered his services in place of the coachman, which were thankfully accepted. Having turned the carriage where the road widened, he mounted the box, and directed the vehicle towards the town. There was no whip, but as his cattle did not seem to require a stimulus, he let them jog back at their own pace, and at a short dis-

tance from town, was surprised to see a *cortege* coming forward, a carriage and several people on horseback, including some dragoons, who stopped when they came near, and his astonishment was not a little increased, when he found that these persons were part of the retinue of the Prince, who had sallied forth on the alarm of the accident, which had been made known by the fall of the coachman. Jeremy Pincet Vincent was rather proud of the honour of driving a sovereign Prince, and continued in his post until he had driven up to the gate of the palace. The first care was the removal of the Princess in charge of her women; and then the coachman, as he might be called, *malgré lui*, was taken by the hand by the Prince, graciously thanked for his kind assistance at the moment of peril, and requested to call the next day at the palace. He did not fail to obey this summons, when he was overwhelmed with thanks, a superb snuff-box was presented to him, and the Prince begged he would accept the title of Baron. Not well knowing how to refuse such an honour, he stammered out his acknowledgments, and the following day received all the official documents connected with his baronial

honours, and during his stay at the court, received every attention from the sovereign and his consort. Behold him now dubbed Baron Pincent Vincent, and continuing his route, in an oblique direction, towards England. Arrived at Weimar, he was induced to make some stay; and at an evening party, was introduced to a young English lady, with whom, at first sight, he was much struck, and began to make his enquiries. He was told she was an orphan that had come over as a companion to a lady of high rank, who had died some months since, leaving the damsel in charge of some friends, to send her back to England. This was the story told to him; but, in fact, Miss Partis had come out as governess, her father being a dancing master at Chester. She was to meet her charge at Berlin, the two young daughters of the lady she had come over with, but the arrangement had been stopped by the death of their mother, and Miss Partis had continued, while her money lasted, at Weimar, in the hope of something turning up. Her stock of cash and patience were nearly both exhausted, when the baron of new creation made his appearance. She saw the effect she had produced, and although her admirer was

many years her senior, she thought the chance by far too good to let slip, and managed matters so well, that she quitted Weimar, not as an ex-governess, but Baroness Pincent Vincent. As her husband continued very fond and she has plenty of money, she makes a considerable figure in the fashionable world, although many people laugh at the absurdity of the title, and some even deny the right of using it.

"However," remarked Dr. Waldron, "I have heard they have no children, then, at all events, the lady may be called a baroness in her own right."

"You are too bad, doctor," exclaimed Mr. Reginald Orby.

"Of all the vanities that enter the heart of man, nothing can be more ridiculous," said Stafford, "than the passion which seems to have possessed people in this country for foreign orders and titles. When the order of the Bath was extended, it was given so generally, that many thought very little of it as a compliment, and some steady characters even shut up their decorations in their writing desks. Afterwards, when more discrimination was shewn, and the thing became scarce, the hunters of honours became more keen

in the pursuit, and finding that there was nothing to be had in the home market, by dint of interest and impudence, they proceeded abroad to fish for medals and orders, and any pretext was got up to establish a claim. Picking up a drowning bear in a green jacket in the Neva, made a man a Knight of St. Nicompoop, of the second class; and shewing an Asiatic barbarian how to point a piece of cannon, produced a Chevalier of the Tiger and Moon; a third proved his devotion to a southern potentate, by marching across his country in fine weather, and eating ham sandwiches, and thence derived the Tower of Babel and Sword-cane; while the fourth, who showed the utmost zeal in buying up the Commissary's *bons* for his own advantage, was rewarded with the badge of St. Antonio the blessed."

"Talking of foreign orders," said Frank Orby, "look there, coming in at the door, is one of the most active anglers, that fat looking man, with the odd thing on his breast. He has been so successful, that were he to sport all his ribands, he would look like a walking book of patterns from Coventry; but his tailor invented a plan for him, a sort of rainbow mixture of all the colours, with a bar to the bottom, and on

this in miniature, were hung all sorts of little crosses, like skewers in an ironmonger's shop. He would be a nice fellow to let loose in a nursery."

"And that tall man with reddish whiskers, he is also one of these mirrors of knighthood. He ought to have been dubbed Chevalier d' Industrie ; as, when every person was starving, he lived on the good things, and amongst friends and foes, has amassed an immense fortune. The last time I saw him, he was playing toadeater to a fat duchess, and trying to worm himself into good society. He had forgotten all his former acquaintance ; and it quite escaped his memory that he had been in early life educated for the Irish priesthood. He is now a knight of many orders."

"And a very foggy night it is," added the doctor.

CHAP. VIII.

ABOUT this time a continental lady of high rank made her appearance at Cheltenham, and became, for the time, the all-absorbing lioness of the walks, which were crowded every morning with anxious groupes, eager to see if so great a character drank water like another person. Her goings out and comings in were all equally trumpeted forth, and the county of Gloucester was made happy in learning how many ices her highness consumed before dinner. Amongst those most anxious to catch the eye of the great personage, was the Widow Green. Soon after the arrival, the lady discovered, among the English attendants, a person who was slightly known to her father: an acquaint-

ance was directly cultivated, and through his means the desired honour of an introduction was gained. This was no sooner achieved, than Mrs. Green affected an intimate knowledge of all her highness's movements, dropped obscure hints, such as "if she was at liberty, she could say how long her Highness meant to remain at the waters—many people were mistaken in the calculations they had made on that point." She talked over all the great lady's projects, as if she was quite well informed on them; and even went so far as to call on the clergyman, and ask him in what way a charitable gift, that was intended, would be best bestowed. The reverend divine, who had seen the honour of a bow conferred on Mrs. Green at church the preceding Sunday, made no doubt she stood in high favour *aupres de la Duchesse*, and entered into a long detail about penny subscriptions, pauper lunatics, and Bell's schools; while the lady made memoranda in a pocket book. To give greater probability to her intimacy, she made her father's coachman find out when and where the great lady meant to take her drives and airings, and to have his carriage always ready to follow in the train. Some wag, who had observed the

growth of this passion, wrote her a letter with a fictitious name, requesting her interest in the event of becoming *dame d'honneur* to the princess, which report said was likely to be the case. She took this hoax, *au pied de la lettre*, and for two or three days remained in her altitudes; until the august personage suddenly left Cheltenham, without saying adieu or go hang yourself. On that evening there was a large party at the house of a fashionable lady, where Mrs. Green was present, and received a great many mock condolences on the loss of protection and friendship she had suffered, by the departure of the duchess. They were in the midst of this quizzing attack, when the attention of all the company was drawn to one of theloo tables, where high words seemed to pass among the ladies who composed the party. On drawing near the scene of action, it was found that a direct attack had been made by one of them against another, taxing her opponent, in downright terms, with cheating. Imagine the sound even of such words to ears polite, coming from a *parvenue* to a lady of long standing, or rather sitting. Expostulations and explanations were in vain brought forward,

to mollify the offended fair one, but with no success. Her anger seemed to rise with opposition. She insisted that Mrs. Raper had hidden pam in her handkerchief. (Doctor Waldron whispered he supposed she had an itching palm.) The confusion that this dispute created was at its height, when a little woman, who was rather deformed, but bore great sway in all these parties, made her way to the spot where the combatants were drawn out, and in a tone of something like command, began to point out to the attacking lady the improbability of the charge she had made, when the mediatrix was stopped short with, "What is it to you, you humpback?" Whether this was meant to be the conclusion of the lady's speech, history can never learn, as at that moment she was withdrawn from the circle by the hand of her husband, just as the said circle was dissolving with the words, "shocking, dreadful!" The affair created what is called a great sensation. The offending fair one was obliged to go into banishment the next day; and it was reckoned a proper punishment on her husband to accompany her, "as it was really shocking to bring such a creature into society"—who certainly

had not learned that part of the game, called "pam be civil."

"Pray," said Stafford to Dr. Waldron, "who is that tall and rather elderly gentleman with the smart wig, and his whiskers shaved to look young, flirting with those two young ladies in the corner?"

"Oh, that is General Kilsyth, he is called here, 'The unregimental General;' although well gifted in worldly goods, his ambition will be not satisfied until he gets a regiment, and when any one falls, he is off directly to London. He has followed the chase many years, and seems now no nearer his object; taking on average two regiments to be vacant in a year, and reckoning ninety miles from Cheltenham to town, and the same back, multiply these events within themselves for twenty years, and you will have a *tottle* of 7200 miles run over by this gallant gay Lothario."

"I think," said Stafford, "I know that man standing near him; he is the gambling parson, and great fox-hunter. I forget something enormous he paid one year for cards at one of the clubs."

"He ought," said the doctor, "to be called

FRANK ORBY.

the knave of clubs, that hero who, under another title, they say, found his way just now into a lady's pocket handkerchief. When he goes to the other world, in place of the fate of Tantalus, he ought to be set down among a large party playing short whist with his hands tied behind his back. He told me once that I attended him, that he was piqued by my lancet, and capotted by my calomel."

"Why doctor," said Stafford, "that was something after your own manner."

The next morning Dr. Waldron called to say good bye to the ladies.

"Why, doctor," said Mrs. Orby, "are you tired of escorting the girls, and showing them the wonders of Cheltenham?"

"Not in the least, madam; it would be wonderful if I should; but I have been playing truant these two days. Williams will run away with my patients, and here," said he, handing a note to Frank Orby, "you see in what request I am *medically*."

The note ran thus—*verbatim*,

"Sir,

"Your medicense took very strong effect, but

I find myself better since ; but I steel have got the cofe in the morning and evening, and speet a good ill. I am very short brathe—I steel find rather wheezee in my pipes, and my chestis is very stuffy.”

“You see,” said the doctor, laughing, “if I don’t go and unpack this fellow’s chest, and clear out the pipes, the organ will stop playing, unless he can *speet* up his ill, as he says he can, so adieu, ladies ;” and turning to Frank Orby said, “I shall be at Boyle’s Court to-morrow—any commands ?”

“Oh, nothing,” replied Orby, somewhat embarrassed, “but my compliments to the ladies.”

“Is that all you have to send ? it is easily carried—but,” continued he in a sly tone, “am I not to make some inquiry for the young lady’s favourite lap dog ?”

“Oh, as you like,” was the answer.

As Orby had foreseen, his friend Stafford was extremely struck by the appearance of Charlotte Orby on their meeting ; at the first glance, there was, perhaps, not that great éclat of beauty displayed by some young ladies. Charlotte’s charms

were of a more retiring nature, and developed themselves gradually.

"By heaven, Frank," said his friend, after a few days acquaintance, "you did not do your cousin half justice in description, she is the sweetest girl I ever met; that sort of downcast look she has, that would seem to indicate shortness of sight, only adds to the lustre of her eyes when she opens them on you in all their force. Then her extraordinary beautiful hair, the perfect *aurea Chioma* of the Italian poet, with her bewitching style in disposing of those precious locks; all the hair dressers in Paris would fail of giving them the effect she produces by the simplest means; and then her light and sportive figure"—

"Come, George, I see you are in for it; it will now be my turn to read sage lectures on the folly of love. But I am glad you are at last, with all your wisdom, likely to be able, from self-experience, to understand my feelings, and I heartily congratulate you on your taste. My cousin Charlotte, to use the nursery phrase, is good as she is handsome, and will be an ornament some day, I hope, to Fair Oak. But what is Broderick about?" continued Orby.

"Oh," said Stafford, "he is, I believe, like the fiction of Mahomet's coffin, equally attracted in different directions—the brilliant eyes and fine figure of Miss Forrester pulling his heart strings in one direction, and your cousin Emma, who, by the way, is a superb girl, draws him to her feet, while her fingers fly over the chords of the harp. Poor fellow, I pity his dilemma, which is aggravated by the widow, who does all she can to turn his flank, and make the victory her own. He has some scruples about the fair Cornelia, as he sees her equally lavish of her smiles to all the young men of any figure, and he is sufficiently on his guard against Mrs. Green's tactics. I think Emma, with less pretension than the others, will carry the day, as Broderick has a fund of shyness, which does not like being drawn out on all occasions."

"Well," said Frank, "I shall be very glad; Emma, in addition to a very fine person, and being highly accomplished, possesses a good temper and disposition. She has, I observe, by dint of exertion, got the better of some of the stiffness that was implanted on her figure in youth, and I think in the position you mention,

seated at the harp, nothing can be more graceful or animated than her appearance."

"But when," said Stafford, "is the glorious Newbolt to be joined in holy matrimony? I begin to like that chap better than ever I thought I could. We had the other night a lobster supper and champagne, when he threw off the nonsense that usually sits upon him, and although a little taint of original vulgarity ran through his manners, he was amusing and jovial enough, and I dare say will make a good husband for your cousin Jane."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Orby; "they only wait now for the arrival of my uncle William and his family, who are to grace the nuptials. He is a soldier of the old school; I know little of him, but by what I learn, he is dull and prosy. They are expected to-morrow, and in that case, next Tuesday is to be the day for placing Adolphus Armitage at the *apex* of felicity,"

Colonel Orby, who had been for the greater part of his life in the colonies, where he had been accustomed to vegetate for years together, found the sudden routes on his return to England very inconvenient and troublesome. His regi-

ent had been in three or four quarters already
ce they landed at Portsmouth, and expected
ery day a route for the neighbourhood of
anchester. As the Colonel had lost his taste
t *weaver hunting*, and found these sudden moves
suited to his advancing years, he bethought
m of retirement, and to perform that ceremony
th advantage and decorum, he retired to the
cesses of the regimental office, and with the
d of Johnson's Dictionary and his own fertile
agination, concocted the following moving
emorial of past services.

"To ——, Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c.

The memorial of Lieutenant-Colonel William
Orby, commanding the —— regiment,
humbly sheweth,

"That your memorialist commenced his career
the path of glory at the early age of sixteen,
nd since that period has been actively employed
all climates, and under various privations af-
ecting his bodily health and personal comforts,
midst the frigid regions of Canada and the
orrid zone of the West Indies. That during
is stay in that unhealthy clime, and when major
f the regiment, your memorialist was stationed

made out, and with a letter to the secretary, still more sublime, was forwarded in due form.

To fill up the time until an answer should arrive, the colonel consented to go over to Cheltenham, and see one of his nieces disposed of. He arrived, with his family, punctually at the time appointed, and there being nothing now to impede the affair, the marriage was to take place on the day previously fixed on, when a most formidable procession made its appearance. The weather was propitious, and although early in the morning, crowds had assembled to see the bride. Arrived at the church, they found a group already at the altar, not for the purpose of tying a new knot, but to sanctify the produce of one already formed. It was the child of a person, apparently a farmer, that was about to be baptized, who being called on for a name, answered "Acts."

"Acts," reiterated the clergyman, "what do you mean by Acts?"

"Whoy, that be the name I wish to give our boy."

"Certainly, any name you wish to give him; but it struck me as a very unusual one."

"Why, sir, you see I be a religious like man,

and I likes to take the names of my young uns out of the New Testament; I have four sons, and they be called Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and this ere I would like to call Acts, because that be the next thing in the Testament."

"Oh, very well," said the clergyman, "so it shall be, Acts."

This party having made way, the bridal cortege drew up in front of Mr. Berrington, the clergyman, a man somewhat advanced in life, but with all the freshness and cheerfulness of earlier days about him. He was well acquainted with the party that now stood before him, and having taken a glance at all those in his presence, proceeded to the ceremony that was for ever to unite Augustus Armitage Newbolt to the fair Miss Orby

The reverend divine, although his person had been in other respects well preserved, was a considerable sufferer in the article of teeth, and there was a serious drawback to the pleasures arising from mastication. To remedy this evil, he had been advised by a friend to get rid of some remaining unsightly stumps, and have a complete set from the dentist. This he had carried into effect, and that morning was the first

occasion of sporting his artificial grinders. He had not been very certain whether the machinery was properly fixed, and he felt a sudden jerk at the junction of his jaws when laughing at the infliction of the name of Acts. He, however, proceeded very steadily until he arrived at those awkward questions put to the bride, when, as he uttered "and forsaking all other," the whole apparatus started out of his mouth and dropped on the book. The bride, instinctively, held out her apron to catch the windfall, while the rest of the party were convulsed with laughter. It was some time before any thing like steadiness of countenance could be obtained to complete the ceremony, and it was long a standing joke against the parson. Mrs. Reginald Orby was the only one that looked grave on the occasion; she considered it a sinister omen, as she had always heard it was very bad luck to dream of the teeth.

When Doctor Waldron heard of the affair, he said that in place of officiating as clergyman, Mr. Berrington ought to have been the father, and in addition to the bride's hand, given a mouthful of teeth into the bargain; and as Minerva sprung from the head of Jove, and

Mr. Berrington being a jovial fellow, no doubt the product of his head would be endowed with wisdom, and would have nothing to do with things not fit to be eaten; that altogether it was rather a biting jest, but he hoped it would not make the bride snappish. When all was over amongst sighs, smiles, tears, and leno gowns, the party adjourned to a splendid breakfast, where the congratulations were a prelude to the tea and muffins. As Mr. Orby kissed his daughter, he thought it proper to give her a farewell lecture as to her conduct, and concluded, as he had formed the foundation of her happiness, he hoped the superstructure would coincide, and the union prove a source of comfort to herself and pleasure to her friends. Here Mr. Newbolt broke in with, "Exactly what I would have said Mr. Orby. In my share of the foundation, I have been more happy than in those I have laid in former times, and they have been *a many*, and if, Mr. Orby, you, or any of your friends have any idea of buil"—

"Of breakfasting, my dear father," said Adolphus Armitage, "now is the time to fall to; it appears a glorious regale; and I am so hungry, it is quite ridiculous."

Amongst the happy faces
the tea-urn, two only seen
were Frank Orby's, and the
The former sunk in a reverie
nature, and the latter full of
tion, in seeing Stafford p
Charlotte Orby, and Brod
how annoying. She howe
low in hope, bore her c
some degree of philosophy ;
to be rewarded for her se
tending a morning concert
wards, where her father
Mr. Markham and his son
Cheltenham for the health
Green, with a glance, thoug
be turned to account, and
very gracious and interestin
received an excellent educa
best scholars of the un

dance over. Many and interesting were the communications. He was fond of Virgil and Horace, with a glance at Ovid, and a pronounced attachment to Roman punch. She all for Sappho, Petrarch, with a little of Byron, and in place of punch, she was full of delicate sensibility. No wonder with such affinities there should be a bias to a combination; and as nothing material stood in the way, Mrs. Green's prospects assumed the most flourishing aspect. She was quite happy. What though the youth was some dozen years younger than herself; that was a fault he would mend of every day, and she thought the difference lay on the right side. But we are anticipating, and must return to the breakfast room, where the wedding party still remained. A travelling carriage with imperial, trunks, and all the scientific appendages, which may be called the poetry of coachmakers, drove up to the door; when, after taking leave, the delighted Adolphus handed in his bride, and seated himself by her side, now at the *apex* of felicity. Two servants on the dicky, and the post boys with white cockades, to give notice to the world that one female more had devoted herself "to suckle fools and chronicle

small beer;" crack went the whip, and away they flew, as if pursued by demons, to pass the honeymoon at Selby Hall, which the senior Mr. Orby had lent for the occasion.

As they drove off, Colonel Orby, who had been silent all the morning, probably collecting in his mind what would be the most forcible expression, said, at length, "Really, a very auspicious cohabitation under existing circumstances?"

"Under any circumstances, William," said his brother, "if you mean the union that has taken place."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the colonel, a little disconcerted.

"And what did you think of the bride, colonel?" inquired Miss Forrester.

"Oh," said the respondent, wishing to be poetical, "she was quite *entrancing*, and the bridegroom looked *lustrous*; he possesses a fine commanding *statue*;" (a word he always mistook for stature.)

CHAP. IX.

THE poor commandant had soon other cares on his mind. The following day he received an official letter from the major of the regiment, stating, that his nephew, Philip Orby, having had some dispute with one of the captains of the regiment, and having heard that the said captain had been married in Halifax, and afterwards to another wife in England, he had gone and instituted a charge of bigamy against him, without having sufficient proof to substantiate the charge; and this, combined with the malicious motives in which it had originated, appeared in so odious a light to the regiment, that they insisted on Mr. Orby's removal. That, in consequence, the young man had sent in his re-

signation to sell his commission, but the major would not forward it before he had received the approval of the colonel, both as his commanding officer and relative to the offender. In a small private note inclosed, the major lamented that an unfortunate connection, which had been formed at Portsmouth, still continued, and was generally supposed to be the principle cause that had led his nephew into all his irregularities. This letter was, of course, shewn to the father; and it may be easily conceived the disagreeable contrast it afforded to the pleasurable sensations arising from his daughter's marriage. Mr. Reginald Orby had been for some months harassed with applications, from various persons, with demands against his son, some of which he could not comprehend; or what business his son had with milliners and dress-makers. The truth now appeared before him, when he found that Philip had taken a step almost always fatal to a young man. Not wishing to hurt the feelings of his wife and daughters, in the present juncture of affairs, he pretended business in London, and set off directly for the head quarters of the regiment, with a faint hope of being able to save his boy from, what he thought, inevitable destruc-

tion. His arrival, however, was late; Philip with his *amie* were flown, no one could tell where, he having procured £100 on the sale of his commission. The poor father returned disconsolate to his family; and finding all his feelings at variance with the scene of gaiety and dissipation, gave notice to his family that he meant to return home the following week, having heard that his house was nearly ready. This news was by no means very agreeable to any of the party. The young ladies had all their time fully and agreeably employed, and Mrs. Orby having been seduced to go and hear a very popular pulpit spouter, was in a fair way of becoming a Cheltenham saint, or, as they call themselves, one of the "good people."

The poor colonel, who had been almost all his life basking in the sunshine of a quiet easy mode of existence, now found addition to his cares in the answer he received to his memorial, which was anything but satisfactory. There was at present nothing of the kind he had asked for, and promises were pledged so deep, that the hope of anything of that nature must be very distant, &c. Regret was expressed at the loss of the services of so valuable an officer, but as

declining health was the cause, his remaining in the army would rest entirely with his own feelings; all which, being liberally translated, might stand thus—the sooner we get rid of an old *fogey* the better. On receipt of this apologetic missive, the magnanimity of the colonel waxed high; he placed himself at his desk, and with his hand only shaking a little, penned his resignation, to vex the commander-in-chief, and sent it off without a moment's delay, though when it had gone to the post, he began to feel some misgivings, and a *tender* hope floated in his mind that he would be coaxed to stay. The resignation, though couched in some high flown language, was sufficiently explicit to be acted on, and the colonel had the satisfaction (or not) of seeing in the *Gazette* of the very next Tuesday his successor appointed by purchase. Here was a theme for him to expatiate on among the quid nuncs, of which he found a crowd ready to listen to his grievances, which afforded him so much comfort, that he became immediately enrolled among the worshipful company of grumblers.

He, however, resolved to quit Cheltenham when his brother moved; and to this he was further induced by the appearance, one evening,

in the Rooms, of Mr. Ravensworth, the suitor for his daughter's hand, who had obtained leave of absence, and had followed his fair one to Cheltenham. As the time was gone by when the colonel could have packed him off to such a place as Haulbowling island, the romantic village of Ballymagarrydown, or the magazine in Portsmouth harbour, the only alternative for the *ci-devant* commandant was to detach himself, and he resolved to decamp with his brother, and fix himself, if possible, in the same town. Although the major had not made any distinct declaration, yet the thing was looked forward to as long as they remained in the regiment, but, for the present, Mrs. Orby was in no anxiety on the subject. Her daughter had made a *sort* of sensation at Cheltenham, and something still more advantageous might turn up, and although the economic major had now succeeded to the command of the regiment, yet there were better matches to be obtained, of which her daughter might have a fair chance. Mr. Ravensworth was quite out of the question: "a younger brother, oh, no." The young people, however, were of a different opinion; and it remains to be proved, whether the "Oh, no," of the

which had spread gaiety
one remained dead to
were passing round, that
entered into them all as
his mind was far away.
reverie but for a moment
present situation with which
or with the satisfaction he
countenances of those by
rounded. The emotions in
ever shifting in form, were
love and repentance, shadow
humour of the moment, and
back with extacy to the period
the morning hours in the season
when all the charms of her
sation were pictured on the
collection; the vivid desire
to her, combined with the
which he was held relative to

imagine that the triumph over his heart had been produced more through the medium of his imagination than his reason; he would conjure up the inconvenience of an alliance with a foreigner, and of a different religion; and then would appear before his bewildered mind, the prospects that might have shone upon him had he been faithful to the first impressions he had received from Harriet Paulett, the image of whom seemed to haunt him in his day dreams. A partial relief had been obtained by removing from her immediate vicinity, but this did but at last serve more frequently to bring her before his fancy, clothed in all her charms, and endowed with every attribute to fix the mind as well as to please the imagination. Sometimes he thought of setting off at once to the continent, to solve his doubts; at others he would make a half resolution to disclose his state to his father. From this state of uncertainty he was relieved, if such could be called a relief, by having a letter put into his hand, directed in a hurried manner, to Signor Francesco Orbi, Selbi Hal. This epistle was written on a piece of coarse and dark coloured paper, which Orby tore open with the utmost agitation, and read, or rather

devoured, the contents, of which the following is a translation :—

“ Since my return to Florence, my father and only friend is dead, and I have been so strictly guarded, that it has been impossible to give you any notice of my situation. I seize an instant to say, that if ever you loved me and wish to relieve me from a fate worse than death, fly to Florence, where I shall endeavour to communicate with you; as my tyrants are powerful, bring with you all the aid you can in friends and money, to save me from what I dread worse than all other evils.

“ C. P.”

The effect of such an epistle in his then state of mind may be conceived; for a time he felt as if stunned by a sudden blow, then, in a moment, rushing out of the house, he ran to seek his friend Stafford, to whom, without saying a word, he showed the letter, and then asked him, in an abrupt tone, if he would start with him in half an hour, while his face coloured up with the intensity of passion.

His friend, although nearly as much surprised,

had time, in reading the letter a second time, to recollect himself. His first movement was to seize Orby by the hand, and to say that he would accompany him with pleasure, and share whatever danger he might have to encounter in his adventure. "But, my dear Frank, have you mentioned this to your father?" On hearing a negative to this question, "then," continued he, "return home, and acquaint him with all that has passed, while I throw a few things into a portmanteau, and send my servant to order horses. I shall be at your door in less than half an hour."

Orby returned home, where he found his father much surprised at his agitation. "What is the matter, Frank," said he, in the most affectionate manner, "what has happened?"

His son, after some hesitation, began the history of his acquaintance with the daughter of Signor Pisani; the progress of their attachment; his interchange of faith and promise of marriage; finally, he placed before his parent the epistle just received.

Mr. Orby took rather longer to ponder over this unexpected intelligence than Stafford, but at length he said, "My dear Frank, you know

my only wish relative to yourself has always been that you should be perfectly master of your own actions, and no less in matrimony than in every thing else. I had, to be sure, sketched a scheme of happiness for you in that way, which I had vainly hoped to see one day accomplished, that is now, like many of our wishes, not likely to be fulfilled; but as every one ought, in a case of that kind, to be a pretty good judge of what best suits themselves, I shall not say a word more of it. It might have been desirable that your future partner had been of your own country and religion, but I hope every thing will turn out for the best. Go, in God's name, and redeem your word, as a man of honour, and I hope to live to see you enjoy the fruits of your devotion. To your friend Stafford I can never be sufficiently grateful for this proof of friendship, in sharing your danger and difficulty at any time when, I believe, the attractions of my niece have already fixed him. But go, my dear boy, and put up your things, while I prepare for you the essential means of setting out on your expedition."

His son left the room incapable of uttering a

his eyes full of tears and his heart ready
t with the impulse of his feelings. He
ardly completed his hurried arrange-
when his friend was at the door in the

On coming in, all Mr. Orby could do
seize one of Stafford's hands in both his,
ich an expression of countenance, that all
would have been superfluous; and having
ted a blessing on both of the friends, as
pped into the chaise, he retired to his
er.

the young travellers had their passports
year before, there was nothing to detain
n London beyond half an hour; that they
yed in furnishing themselves with a brace of
t pistols each, and a couple of *couteaux de*
that would go into their portmanteaus.
hed with these *documents*, they had landed
is before the bustle occasioned at Chelten-
y their evasion had subsided, and they
ready at Paris before the same topic was
ted at B——.

ow very curious the disappearance of those
ung men so suddenly," was the remark.
much surprised about Frank Orby, who
to inherit some of his father's madness,

but why should Mr. Stafford humour him in his nonsense, and fly away when that poor girl, Charlotte Orby, has become attached to him—it is really very cruel.”

Mrs. Green gave out that the two young men were gone to Rome to marry two sisters, that had been left large fortunes by their father, who was a Papal prince.

Mr. Reginald Orby surmised that it was some diplomatic mission, relative to the affairs of Italy, to which he appended a discussion on politics.

Mr. Leslie had no doubt they had gone to Paris to see the famous race; and if he had known of their intention, he would have gone with them.

“Would you, indeed,” was the only remark of his wife, with a sardonic smile that seemed to say, there go two words to that bargain. “You are quite mistaken, Mr. Leslie,” continued his tender mate; “I have it from good authority that the nobleman’s wife who ran away with Frank Orby has poisoned her husband, and that Mr. Orby and his friend have been called on as witnesses. Shocking creatures, those Italian women,” continued she, “they never

let any thing stand between them and the object they desire."

"Well," said the husband, "I think there are some English women who are of the same way of thinking."

"I wish I had known they were going to Paris," said Mr. Ridgway, "I would have got them to procure me a copy of a manuscript from the King's library."

"And I," said Mrs. Basden, "would have given them a commission to order me two of those beautiful china jars or vases they make at Sèvres."

As Mr. Orby, the senior, had no fancy to indulge the rising curiosity of his nieces, they, with their mamma, were obliged to fix on that part of the gossip that suited their fancy best.

Mrs. Orby gave it as her opinion, that they had heard of the New Jerusalem, and were gone to look for it. "I wonder," said she "what it is like?"

As Sir Frederick Holebrooke had left Slane Hall, suddenly, about the same time, Mrs. Waldron maintained that they were gone to the continent, to fight a duel about Harriet Paulett. While Miss Forrester hinted something mysteriously about the daughter of one of the Greek

errands to procure the
Mrs. Green, who had joined
of the rest, cared little of
the errand; some home
upon herself, entirely re-
speculations from her mind.
ham she distinctly saw the
most likely to suit her, and
credit to her choice; for it
ceded, that he was a young
mind and good abilities,
eyes, these were joined with
fortune, and love of poetry. I
handsome as some other young
one could not expect every
consolate relict of Billy Gre-
fied with more essential point
a fair exterior. The couple
and the Cheltenham gossips
settling "it must be a match."

and scarcely a word, beyond some commonplace about the weather and roads, had exchanged between them. Orby was and silent, brooding over his present position and prospects, while his companion, had also subjects for "sweet and bitter," remained ruminating on all that had within the last two months, and recalling to mind the charming person and attractive conversation of Charlotte Orby, who had on almost every fresh occasion of his visits, displayed new beauties to his delighted gaze. Her, though well cultivated, shone with the best brightness in lively and unexpectedness of nature. There was no finesse in her position, and whatever arose in her fancy, had a ready delivery in her tongue. Unconscious of any guile, and not suspecting it in others, she was the child of nature, and so ignorant of any deception, that falsehood was quite unknown to her, nor could she have dreamed of using any of those white lies, deemed so venial in human intercourse. Such a character exactly suited to the disposition of Stafford, frank himself, could not but admire a similitude in a woman; at the same time that

his knowledge of the world made him admire, in greater proportion, the innocence and natural feeling of Charlotte. She, on her part, had early felt the attraction of Stafford's society ; his free and unrestrained manner, void of all coarseness, assimilated well with her own ingenuousness. If his manners were pleasing, his person was no less so, and an additional claim seemed to be formed on her notice, by the circumstance of his being the tried friend of Frank Orby, whom she had always looked up to as the future head of the family, and her own kind friend and relative. Taken up with thoughts of this description, Stafford was in no hurry to interrupt the reveries of his friend, or to disturb him with ill-timed advice or admonition, but by giving him scope, await his time for communication, and remain, like the ghosts, to be spoken to. No variation took place in this silent tête à tête, until the travellers had passed Lyons, and were approaching Italian soil ; then Orby's impatience began to increase, his discontent seemed for sometime to be confined to a sullen brow, and melancholy look, with now and then a sigh ; but as he approached the scene of action, his symptoms of uneasiness increased, he used the unpoetical action of biting

his nails, would give an occasional kick, and a half suppressed oath would find its way. At length as they approached Bologna, he suddenly said, "I dare say, George, you think I am mad, or at least have been."

His friend, who was not prepared to contradict the position positively, answered, "why, not exactly, Frank, but I think you have let your imagination run away with your judgment."

"And have not I, then," was the reply, "paid the penalty of the infirmity of my nature. Since meeting this girl at Palermo, I have not enjoyed one moment of perfect ease of mind. My love, or perhaps you will call it my infatuation, has led me on, in spite of the inward monitor, to the moment when I at once committed all my future hopes, and fortune, to the guidance of Clara. You will bear me out as to the causes; her superlative beauty, differing in all respects from every standard I had previously formed, was enough of itself to overthrow my weak resolution; and when I found I had made an impression on her heart, I had no longer the controul over my feelings, and I became hers under every sense."

"Well, my dear fellow," said his companion,

way here, I hope, our
bodies will overcome ; th
regret ?”

“What I am almost as
to you, my friend. The c
which had so powerful
senses whilst in her dai
have lost some of their e
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met Harriet Paulett, th
childhood ; and I will co
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George, ripened into all
hood, and adorned with eve
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and, almost before I was
my *promised* allegiance.
of love and remorse unite
course of my life never fe

myself. I told you how I had exerted myself to break through the spell and leave the place, but it cost me dearly. Harriet seemed always uppermost in my thoughts; the kindness of her mother, the affectionate manner with which she received me after my return, although I had no reason to expect it; my father's hints, every thing seeming to combine in leading me the way I could not go; have acted on my mind at times that I thought I should lose my senses, and the scene passing before my eyes of wedlock and happiness, has only appeared a dream to torment me with the contrast to my own situation. It has at last come to a crisis, and soon will be settled one way or other, my future chances whether of weal or woe."

"And do you think," said Stafford, "that you may have made any impression on the mind of Miss Paulett?"

"That is," replied Orby, "what of all other things I mostly feel. The pleasure I derived at first from her society, made me not calculate on the possible results; but I have reason to dread that they might be such as you allude to. Not that I have had anything in the shape of words to lead me to that conclusion, but from the evi-

dent pleasure I was received with, and the tenderness of tone and manner towards me, I fear that I have been late in tearing myself from her society, and adds double weight to the compunctious light in which I look on my conduct."

Stafford said every thing that he could to console his friend; pointing out that in the course he was now pursuing, he was called on by every sentiment of honour and generosity, that ought to allay all other feelings; that when he had done every thing that depended on him, perhaps some of those chances that were always turning up, might free him from his promise; but in the mean time they must act as they found the circumstances. In such discussions, and forming their projects, the latter part of their journey across the Appenines was completed, and they arrived in the evening in Florence, without any clue whatever to guide them in their researches, but trusting to chance alone, and female foresight, to put them on the track they had to pursue.

CHAP. X.

THE following morning early, Orby, on going down stairs, observed a man lounging at the door, whose face he thought he recollected. On approaching him more closely he was not long in recognising him as the Valet-de-place they had brought from Naples the preceding year. On asking him if his name was not Giuseppe Mezzi, the man immediately remembered him. He said he had remained at Rome with some English travellers, had afterwards changed his masters three or four times; that he had lately accompanied some travellers as far as Genoa, and had arrived in Florence the night before, on his way back to Naples. It immediately struck Orby that this man might be of

material service to him in making enquiries, and assisting his views; he therefore asked him if he would like to enter into a short engagement, and give his assistance in some plans that were to be executed; and that in recompense, besides his wages, he should have a present, and his travelling expences be paid to Naples after his discharge. The proposal was accepted, and the engagement made most willingly on the part of Orby, as, during the man's previous employment, he had had several proofs of his honesty and activity.

He was immediately dispatched to make enquiries relative to the family of Pisani; as Frank wished as much as possible to keep himself concealed, to prevent any alarm that might arise among the relatives of Clara, who were inimical to his suit. In about a couple of hours Giuseppe returned. He had found the house belonging to Signor Pisani shut up; and no person in or near it to give any information. On repairing to the house of the brother, Francesco Pisani, after considerable trouble he gained admission. The person who opened the door gave a very surly answer, said he knew nothing where the Signor Francesco was gone to, had

never seen any lady at the house, and could give no information on subjects of which he was ignorant, and was about abruptly shutting the door, when Giuseppe, who had been considering him attentively, said "Are you not Pietro Montenaro?" The answer, attended with some surprise, was "Yes; and who are you?" Being reminded by Giuseppe of his name, and having lived in the same service with him at Naples, the recognition became perfect, and he was asked into the house.

Pietro was a native of Salmano in Abruzzo, and had early in life taken service in Naples, from whence he had removed to Rome, and subsequently to Florence. Having heard about six months before of Signor Francesco Pisani wanting a servant, he had applied, been taken, and had remained ever since in his service. As a treat to his new found comrade, Pietro produced a bottle of excellent wine, and in discussing it, Giuseppe did not lose sight of the object of his enquiries, which he did cautiously and by degrees, until he pumped out all the intelligence the man possessed; which amounted to this,—that shortly after the death of her father, the Signora Clara had been moved to

her uncle's house ; that she had seemed very sad and melancholy, and kept herself quite retired ; that she had, however, been frequently visited—here interrupting himself suddenly, he said, “ But friend Giuseppe, you have never told me what brought you here to make enquiries about the Signor ? ”

“ Oh,” answered readily the Neapolitan, “ I am here in the service of a rich Leghorn merchant, who wishes to reside in Florence, and has sent me forward to endeavour to procure a house for him ; and hearing that your master would most probably let the one occupied by his late brother, I was directed here to make enquiries.”

“ I am glad that was all you wanted ; as I was directed not to answer any questions, put to me by strangers, and particularly not to open the door to the English, or give them any information. As to the house, I think I heard my master say he would let it ; but I can write to him, and ask about it. But to go on with what I was saying, I don't know if you will care to hear my story, but I have nothing better to talk of ; I may as well chat about that, as it will help us on with another bottle, which

though not strong, is very good, and will do us no harm. Well, I think I said, that the young lady had been often visited by her uncle, and her cousin, the Signor Ipolito; but every time she seemed more out of humour, and I often heard them talk in a very loud key. Weeks passed on in this way, and the Signora would see no one but her maid Barbara, who for some reason was strictly watched by the other servants, and not allowed to go out. At last, in the dusk of the evening, about three months ago, a carriage drove up to the door, in which was seated a female, whom he (Paulo) recollected to have seen before, but who appeared a stranger to Signora Clara. She alighted, and remained that night, and the next morning the two ladies with the maid Barbara entered the carriage, which drove off directly. No direction was given to the postillion; nor did any body in the house know where the lady was taken to; but from what I heard one day, when at work at the stable, in a conversation between Signor Francesco and his son, I think it most likely the poor young lady is taken to a convent at Foligno; and as my master is gone to a place he has got near Citta Castello, he can be near

in case his assistance should be wanted, as it is not above half a day's journey distant."

The two friends, on hearing this account, drew a very different inference from Pietro, as to the reasons of the Signor Francesco being at Citta Castello, as they thought he would there overlook the road by Perugia, and take measures to prevent the traces of Clara being followed up. Their conjectures on this head were strengthened by a circumstance which happened in the evening. After dinner they had strolled into one of the churches, and were looking at some of the pictures and statues;—there were very few people in the building at the time, when a woman, wrapped up in a mantle, passed close by them, and in doing so, touched the elbow of Orby. Looking round to see what occasioned it, he observed this person retiring, with a slow step, to a dark and retired chapel. He thought directly some intelligence was at hand, and, with a lounging pace and stopping occasionally, he moved in the same direction. When arriving at the chapel, the figure he had seen was on its knees, apparently absorbed in prayer, and continued so till he was quite close, when, rising suddenly, she slipped a paper into his

hands, and turning round directly, was out of the door almost before he recollected himself. Securing the paper in his pocket, he continued his survey of the objects around him for some time, then joined his friend, and they retired to their hotel.

The note was written in bad Italian, and very difficult to decipher, but a translation would run thus:—

“What you seek you will find at the Convent of Foligno. Go not there by the road to Arezzo, but take the way to Rome as far as Bolsena, and thence by Orvieto to Todi. Keep your arms ready, and be always on your guard.”

This notice was decisive of the movements of our travellers. Giuseppe was ordered to procure two carriages, ostensibly for Rome, but to be hired by time, and according to the fancy of the travellers. He was also to procure the dress of a female, and other requisites, and to have all ready the next morning. Passports were made out for Rome, and it was given out that they were to be joined by two travellers at Sienna, for whom the second carriage would be

required. Having procured arms for Giuseppe, and looked over the state of their own, the two friends took their departure early the next morning from Florence, and, without any delay, arrived at Bolsena. Here they learned that the cross road was nearly impassable; they, therefore, went on as far as Montefiascone, where they halted. The following day they proceeded by Narni, Terni, and Spoleto, and entered Foligno in the dark.

As expedition was the life of the enterprise, Giuseppe started at daylight to reconnoitre the convent where, probably, the object of their search was immured. Although not quite so hazardous an enterprize as cutting out a ship from under a battery, yet to carry off a damsel from the protection of a Lady Abbess, in the midst of the Pope's territories, required a little foresight in forming the plan and promptitude in executing it.

Giuseppe returned in about an hour, and said he had examined the edifice in every direction; that it was difficult of access on all sides, and surrounded by a high wall, except at the angle of one of the projecting parts—here he observed a small latticed window, high up in the building,

from which he thought he observed some one endeavouring to thrust a white cloth—but that he could not be sure.

Orby made him directly shew the spot from whence he had seen this object, and on arriving there himself, he made no doubt of seeing a handkerchief fastened to a piece of stick, projected from the lattice, and moved to and fro as well as the space would admit. This was a proof that there was a friend in the garrison, that his own motions were seen and approved of, and he gained, what he thought, perfect certainty that the object of his research was within the walls, and under restraint. He thought best, therefore, to wait for a few hours to see what the ingenuity of woman would perform, and only keep watch in a place where he would not himself be much exposed.

He had not been very long in his station, when he saw a female figure issue from the walls, and, taking a direction opposite to the village, ascend a small rising ground, and making a detour of a clump of trees descend, what appeared at that distance to be, a ravine, through which flowed a rivulet, that made its way a little farther down into the open plain. Fearing to

follow directly the traces of the incognita, Orby, after taking a hurried glance at the position of the ground, turned down a green lane, which promised to lead him, in the first instance, through a succession of small hills, that would conceal his movements from the walls of the convent, supposing any one should be on the look out. Following this road through several turnings, it brought him out on a large open space, which appeared to have been used as a place of sale for cattle, and diverging from it, in different directions, were several rude roads, or rather paths. Choosing one of these, that led apparently in the direction he wished to go, he pursued his way with redoubled quickness, much impeded by the ruggedness of the road, which seemed to be a water course to the winter rains, and at last diverged into three branches; when, considering which to choose, he thought he heard a faint scream from a woman's voice. Hurrying forward in the direction it came from, and hearing it again repeated, he had gained the summit of a small knoll, when, on looking immediately below, he observed a man, in the garb of a servant, dragging forcibly along a woman, whom, at first sight, he recognised as the faithful Barbara.

Leaping over a slight barrier which separated them, Orby, in a moment, confronted the ill assorted pair. The man, seeing himself opposed, and immediately suspecting the cause, called out, "*Ah, Questo e il briccone Inglese,*" drew a dagger, and sprung forward; but his purpose was anticipated by receiving a ball in the breast, which instantly prostrated him.

As assassins of all kinds have a particular antipathy to pistols, this hero, had he been aware of the proximity of such an instrument, would, probably, not have been so forward in his attempt; but Orby, in advancing, had held his hand within his waistcoat, ready to draw one of the pistols forth from a belt which he always wore, and only employed it at the critical moment. He had, on bringing down his antagonist, drawn forth and cocked the other, fully anticipating an attack from accomplices. But after the first surprise and agitation had subsided, Barbara put him at rest on that head, by assuring him that he need not expect any more visitors of the same kind. The Signor Francesco had divided his domestics among the towns on the direct road from Florence, and this man, being the most trust-worthy, had

been left to watch over the convent, and had constantly dogged her whenever she went outside the walls. This morning her mistress had called her up to consult on the appearance of the strangers without the walls, and once it was certainly ascertained that Orby was present. Barbara had been sent out at all risks to effect an interview, learn what plans were in agitation, and to give every information. She thought she had avoided notice from the village, but the eyes of Paulo were too vigilant for her to escape, and he had overtaken her a few moments before. The scream she uttered was from surprise and alarm, and she had continued her resistance less from any hope of succeeding than the chance it would afford of Orby coming up, of which she had begun to despair.

Having looked at the wounded man, who had fallen into a state of insensibility, it was observed that he had received the shot in the breast, and was most probably wounded in the lungs. As he bled profusely, they dragged him within a sort of cavity, overhung by the cliff, and having procured some water from the rivulet, and washed the wound, which they endeavoured to staunch by the help of a handkerchief, they begun im-

mediately to consult on the steps to be taken, which the present occurrence must necessarily accelerate. Various were the projects canvassed. On being consulted as to her mistress giving her assent to any means of elopement he might devise, Orby was informed, that Clara, pressed between the alternatives of immediately consenting to marry her cousin or taking the veil, had given her authority to say she would, at every risk, take the chance of any feasible project that might be formed for her emancipation from her dreaded fate; that the delays of the Courts at Rome, and the prejudice that would exist on the score of religion, were most powerful objections for any public measure to reclaim what, in fact, did not belong to him by any legal title, and although the lovely Florentine had a natural repugnance to any clandestine proceeding, yet she could not put it in the scale to weigh against all chance for her future happiness; she had therefore wound up her mind to join in any plan her lover might suggest to procure her liberty, and bestow her hand on him if he should succeed.

As it would be needful to send some assistance to the wounded man, who had now recovered his

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The preliminaries being then
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few hours previous to action
in completing their plans.

It may easily be imagined
rangements prospective to
ladder of ropes had not been
Giuseppe had procured every
be turned to account in that
needs of his operations.

en furnished with several spare hooks, to adopt to different heights, with additional ropes and smaller cords for fastenings, &c. This was now prepared according to the supposed altitude of the wall where the enterprise was to be attempted. They had also the further precaution, before leaving Florence, to obtain through the liberality of a clerk, false passports, in which they were described as two American merchants, bound at Leghorn, on their way to visit the Papal States; these they had exhibited at Aquadendente, the frontier where they were counter-signed. They told the master of the little inn where they lodged, that they liked the situation of the place, and would probably remain there for some days; they commissioned him to make inquiry for any house that they might occupy for a short time, and in the interim they would be his guests; they had two trunks removed into the house, and gave out that they were going to dismiss their carriages and horses. Having done what they thought requisite to disarm suspicion, some refreshment was ordered, and whilst partaking of it, Giuseppe was busied in removing, concealment, under his clothes, the most essential things from the trunks, and stowing them away

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, but meet them at the appointed place

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story transpiring.

in bags and in the boot of the carriages. He had gone out for the last time, to give the final orders to the postillions, but returned very shortly, and on the first moment of being unobserved by the people of the house, he made a significant signal to his master, from which he guessed that something had occurred to marr their undertaking. Alarmed at this sinister aspect of affairs, Orby took the earliest opportunity of following Giuseppe to the stable, and there learned, with some surprise, that Barbara was waiting to speak with him at the other side of the building. When he went round, he found this faithful damsel wrapped up in a dark coloured dress, who, in a half whisper, informed him that she had been sent by her mistress to say, that having weighed all the chances relative to her escape in the manner that had been proposed, she had found many difficulties stand in the way of the adventure, and that the smallest accident might disconcert the enterprise, but that she had lit upon another expedient, that she was nearly sure would succeed, only it must be later of execution. The hour of eleven was the time fixed on, and her evasion was to be made from her own apartment, which standing

the projecting part of the building, and being
ed and forming part of the external wall of
convent garden, once freed from her cham-
ber, there would be no second obstacle to over-
come ; that all Orby had to do was, to have the
stage near the place, and to give sufficient
length to the ladder of ropes for the increased
height ; that he would observe a cord fall
down, to which would be attached a small bit
of white paper to make it visible, that the rope-
ladder was to be made fast to it, which she would
climb up ; that, further, Orby was not to be
alarmed at the appearance of unusual light, but
to wait quietly the result, which she was almost
certain would be successful. Barbara added,
that she had been for great part of the after-
noon procuring things for her mistress in the
city, that she would return no more to the
convent, but meet them at the appointed place
at eleven o'clock.

When Orby returned to his friend, he gave
her an account of what had passed in a quiet
conversational manner, not to attract the notice
of his host, and as English was like "heathen
Greek" to the landlord, there was no fear of the
secret transpiring.

Both Orby and his friend were lost in conjecture as to the proposed means of carrying off Clara, and were in no little surprise, that one so young, and who had seen little of the world, should be able to form and carry into execution an enterprise demanding so much coolness and courage. Trusting, however, to the infallible resources of a woman, in anything on which she has firmly set her heart, they prepared to succour her with all their physical and moral powers. One thing struck them both, how was the ladder of ropes to be detached after its duty had been performed? that, however, they were obliged to leave to the chance of its having been calculated on, and being provided for. It was necessary now to form some pretext for detaining the postillions beyond the time appointed for their departure; and here Giuseppe had an opportunity of displaying his talents. When the difficulty was propounded to him, he went direct to the stable, and having tutored the postillions, brought them into the house to have a cup of wine before their departure; he then addressed his host, and saying that the men, having a long journey before them, would like to taste some of his best wine, for which he, the

peaker, would gladly pay if he approved of it. The landlord, who had not many calls of this kind, was glad to get rid of some of his old stock, which, though not boasting a great character, was sufficiently good to warrant the praises of Giuseppe, who filling a goblet, he pledged all round; taking care to give his host a plentiful share. Whilst this was going on, the Neapolitan entered into some wonderful accounts of the banditti in the Abruzzi, and in so doing touched on a theme delightful to the landlord; who would have listened all night to these wonderful tales, unaided even by the assistance of the wine. Giuseppe mixed his stories with some songs of the Lazzaroni, which, though not quite understood, were equally acceptable. The evening wore away insensibly, until near the time of action. The postillions had been cautioned about drinking, which they only pretended to do, whilst the principal share fell to the master of the house, who shortly after ten was fast asleep in his chair, his family having all retired much earlier.

Every thing now was put in motion. The two carriages left the village by the road to Montifiascone. After proceeding about a mile,

slowly descending. Orby, seizing the cord to which it was attached, made it fast immediately to the upper end of the ladder of ropes, which began to ascend directly. It seemed, however, to be a difficult task, as it rose very slowly, and with long interruptions, particularly towards the end; at length it ceased to move. When stretched to nearly the extremity, to give it a point of support, and detach it from the walls, the horses were unharnessed, and the foot of the ladder secured under the carriage to the perch. These preliminaries being accomplished, the party below waited, in the utmost anxiety, the result—many fears and doubts passing through their minds. First, whether the affair might not be altogether disconcerted, and secondly, whether Clara's nerves would be equal to so perilous a descent, as she must entirely, during that operation, depend on her own courage. This state of agitation was much increased, when at last they saw a person issue from the window, and at the same time a bright and extraordinary light appear from the chamber, which, throwing the dark part of the figure into increased shade, gave it a heavy and portentous appearance. During the descent, the hands of

the whole party were employed in steadying the frail ladder, and after some alarms and anxiety, Orby at last received in his arms the almost exhausted Clara Pisani.

The horses were immediately put to, and they were about to hand her into the carriage, when, recovering herself, she said they must wait until the ladder of ropes was free, which would shortly be the case, as she had lighted a fire under it, and once it fell, no traces would remain of her evasion. After a considerable interval, during which the fire from the chamber increased by the accession of air, Giuseppe pulled with all his force at the ladder, which at length gave way, and tumbled over his head. It was speedily stowed away in the boot of the carriage, into which Clara and her maid were handed, followed by Orby, who, having shaken his friend heartily by the hand, ordered the postillion to drive off.

It had been concerted between the friends, that in case of pursuit, and to distract attention, Stafford should return in his carriage by the road they had come. It was consequently now waiting for him at the other side of the village, on the road to Rome.

From the assurances of Clara, that the measures she had taken were such as would not even cause a suspicion of her evasion (though how that could well be, he was at a loss to imagine), Stafford returned with Giuseppe towards the village.

The fire that now issued from the chamber seemed at its height, and to have spread into the neighbouring one, but that part of the building being hid from the village by the rising ground, from whence Orby had first reconnoitred the convent, the fire was not visible from without in that direction, and probably, the part of the building being so much separated from the main body, a great portion of the edifice would be destroyed before an alarm took place. This then, thought he, has been the idea of the signora, that she will be supposed to have perished in the flames; a pretty bold stroke for a husband, no doubt.

As he returned to the village, he bethought himself of the unfortunate man still lying wounded, and having knocked up the only medical personage, a sort of half barber, he told him, that returning late from a hunting

party he had heard the groans of some person in apparent distress, that on going up, he had found a poor man badly wounded, who prayed for succour. Stafford pointed out the direction and gave such a description of the place where the person lay, that could hardly be mistaken. He begged the practitioner to make what haste he could to where the man was lying, while he went to the inn to procure a carriage for his removal. To stimulate the movements of the leech, he put a couple of Venetian zechins into his hand, promising him to treble it when he had removed the man to a place of safety. He waited to see this disciple of Esculapius fairly in movement, attended by a neighbouring peasant, whom he had to accompany him with a lanthorn, and then Stafford, in place of returning to his albergo, proceeded with Giuseppe to join their carriage, which they found stationed where they had desired. As they drove off, they heard the convent bell ringing violently, no doubt on account of the fire. In fact, the village doctor and his attendant had no sooner rounded the point of the hill, than they saw directly in front the flames blazing from one of the windows of

the convent. They immediately pushed forward in the utmost haste, and gave the alarm at the convent gate, and then proceeded on their errand.

IX.

As the part of Orby and his mistress, no time was lost in planning a good distance between them and her late prison, although in the first instance they were obliged to proceed with much caution in getting over the broken ground they had to traverse before they reached the high road leading to Linton and Tooting. As soon as they had gained that point and with scarcely a hint of surprise Orby gave way to the delight attending the success of his expedition, and pointing forth all the ravages of his soul to his companion, the latter was much checked by the pressure of his hand, but it was some time before he began his inquiries on the more immediate subject of his mistress—the means

CHAP. XI.

ON the part of Orby and his mistress, no time was lost in placing a good distance between them and her late prison, although, in the first instance, they were obliged to proceed with much caution in getting over the broken ground they had to traverse before they reached the high road leading to Belfonte and Tolentino. As soon as they had gained that point, and with scarcely a fear of pursuit, Orby gave way to the delight attending the success of his expedition, and pouring forth all the rapture of his soul to his companion. His transports were much checked by the presence of Barbara; but it was some time before he began his inquiries on the more immediate subject of his curiosity—the means

by which Clara had managed her escape without leaving traces or suspicion of evasion, and it was with great feeling of astonishment that he became acquainted with the details.

She told her lover, that as soon as she ascertained his presence in the neighbourhood, and trusting fully to his promises, she had determined, at every hazard, to throw herself on his honour, and to endeavour to escape from her place of thralldom. Many had been the plans she had canvassed in her mind, but the affair that had taken place when her uncle's servant was wounded, seemed to precipitate matters, as had that story got wind, the strictness of her confinement would have been increased, and the indulgence of allowing Barbara to go out of the convent cut off. After sundry projects had been entertained, she had at last determined to attempt the proposed plan of getting into the convent garden after vespers, according to the plan already mentioned, although formidable obstacles stood in the way—the chief of which was the watchfulness that attended all her movements. This plan being one in which her chief dependance lay, in the concert of operations without the walls and within, she feared that

something might occur to disconcert their measures, and then she would be worse off than before. Whilst thus agitated, a sudden thought rose in her mind, which, with corresponding activity, she immediately began to carry into effect. She dispatched Barbara to procure in the village a chisel and saw, a bottle of turpentine and one of oil, with a quantity of tow or wool. When the faithful attendant returned after completing this commission, she was sent forth on another errand of a more complex nature. A bundle was made up containing a few requisite articles for her own use, and that of her mistress. With this in her hand she presented herself before the porteress. On being asked where she was going at that time of the evening, she feigned to be in a great passion; said she could no longer endure to be subject to her young mistress's caprices; it was quite enough to be sent to that solitary place, and cut off from all her friends, without being daily exposed to the increasing ill-humour of the signora, who had just then abused her in the most violent manner, for some trifling error she had committed in performing an errand; and that she was resolved not to stay another hour under

the same roof. The porterness in vain endeavoured to quiet the rage of the irritated waiting woman; offered to report the affair to the Lady Abbess, or to speak to the Signora Clara herself. But no; the more she attempted to soothe the indignant Barbara, the more did her obstinacy shine forth, and her determination seemed fixed to remain no longer. The porterness having got to the end of all her persuasive arguments, at length opened the wicket to the impatient abigail; who, the moment she was free, hurried off to the village inn to communicate to Orby the altered plans of her mistress, and then, without communicating with any one else, took a circuitous path to reach the part of the building in which the chamber of Clara was situated, where, with exemplary patience, she waited the remainder of the adventure; although ignorant of the ultimate means by which Clara meant to veil her flight. The latter, at the departure of her maid, set about to loosen the frame of the jalousie, which served as the only window to the chamber, and had effected her purpose before she was called to the refectory to the evening repast. She worked with little fear of attracting notice. Her only, and next

neighbour had been buried that morning in the convent chapel, and she was too far removed from the other inhabitants to disturb them by any noise. When she had once more retired to her chamber, she placed her lamp in a retired corner, and veiled its light with a screen of books and boxes. When she had calculated that all the sisterhood were deep buried in sleep, she slowly undid the fastenings of her door, and with the lamp in her hand, descended to the chapel, which stood open at all times. Having traversed the chancel with a stealthy pace, she arrived at a small door that led down to the vault, which contained the remains of the sisterhood, from time immemorial. This also she found gave way to her hand; when, having cast a hurried glance along the gloomy aisles and round the building, where all was as still as the region she was about to visit, with trembling steps she descended to the vault, her heart already beginning to fail, and it was with difficulty she reached the foot of the steps; when the objects about her seemed, in the gloom, to be put in motion. A sickness came over her, and she was obliged to sit down on the last step to restore her fainting spirits.

After some interval, she recovered sufficiently to stand up, and then proceeded to the entrance of the vault itself. She had scarcely passed the threshold, when a smothered sound something like the rush of water struck upon her ear, and she felt something touch her elbow. Her agony became excessive, and the lamp had nearly dropped from her hand; but rallying herself in a sort of desperation, she moved on towards the point she meant to gain. She was rewarded for this effort of her courage, by seeing in a few moments the cause of her alarm, which was no other than a bat; which had been disturbed by the light, and flew now round her in circles. Reassured by this discovery, she laughed at her fears. But a fresh alarm arose that this bird of night might extinguish her light. This she screened as well as she could, and found her way to the spot where she had seen that morning quietly deposited all that earthly remained of the sister Beatrice. The coffin was placed in the shallow grave destined for it, the lid of it, as usual in Italy, not fastened down, and only waiting for the deposit of quick lime to be thrown in the next day, to be then covered with the earth

that had been excavated, and close the world for ever upon the unhappy ascetic that lay below. After taking another moment to pause, Clara lifted the coffin lid, and then looked for a moment on the pallid features of the nun, scarcely altered in death. Gazing on them, she almost imagined them instinct with life, and looking reproach at the disturbance of her remains. Clara could look no longer, but, in a sort of convulsive determination, proceeded to raise the body from its earthly tenement. This she found no difficult task, the poor victim, long wasted by a lingering illness, was little more than a skeleton. Her removal was easily effected, and the lid of the coffin replaced. The difficulty was now to carry the body all that distance to her own chamber, and to manage the light, without which, all her projects would have failed. She trusted, however, (and she had the proof in her own experience), that from their frequent vigils, the sleep of the sisterhood in the hours of repose would be profound, and in this confidence she proceeded on her task, with many intervals of rest by the way, her heart palpitating as if it would break its boundaries. She at length gained her chamber, and deposit-

ed her burthen on the bed, and having moistened her parched mouth from a pitcher of water, she continued to complete her arrangements. Having bolted and fastened her door, she proceeded to place every thing combustibile of clothes, linen, books, and paper, in a pile close to the bed, and when all was ready, she listened with fearful anxiety for the sound of wheels, which the state of the weather rendered very difficult to reach her. At length she thought she heard a murmur of sound below, and loosened the frame of her window screen from its fittings, and placed it inside the room, and near the rest of her inflammable materials. She then made sure of hearing voices below, and lowered the cord for the ladder of ropes. Here she found a difficulty in hauling up such a weighty apparatus that was almost beyond her strength, and she at one time had nearly given up her task, when the reflections of the fate that awaited her in case of discovery, fresh nerved her courage, and with desperate energy she succeeded in getting the head of the ladder within the window, and fixing the hook on the sill; this gave her a short repose to be enabled to draw it within the chamber, and fix it by the small cord at the foot of

her bedstead, which she secured from being dragged forward, by placing her table between it and the window. Under the cord that fastened the rope ladder she placed a portion of her combustibles, with the hope at least, that she should descend before it was consumed. Having thus arranged the preliminaries, she poured the turpentine and oil over every part where there was any thing that would burn, and having applied the flame, the fire ran rapidly. She last placed the lamp under the cords that fastened the rope ladder, and sprung to the window. Well aware she was running her neck against time, she did not hesitate in her descent; indeed, she was almost unconscious how the greater part of it had been performed, and only regained her self-possession when received into the arms of her lover.

It would be difficult to describe the state of mind of Orby during this recital. In the early part of it curiosity was on the full stretch, until the arrival of the narrator in the chapel vault; then something like horror took possession of his ideas, and when at last he came to learn the purpose for which the poor nun had been removed from her earthly repose, he felt a sort of revulsion in his feelings difficult to surmount.

What, thought he to himself, the delicate and timid Clara, that seemed even to shrink from the touch of her lover, could she go through such a scene. His fancy involuntarily flew to Harriet Paulett. Would she have done such a thing, even to save herself from the walls of a convent? The idea also flew across his mind that such a display of talent would have not been far from a hanging matter in England. Luckily for Clara she could not, on account of the darkness, perceive the impression she had made on her lover, which certainly, at that moment, was not very favourable. On giving the matter further consideration, however, he easily framed excuses—such as that it was her love for him, more than anxiety for her freedom, that had induced her to step out of the line of propriety fixed for female conduct, and at the same time, though shocked at the means by which it was carried into effect, he could not help admiring the presence of mind and fortitude that bore her through the adventure.

They had proceeded many miles before the day began to dawn, when arriving at the foot of an apparently long hill, the postillion dismounted to relieve his tired horses, and Orby

desired to be let out to walk up the ascent ; he advised Clara in the mean time to get rid of her conventual dress, and put on either the one he had brought for her or something out of Barbara's bundle. While this operation was performing he walked slowly behind the carriage, until the road taking a turn to the right to round the head of a ravine, over which an arch had been thrown, he thought it a favourable spot to get rid of his superfluities. Having ascertained that the change of dress had taken place, he pulled forth the box containing the ladder of ropes, and having stuffed the nun's dress into it, hurled the box to the bottom of the ravine, where it was soon lost sight of, but may, on a future day, afford matter of speculation to some wandering and wondering botanist.

As the day more fully established its dominion, Orby, for the first time, was able to see his mistress's face, and how much was he struck with the alteration which only a few months had made in that countenance which he had often pronounced angelic. Orby was almost at all times the creature of impulse, and consequently the martyr to female charms. When

he saw this change in the Florentine, (we cannot call her fair one, and dare not say brown one,) he felt, coupled with his previous reflections, his Italian love somewhat at a discount. As, however, the generous portion of his feelings was always ready to combat any selfish notions that might arise in his mind, he could not but allow that any deterioration of her charms that he might now observe, arose from all that Clara had suffered on his account. He reproached himself with suffering a thought to her disadvantage to have possession of his mind, and from that moment treated her with a degree of increased tenderness, to atone for a fault of which she was, fortunately, unconscious.

They had now gained the summit of the Apennine range, and to the relief of the horses and their own satisfaction, they began to descend rapidly the eastern side, and after a drive, now rendered pleasant by the balmy air of the morning, and the beautiful landscape spread before them, they arrived to breakfast at Camerino. The refreshment was welcome to them all, after the fatigues of the preceding night, and had an evidentially beneficial effect on Clara, who had scarcely tasted food the preceding day, and had

been harassed and jaded with her exertions of the night. Having retired with Barbara to alter her attire, she returned ready to resume her journey with renovated spirits, and such improved looks, that Frank already repented of the unjust verdict he had passed on her appearance a few hours before.

Except in the few fortified places in the Papal states, and on the frontier, travellers are not plagued about passports; but to be guarded on that head, Orby had procured one, in which he was called Mr. Jonathan Satterthwaite, an American merchant, with his wife and maid. He had chosen this *nom de guerre* under the certainty, that if he should be stopped by chance, any Italian would rather let him pass than endeavour to pronounce his name. The postillion was here well rewarded and dismissed, nor had the lovers any fears of his treachery in so serious a matter as carrying off a girl from a convent; the implication of the principals would have been no excuse for the actors and abettors of such a flagrant offence.

The short rest and refreshment was of evident benefit to all the party. They returned with renewed spirits, and the females with improved

looks to their carriage, to continue their journey. As they left the subject of their alarm farther behind, Clara had quite recovered her composure, and related some events that had taken place during the time she had stayed in the convent, that now she was free from the annoyance, was treated as a matter of merriment. She likewise put Orby's mind more at rest, from some compunctious feelings he had with respect to the fire, by informing him of the impossibility of its spreading farther than the rooms in which it commenced, as the walls, floors, and stairs of the convent were all of stone, and that it was not without some difficulty she could get up a fire at all. As of course the dead nun would be taken for herself, there could not be the least apprehension that her evasion was known, and of course no necessity for flying with precipitation. It was considered, however, a delicate matter, the lovers being united before they left the shores of Italy, because in using their real names, they might provoke discovery, which would be fatal to their hopes. It was agreed, therefore, that it should be delayed until they reached some other country, and it appeared that the best course would be to leave Ancona

by water. In the multitude of endearments and topics of congratulation, interrupted by the innocent remarks of Barbara, the time passed rapidly away, and they had left Tolentino behind them, scarcely noticing the stoppage there, and with minds too much pre-occupied by their own ideas to pay attention to the beautiful and romantic scenery of the neighbourhood. As they were so blind as to pass it by unnoticed, it would be unfair to inflict on the reader an attempt at its description. They pursued their journey as happy as two young hearts could make them; Orby forgetting all his scruples, and Clara giving way to the anticipations of future happiness, and a considerable time elapsed before the lover could bring his mistress to enter into the details of events from the period he had last seen her on the road to Florence; and he was, at some sacrifice to his own modesty, obliged to give an account previously of his duel, of which Clara had received tidings in various shapes. Having got rid of his own history, he more warmly pressed the Florentine for an account of her proceedings.

CHAP. XII.

SHE at length related that after her father's death, which had plunged her into the greatest grief, her uncle came to see her, and treated her with the greatest apparent kindness and attention; made her remove to his own house, of which he desired her to be the mistress; told her he had himself appointed joint guardian along with the Signor Micconi, a rich merchant and great friend of her late father, and they would see that all his property was disposed of, and a just account given of it. Things continued to wear this smooth appearance for some time, when one day her uncle announced to her, that his son Ippolito, who had been to Bologna to finish his education,

would be at home in a few days. This notice although casually given, occasioned her, she knew not why, an unpleasant sensation; and if it be not generally true, that a *presentiment* foretels the arrival of misfortune, it at least in this case furnished an example.

Signor Ippolito Pisani had been sent, after his mother's death, when quite young, to Padua, for his education. Here his turbulent and unaccommodating disposition led him into a succession of scrapes, and he was on the point of being expelled, when his father had him removed to Vicenza, and placed under the care of a friend, who took pupils, with whom he remained nearly two years, without, however, making much progress in his studies; unless they could be called such, which made him conversant with the baser part of mankind. Removed afterwards to Bologna, where less restriction was imposed on him, he gave way to all his evil propensities, became a *roué* of the lowest description, and heartily tired out his father in feeding his riots.

It was to this hopeful youth, that Clara was to be introduced by her uncle; under the double hope of reclaiming him and securing the pro-

ease, which persons of
impudence often pass
of fashion, but which
places in its true light.
other sex had been of
and thinking all women
proached his cousin with
keeper. Had Clara's heart
this form of address were
As it was, she became
cousin's manner and be-
asked her, with the most
to bestow her hand on him
restrain her indignation
a calm refusal. Her father
him thus to precipitate
to repair the fault occasioned
by rashness; and, in a letter
his niece, tried to neutralize
had received by impu-

tages of keeping up the family name ; the comfort and satisfaction that would result to himself from the completion of his views on this point ; and finally leaving it to her consideration, whether she would like to create a schism in a house into which she had been lately admitted. The last hint was too much for Clara's philosophy. She answered with warmth, that *admission* into her uncle's house was not what she had desired herself ; that rather than be the cause of contention, if she was furnished with the statement of her father's property, she would seek an asylum with some of her mother's relations, who resided at Perugia ; but that in answer to the proposal of her cousin, she would bear every privation and hardship, rather than give her consent to it. Irritated by her declaration, her uncle changed his tone from supplication to menaces and reproaches ; saying, " I suppose you have some notions running in your head about the English heretic, my brother was foolish enough to admit into his house at Rome. I dare say the fellow is gone to the East or West Indies, and thinks no more about you. At all events, if he does, it will be in vain. I would rather see you married to a

flung out of the room. Trying to go out with her mother were both prisoners. Such to be only produced by a her uncle, she was too proud walked back to her room, away to the feeling of coming quickly over her. ceeding day, she made no apartment, and did not even strait continued, although to think it was the case.

ing after this scene, Ippolito his cousin, begging the forgiveness and apologising for his forward conduct, which he hoped be kind enough to forgive.

Although she supposed petition of his nauseous love, she made no objection

ed, and he seemed to make an attempt at being gracious; he commenced by saying that he had been away from Florence for two or three days, and on his return was much vexed to find that she had been suffering constraint on his account, which was quite contrary to his wish; that he should have been proud to have been admitted as a suitor, but as she entertained a prejudice against him, he had endeavoured to dissuade his father from pursuing the matter further, and had at last obtained his permission that Clara might pay a visit to her friends at Perugia, who had been written to with a request that one of her relations might be sent to her to conduct her there, and they expected to answer the next day. Accordingly, the next day it was notified to her that the consent of her aunt to the proposal had been granted, that she herself had such indifferent health as to prevent her undertaking the journey herself, but that she would send her intimate friend and a distant relative, the Signora Tali, whom she was sure her niece would like, and who would take care of her on the way to Perugia.

Clara was much delighted, and looked for-

On giving the matter the fullest consideration, Clara thought it would be best not to betray any knowledge of her uncle's designs, but to keep at all times on her guard, and if any thing should confirm her suspicions, either to endeavour to escape or make an appeal to the laws. She, therefore, stepped into the carriage the following morning, with an aching heart and smiling countenance; a look she exchanged with Barbara satisfied her that her letter was on its way to England.

The Signora Vitali was very lively, chatted away about the country, and the pleasures of living in it, all the way to Arezzo. After leaving that place, she said in a half careless tone, that they were to leave the Perugia road a little to their right, in order to sleep at the chateau of Signor Francesco, near Citta Castello, as her uncle thought it preferable to her sleeping at an inn on the road.

Poor Clara's heart died within her at this intelligence. Here she thought would be acted all the scenes of her uncle's villany. She, however, mastered her feelings so much as to appear to receive the intelligence as a matter of not much consequence. It was late when they

arrived, and the gloomy look of the place added much to her melancholy anticipations. On arriving within the walls, she was rather surprised to find a good fire on the hearth and a supper prepared. Her confidence began to revive when no objection was made to Barbara sleeping with her, and she withdrew to her bedroom, although not quite free from apprehension, yet suffering less than she expected. After midnight, she fell into a profound sleep; and on going to the window the next morning, in place of finding herself a prisoner in the house, saw the carriage at the door ready to proceed, as soon as breakfast was over. The morning was delightful, and the fresh air quite revived her. On making enquiry how far they were from Perugia, she was told by Signora Vitali, that the morning they started they had received intelligence that her aunt was so unwell as not to be able to receive her, and to beg her to postpone the journey. Seeing, however, the preparations had gone so far, her uncle thought it would be better for his niece to proceed to pay a short visit to his sister, who lived at Foligno. The light instantly struck on the mind of Clara. She knew her uncle had a

sister there, abbess of a convent, and she immediately conjectured she was to be shut up in her charge. After, however, expressing merely some disappointment, she sank back in the carriage absorbed in reflection, and continued in that state till they arrived at the gate of the convent, in Foligno, when they were received by the lady abbess, with great form, and some appearance of cordiality. Signora Vitali was welcomed as an acquaintance of short standing, and ushered to her apartment with all due form. Nothing was said for the first few days, as to the footing on which Clara was to be placed, or for what length of time her stay was to be prolonged, although she had hinted her anxiety about her aunt's health, and hopes of being able to go to her. At length she received a message from the lady abbess, desiring to see her, and she followed the messenger to her chamber. She was requested to sit down, the door fastened, and all the preparatory movements made for a long history, which began in good earnest ; but it would be too tedious to follow the reverend dame through her exordium. The substance of the lecture was, the impropriety of her conduct, in resisting the authority of her nearest connexions,

who now stood to her in the relation of parents, and, no doubt, would do every thing that was proper for her welfare. Her next topic was, the sinfulness of casting away her thoughts on a heretic; the thought of which was quite dreadful, and, principally on that account, her friends had deemed it expedient to place her in the convent, until she was restored to a right frame of mind, and had repented her transgressions; that every indulgence should be granted compatible with her safe keeping, as she was to consider herself confined to the walls of the convent, unless she immediately consented to be united to her cousin. Clara seeing there was no use in attempting to move her from her resolution, contented herself by merely bowing at the different clauses of the set speech, and retired to her room. She concerted measures with Barbara, for claiming the protection of the law; but they would have been of doubtful effect, could they have been executed. But her faithful maid, although allowed to leave the convent walls at certain hours, could not take a step without being overlooked by one of Francesco's emissaries, who was stationed near the convent, to watch every movement of

the prisoners, and whose over activity, in one instance, had nearly proved fatal to himself, as already narrated.

Clara and her maid remained in this state for weeks, tormented by doubts, as to their letter arriving safe in England, and their whole amusement consisted in watching every figure that passed within ken of the walls, in which exercise they were employed from the first blush of morning till the shadows of evening obscured their view. Barbara was on duty the morning Giuseppe made his appearance ; and, although she had no recollection of his person, yet, from the cautious mode of his proceedings, she had no doubt of his errand. She immediately thrust a piece of white muslin through the *jalousie*, and running to her mistress, pointed out her discovery. They watched earnestly as the man disappeared, judging he had gone to give information. Clara had procured a piece of faggot, and tied her handkerchief to it, in order to give it movement; and her delight may be imagined, when, on the appearance of two persons, and their nearer approach, she ascertained with the quickness of a lover's eye, the presence of her dear Orby. " Now," exclaimed she, " my perse-

cution will cease." As soon as the hour admitted, Barbara was sent out to procure an interview, at all risks, and the result of her sortie has been already shewn.

The detail of these events employed the time so pleasantly, that the party had passed Macerata some way before it was terminated.

Barbara, at this juncture, being one of the party least employed, happened to put her head out of the carriage, and looking the way from whence they came, declared, in great trepidation, that they were pursued by two men armed and on horseback. The alarm became general and serious, when Orby looking out, was confirmed in the truth of the intelligence. Knowing how serious the nature of the offence would be considered in the country where it was committed, coupled with the affair of the wounded man, he had long made up his mind to run every risk, rather than allow himself to be made a prisoner, and, in the present instance, calculating the chances in his favour, he was determined to make every resistance. The country was quite open, and no means of concealment, and flight was out of the question. He, therefore, looked at his priming, and put his *curling irons*

to whom he gave a general description of himself, as a foreign merchant, who, having had some transactions not exactly within the pale of the customs laws, was anxious to leave Ancona, and would pay him well for a passage to Ragusa. The skipper, who understood some Italian, readily met the proposition—in fact, Orby had touched the right key, as the navigator of this Greek bark had been deeply engaged in contraband, with even a slight suspicion of piracy, and was anxious to take his departure as soon as his final arrangements were made, which would be in two days afterwards. In the mean time, Orby had established himself in the best hotel in the place, stating that he had married his wife at Genoa, where he had resided for some time; that he had adopted her religion both from conviction and to please her family, and gave out that the reason of using separate chambers was that it had been imposed on him as a penance at Loretto, where he had been to visit the shrine and make a general confession. He here also changed his remaining English bills into Venetian gold, and made every other preparation to enable his Italian mistress to encounter the misery of a nearly untried element,

her only previous voyage having been to Sicily and back, in fine weather.

Whilst completing his arrangements, let us return to his companion Stafford, who, with Giuseppe, we left on the way towards Rome. In the turns of the road, they got occasional glimpses of the light from the convent, and heard the alarum bell sound loud and deep as they departed. Taking the route by Terni, they arrived without any particular incident at Rome. Here Stafford meant to remain until he got intelligence from his friend, and soon found, among the numerous English, several friends to help him to pass the time; amongst the rest, Travers and Seton, who had changed their mind, and returned from Florence. In their company, and with that of other friends, Stafford had made excursions to Frascati, Tivoli, and others, the lions of the neighbourhood. He began to tire of his position, and to find the Swiss disease, love of home, creep fast upon him, mixed with some tender thoughts of Charlotte Orby, whose image, printed on his mind, was the solace of his solitary hours. The promise he had made Orby of waiting at Rome

until he heard of the success of his enterprise, alone detained him.

Day after day passed without any intelligence, and his impatience increasing, when coming out one day from St. Peter's, he was accosted by two sbirri, and told he was their prisoner. He said they must mistake; he had committed no offence. He was then asked if his name was not Stafford, or Wallace, and an Englishman. On allowing that the first was his real name,

"Oh, that will do," said the officers. As to the designation of American, they seemed to lay no stress on that; indeed, in all the inland parts of Italy, they know no distinction, and set all Americans down as Englishmen and heretics. They, therefore, marched their prisoner to the jail, in front of which was a crazy sort of carriage, and already stationed in it he found his servant Giuseppe, his hands manacled, and guarded by an ill-looking fellow, who, on the approach of Stafford, vacated his seat to make room for him, while he and another officer took the two remaining seats.

A significant glance from Giuseppe led him to take his seat quietly, and to resolve to keep his own counsel; but he was no less curious to

learn on what charge he had been arrested : but of this he could get no precise information, his guards being either unable or unwilling to inform him, and the carriage drove off at a rapid pace, which, however, was soon slackened after leaving the walls of Rome.

As Stafford had never been accustomed to this *volens volens* style of travelling, he did not like it at all ; still less did he admire the prospect that awaited him at the termination of it. He had no doubt that the flight of the Florentine had been discovered, in spite of her ingenious device ; and his not hearing from Frank, was collateral proof to that effect. He supposed they had been arrested, and were also on the way to be confronted with their accusers at Foligno, and that Giuseppe and he were likewise to be put on trial as accomplices. Under these reflections, he did not bear his tedious journey with much philosophy. He blamed his own folly for remaining so long at Rome, as his friend's letter, if it ever arrived, might have been forwarded ; and could not but reproach himself as a ninny, to be thus suffering for another's adventures, when he might easily have got out of the way. But it was now no use to grumble, and after a

few hearty damns, to ease his mind, directed generally against Italians, nuns, and convents, he dropped asleep.

They had not been allowed to take anything with them, not even a change of linen; and when they arrived at Foligno, and previous to examination, wishing to be shaved, that operation was performed by the barber of the place, who had strict orders not to let the Englishman have the razor in his hand on any pretence.

In place of being led to the mansion of the village magistrate, or to the prison, Stafford was much surprised to be conducted to a small house, which he at once recollected as the domicile of the barber-surgeon, or surgeon-barber, whom he had dispatched in quest of the wounded man; and he was soon ushered, with Giuseppe, into a low roofed bed-room, in which was seated the podesta, in his gown, before a species of desk, and in front of him a clerk, to receive the dictates of the law, while on a truckle bed in a corner lay a man, whom Stafford had never seen before.

After the names of the prisoners were called over, Georgio Stafford, *alias* Wallace, an Anglo American, and Giuseppe Mezzi, a Neapolitan

servant, were challenged to appear to plead; and then the clerk read over, in a drawling voice, something in the nature of an indictment; charging these two persons aforesaid, with having wilfully attempted to murder Paulo Agapardi, by firing a pistol at him, by which he was grievously wounded.

On hearing this solemn accusation, Stafford inquired, with a smile, "If that was all that was laid to his charge?"

"And is it not enough," exclaimed the grave podesta, "to be charged with such a serious offence, of which you seem to make light?"

"Why," said Stafford, still continuing to laugh, "I never saw the man's face before in my life."

On this, an immediate appeal was made to the wounded man, who, desiring that the Englishman might be placed more in the light, declared, also, that he did not know the features of the accused, but that the innkeeper, where the English stayed, might be able to say something about him, as he understood they left his house in a mysterious way, and the deponent was certain they had some design against the inmates of the convent.

On Stafford combating this vague assertion, and desiring himself and his servant to be freed immediately, the rural dispenser of the law drew himself up in a solemn and grave manner, said, that the business required further examination, and sent directions for bringing before his awful bench of justice the innkeeper, who soon appeared, and was rather astonished to see, in the character of a prisoner, his late guest. On being called on to state the circumstances attending the late visit to his house, he detailed the affair as related before; and said the two foreigners left his house on the very night the fire was observed at the convent, saying they would return, but he had not seen either of them since, although they had left two trunks behind them, which had been opened by the directions of the podesta, and were found to contain nothing but some loose stones.

He was here interrupted by Stafford, to ask him if he supposed the strangers meant to defraud him of his reckoning?

He answered, "by no means, as money was left on the table sufficient to discharge his bill and more."

On being asked by the magistrate, which way

the party had gone, he said that the two carriages had taken the road to Montifiascone.

As the wounded man stated, that he was certain it was the other Englishman who had wounded him, Stafford was asked where his countryman had gone to; he said, he could not be certain, most likely to Florence.

After considerable discussion had taken place between the man of justice and his clerk, during which Stafford held a high tone, and threatened to appeal to the courts of Rome, Giuseppe and he were at last liberated, on their promise on oath to return direct to Rome, to free the worthy magistrate from his responsibility in releasing him; and they were kindly allowed to find their way back, and at their own expence. This was readily acceded to; and they even agreed to take back with them one of the persons who had acted as their guard on the way; the other having orders to remain to inquire into the circumstances of the fire, and the death of the lady, who had been a boarder.

On Stafford's release, he again visited his former host; and having ordered post horses to be procured with the least possible delay, he ventured to ask some questions about the fire at the con-

vent, which was universally attributed to the poor Signora Pisani reading in bed, and having set it on fire. Her body, they said, had been found, the upper part of it nearly consumed; but a ring, belonging to the signora, had been found on one of the fingers, which being the strongest proof of her identity, was to be transmitted to Florence to her friends, when the body was sent there for burial in the family vault. This afforded another proof of Clara's presence of mind, as she had placed the ring on the finger of the deceased.

Stafford, from this, began to have some insight into the mystery of the fire, though still at a loss to guess what person had been substituted for the Florentine. He likewise heard that the village practitioner, when he had seen all the inmates of the convent warned of their danger, and learned that no further damage could take place, proceeded on his original errand, and from the description, soon reached the spot where the wounded man lay. With the assistance of the peasant who accompanied him, he succeeded in carrying Paulo to his own house; and, on taking a view of the wound, he ascertained that the lungs were untouched. The ball

had changed its direction from the breast bone, had made half the circuit of the body under the skin, and lodged near the shoulder blade, from whence it had been easily extracted; the patient only suffering in the first instance from loss of blood. On giving an account of the transaction, he said that he was wounded by an Englishman, who, he suspected, had some designs against a young lady in the convent; and this intelligence nearly convinced the son of Esculapius that Stafford was the man, as he had directed him where to find the wounded man, and had paid something towards his cure. This suspicion being communicated to the podesta, he gave directions for pursuit; and, as there was no concealment, Stafford was easily traced to Rome, where, after a preliminary application to the criminal court, the arrest was effected.

Before leaving Foligno, the doctor received his promised reward, and Stafford set forward, well satisfied with the result of his trial, and happy to find that, at least for the present, his friend was free from any danger of pursuit. He found his travelling companion a very different sort of personage on the return journey. His official gruffness had quite disappeared, and he related

many anecdotes, that made Stafford conclude, that, before he took the office of sbirro, he had served quite a different sort of apprenticeship; and as he finished a bottle of wine, that made him still more communicative, he let out the secret, that he had been connected with a regular banditti, whose haunts were not distant from Rome, among the mountains, and had sometimes acted with them. He even went on, in a jocular way, to describe the capture of a whole English family, that had gone out to gaze at the temple of the Sybil by moonlight; (the fools, he said); and this worthy fellow, had been the person chosen to go to Rome and negotiate the ransom. At length, he said, the country became so alarmed at their incursions, that a large armed body was collected, and they were nearly surrounded; the chief was taken, and was now prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. That, for himself, finding the trade rather too hot, he made a merit of necessity, and offered to make some discoveries, on condition of being employed in the police, which had been acceded to; and he had since remained one of the myrmidons of papal justice. Notwithstanding this, he kept a running sort of connection

with the parties abroad, and knew how to distinguish the interlopers from the more regular and ancient bands; and, in his new functions, he was seldom called on to interfere with any of his former associates, his business lying more in the execution of civil process. He hinted, that his protection might, in case of need, be useful to the present party.

"Why, as to that," said Stafford, "you and your friend started me off so rapidly, that I had only the money that was in my pocket, which I fear will hardly be enough to pay me back to Rome."

"Oh," said his fellow traveller, "that would not make much difference in your favour. The gentlemen who inhabit the hills would soon find out that you were a foreigner, and would take you up to enjoy the fresh air of the mountains, until your friends came forward with a ransom."

This intelligence was the less agreeable to Stafford, as he was unarmed, and incapable of resistance; and in the neighbourhood of Coliscepoli, he began to think there might be occasion for him to exert his philosophy among the Appenines. As they wished to reach Narne

to sleep, they had travelled rather later than was their intention; and on ascending a low hill in the dusk, the sides of which were clothed in underwood, four men suddenly appeared, as if they had arisen out of the earth. They bore the appearance of the usual foot travellers, but had their jackets taken off, and hanging loose over the left arm. Under that of the man next him, Stafford thought he saw the glancing of some bright weapon. He had not much time to speculate on this object, as the whole party drew close to the carriage, when his fellow traveller addressed them with a "*Buona sera, signori.*" This salute was returned in a short and abrupt manner.

The sbirro, then said, in a peculiar tone of voice, "*L' acqua é turbida.*"

At this, some appearance of surprise was elicited, but the question immediately followed, "*Dové?*"

"*In dietro delle Montagné,*" was the reply.

The party seemed to consult for a few moments, when Stafford's travelling companion, as if to inforce what he wished, said, "*Signori il vento é buono.*"

"*Per quanto?*" was the demand.

"*Per tre giorni*," was the response.

After hearing this, the party dropped, one by one, to the rear ; and when the carriage arrived at the top of the hill, they were no longer visible.

Stafford could not but admire this mode of dispersing a banditti ; and the address of his companion, who, by this jargon, got rid of such troublesome *customers*. He expressed himself to that effect, and promised a reward as soon as he arrived at Rome, which he performed immediately he got to his hotel, where his absence had occasioned some alarm among his friends.

The sbirro had made enquiries how long *la sua Eccellenza* was to remain at Rome ? and got a vague answer, "about three weeks."

The next morning, Stafford went early to the post-office, and there found a few lines from Frank Orby, stating their safe arrival at Ancona, and projected voyage to Ragusa, begging his friend, if he returned immediately to England, to acquaint his father with his safety.

As soon as he had finished this epistle, he went to the office of the Envoy from Florence, to have his passport endorsed, and desired Giuseppe to perform the same ceremony with the Neapolitan Ambassador. They had scarcely returned

to their hotel, than they were followed by a tribe of serving-men, from the two ambassador, expecting vails. In no other place is this shameful practice more in use than in Rome; and even the Pope's servants are allowed to go begging to foreigners. Stafford, afraid that their appearance would draw attention to his movements, which he wished to avoid, threw a handful of Pauli to these greedy myrmidons, and dismissed them.

Having dined that day at the *table d' hôte*, he heard an enquiry made by an English family about a servant to take to Naples. He immediately and warmly recommended to their notice the faithful Giuseppe; who was sent for, approved, and taken into service. Stafford having paid him all promised by his friend, and made him a present for the trouble he had had on his own peculiar account, handed him over to his new master, with whom he set out the next day for the South. Stafford had secured a place by the Courier for Florence that evening, and set out in good spirits; but it was not until he had passed the Papal frontier, at Acquapendente, that he was quite free from alarm respecting sbirri.

When safe arrived at Florence, he took a

few days to repose from his fatigues, and to look about him. He made enquiries for Signor Francesco Pisani, from the servant with whom Giuseppe had made acquaintance, and learned with some degree of alarm, that the signor had gone to Ancona, on some business relative to his son. He instantly dispatched a few lines to Orby, to put him on his guard, in case he still remained there.

CHAP. XIII.

As Stafford was one day lounging in the gallery, he saw a gentleman enter with a young lady on his arm; and as he approached, recollected him to be the Frenchman he had travelled with from Lyons, to the vicinity of Marseilles. He accosted him, and was received with that ready ease, almost peculiar to his country. He introduced his daughter, a charming and interesting girl, though still bearing the marks of recent illness. Her father said he had tried the southern part of his native country, as a restorative to his daughter's health, but had not been satisfied with the result; and that he had brought her to Italy to find a more equitable temperature, the benefit of which had already shewn

and he meant to remain at Florence for some time. They had a long conversation on various subjects, particularly with reference to objects of art with which they were surrounded. Stafford was highly pleased with the taste of the young lady, which were, at the same time, acute, and delivered with simplicity. As they approached some of the objects that had been removed from the Louvre, Stafford, with delicacy to his companion, turned his head aside. This movement was observed and commented on by the Frenchman, who immediately introduced the topic, by saying that he had been present in Paris at the time of their removal, and although he could not but agree to the necessity of the act, said, that he never should forget the painful emotion it occasioned to him, common with the rest of his countrymen, in seeing them taken away. His own feelings on this occasion were moderate in comparison with that of the Englishmen; who had looked on these objects as trophies of their former career of victory, always presented to their eyes, and flattering that love of display which, to a Frenchman, is second nature. "Remember," said he, "passing the yard of a carriage near the Boulevards, where, on large

waggon, packed with straw, lay the horses that had previously stood over the arch of the Carrousel. The whole *prestige* and poetry of their former existence seemed obliterated by the ignominious attitude they were now placed in, and which, coupled with the knowledge that they were to be borne away, perhaps, for ever, drew forth audible sighs from hundreds of my countrymen. The pictures were removed quietly, and without much show; but it was a different affair with the statues, which, being of a more bulky and less transportable nature, were, of course, more exposed to public view in packing them up. They were obliged, for the most part, to employ foreigners, as they could scarcely get a single Frenchman to assist in what they thought this dreadful spoliation. For my own part, I thought the best course would have been for the king (if he had thought himself sufficiently firm on his throne) to have returned some of the principal things of his own accord, which would probably have saved those of minor value. When I came to reflect, however," said Mr. Broussard, "subsequently, I conceived that the allies had acted with much moderation; because, as these works of art were as much national

property as ships or guns, they were equally liable to capture; not only what was foreign, but the works of French artists that were in the same collection. I conceive, however," continued he, "that there were certain great advantages attending this collection remaining intact. It became easily accessible to the greatest part of Europe, and saved those who had neither leisure or taste for travelling from going so far, at the same time that it would have formed the very best school for artists of all nations, as they would have found there, at one view, all variety possible bearing on their studies, with every facility of access, and economy in the pursuit."

"You are quite right, as to the *lazy* travellers," said Stafford; "it was certainly a great relief to them to find every thing wonderful in art collected within the distance of a day or two of their homes; but in proportion as it was of use to the sedentary, so much did it take away from the pleasure of vagabond rambles, such as myself; and it could have been no satisfaction to a man to be told after his day's journey, and when inquiring if there was anything of interest in the town, where he made his temporary halt, to be told that there had been a famous painting of

the head of the Venetian school, and a remarkable fine Antinous in Parian marble, but that they had been both removed to Paris, leaving the empty frame of the Titian hanging against the wall, and a fac simile in plaster of Paris of the statue. The suite of apartments I grant," said Stafford, "destined for the reception of the statues, is laid out with taste, and they are well disposed of; but I cannot say so much for the picture gallery. As far as artists are concerned, it is indeed very well; as, by shifting his easel a few paces, the painter can catch every variety of light and shade, and suit his own taste as to grouping and figures: but for the casual visitor, or even the connoisseur, it is by no means so attractive. Arriving at the end of this interminable gallery, one looks with a sort of despair at the prospect of being able to pay proper attention to any one, two, or three particular paintings, the attention is so much distracted. It is, in fact, not properly a gallery, but a long passage between two palaces, its breadth bearing no sort of proportion to the length. If the windows were all shut up, and lights placed against the walls, it might give one an idea of what the Thames tunnel would be, if completed; and these windows,

when open in the day time, throw in so much cross light, that one is obliged to dance several minutes round a picture, before you can catch the proper point of view. Altogether," said he, "it is the most tiresome picture *shop* I ever was in, and I never could muster the courage to get quite to the end. The new apartments in the Louvre, which are now used for the annual exhibition of the works of living artists, are certainly much better calculated for a national collection. There the ancient masters might be divided in the different saloons, according to their schools; and the moderns sent off to the long corridor, to exhibit their garish colours among the cross lights."

"You don't then, seem to admire," said Mr. Broussard, "the modern French style of painting?"

"Not at all," was the reply; "the drawing appears in general very correct, but with a certain degree of hardness of outline, and stiffness, as if each particular figure had concentrated its energies, previous to appearing on the stage, in a *pas seul*; and as to the colouring, it is beyond expression.—It seems, in the wish to avoid what are called *couleurs prononcés*, (which

tells so well in female dress) they run into the extreme of finding out tints, such as the world never saw. I recollect," said he, "seeing a painting by one of your first artists in the Louvre. The story was the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. The drawing was beautiful, and nearly quite free from that *roideur* I have alluded to; but how shall I describe the colouring? It looked as if the artist had got his tints from a mixture of corrosive sublimate, tooth powder, and gun scourings; that made our first parents look as if they had been dug out of an ash pit."

"Your remarks, my young friend, are rather severe; but perhaps there is some truth in them. I have, since my arrival in this country, had time to study the best masters, and I find our modern artists at an immeasurable distance. We are all in France, as relates to the fine arts, complete mannerists; and even the first rate works of foreigners, ancient and modern, fail to produce effect, unless they bear some affinity to our own style. I shall be glad to have some more of your conversation on this subject, if you remain any time in Florence. I see you have lost your travelling companion, and, perhaps,

may make some stay here. My daughter and I shall be very glad to give any assistance in making your stay agreeable.

In answer to this polite address, Stafford replied that his stay in Florence would be, probably, of short duration. He had left his friend in pursuit of a love affair, and as he had something of the same kind in view himself, he was anxious to return to England without much delay.

Stafford had observed, that allusion to love had, on this as well as a former occasion, drawn a sigh from his friend. This piqued his curiosity, and the next day, when they walked out together to see some beautiful points of view on the Arno, and to which the young lady did not feel strong enough to accompany them, Stafford gave vent to his curiosity by again returning to the topic; and gently hinting how much he had been interested both with respect to Mr. Broussard's agitated manner, and his desire to know if his story was in any way connected with England, which, from his perfect knowledge of the language, would appear to be the case.

After a pause of some duration, Mr. Broussard said, "although it would be opening some scarce healed wounds; yet, as you seem interested in

my fate, I cannot refuse, my young friend, to give you a general outline of my unfortunate story ; and I do it at this moment with greater willingness, as my daughter cannot hear of some passages in the life of one of her parents, which I have hitherto, as much as is in my power, kept from her knowledge. You will learn how I became conversant with English and Englishmen, of one of whom I have had every reason to deplore the acquaintance ; but it has not been the means of prejudicing me against his countrymen, one of whom is, indeed, married to my own sister, and one of the best of men that any country ever produced.

“My father,” said Mr. Broussard, “was a large landed proprietor in the ancient province of Guienne ; and although not of noble birth, was looked up to, in his immediate neighbourhood, with every mark of respect, and was universally beloved by all the peasantry within the reach of his benefits. At an early period in life, he had married the only daughter of the Marquis de Carrillac, a nobleman of small property, who had a chateau within a short distance of my father’s residence. His choice was principally made from the mild and kind manners of

the marquis's daughter, accompanied by a reasonable proportion of beauty, which was nearly all the dower she brought with her. Perhaps, however, my father thought the connexion with several noble families, to whom my mother was allied, might be of material use to him hereafter, and being amply supplied himself with the gifts of fortune, he was indifferent on that head. I believe my father never had any reason to repent his choice, although his connexion in aftertimes, when the revolution broke out, caused him considerable embarrassment, particularly from the violent part his father-in-law took on the occasion, which obliged him to become one of the first of the many self exiles that quitted their native country.

“My father was devotedly attached to a country life, and found a similar taste in his wife; indeed, she had no opportunity to imbibe any other, never having been twenty miles from home since she was born. Her father, although ambitious of being a courtier, wanted the means, and on these occasions, when he thought it right to pay his respects to his sovereign, he invariably left his daughter at home.

“The residence of my worthy parents was

situated between Cahors and Figeac, on the right bank of the Lot, facing the south, and at a moderate distance from the river, which flowed in front, continuing its tortuous course to the right; and passing through a valley of great beauty and richness; fell into the Garonne. In front, was an extensive plain; shut in at its extremity, by the rising grounds in the neighbourhood of Puy la Roque. While on the left, the prospect was terminated by the mountains of Auvergne, which surrounded the town of Aurillac, and the last declivity of which terminated within a short distance of my father's chateau.

“In cultivating his vineyards, and all the other sources of his riches in the country, a constant resource was at hand; and after the exertions of the day, the evening was devoted to the society of my mother; who had, in the first year of their marriage, presented him with a daughter; and three years afterwards, my unworthy self made my appearance, to the very great delight of my parents; who were beginning to despair of having a male heir.

“The happiness that had hitherto shone over the peaceful spot of my birth, was destined not to be of long duration. The first blow my

father had, was the loss of my mother; who died of an inflammatory fever at the time, and even on the very day, that I attained my seventh year. The remembrance of the sorrow that reigned in our family, is still fresh in my memory; and is recalled to recollection on every succeeding birth-day.

“My father’s grief would have been overwhelming, had it not been in some degree diverted by the progress of public events. At the time of my poor mother’s death, the revolution had already begun; and it was almost beyond the bounds of any one’s judgment, to say how far it would extend. My father, who possessed great prudence, looked better, perhaps, into futurity than his neighbours. He judged that a revolution to overturn a long-established despotism, without any guide for the future but vague theories; impelled forward by enthusiasm, and having no national institution, as a basis to rally on; would probably end in anarchy and confusion. He therefore set about making preparations for the worst. He gradually disposed of some farms that lay beyond the limits of his original paternal inheritance, and called in several sums of money, that he

had lying out on various securities. The produce he remitted, by degrees, to Amsterdam, and London, to be invested in the funds; and retained with him what might be required in any unforeseen emergency. By abstinence from all political meetings, keeping on his guard in all conversations, and living retired and quietly at home, he hoped to escape notice; and succeeded in doing so for a considerable time. He, however, in common with all the well-disposed, saw with pain, the overthrow of the moderate party; and the accession to power of what was called the mountain. However, he trusted that by strict adherence to his former plan, to prevent his name from being brought forward in any shape. Vain precautions! In those times, when to be neuter, was deemed suspicious, and to be rich, a crime; it could hardly be expected, that a person possessed of such large property in the province should be overlooked. Several hints had reached my father from friends in the metropolis, who warned him of his danger; and that one of the charges against him was, for having married the daughter of an aristocrat, who was now in emigration. He had endeavoured by

every means to do away with these suspicions and charges; but at length, at the period when Fouquier Tinville, Danton, and others of the *beheading* embassy, were sent forth on their mission; my father received decisive intelligence from Paris, that he had been denounced before the revolutionary tribunal, and to lose not a moment in flying from his home; that no place in France could be secure; and recommended him to cross the nearest frontier.

“Although previously prepared, the intelligence was nearly overwhelming; but mustering all his presence of mind to his aid, he assumed a tranquil and unconcerned countenance. He however ordered his carriage to be got ready; to go and spend a few days with a friend in the neighbourhood. He only put one of his servants in his confidence, in the first instance, whom he employed to pack up for him in a portmanteau a few requisite changes of dress; and among these, he placed all his valuable jewels, and some articles of plate; and my sister having loaded one or two light looking boxes and hat case in a similar manner, they set out from their home, that they never were to see again.

“As my father had been furnished with passports for the different frontiers he might possibly have to cross, he chose the Spanish, as being the nearest, and best suited for the emergency.

“Having a near relation residing at Castel Naudry, he resolved, if possible, to reach that place by indirect roads; and to travel as much as possible during the night. After an anxious and tedious journey, he gained the house of his relative; who, although somewhat surprised at the visit, guessed at once the cause, and welcomed his friend, as if he had arrived there by invitation. Measures were immediately concerted, to secure the passage of the frontier at Perpignan; and the travellers set forward with palpitating hearts, not a little increased by the tales that reached them, of the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed that were acting in all parts of the country.

“On reaching the last French post, they were terribly disconcerted, by finding it occupied by a violent republican officer, who was in a state nearly approaching drunkenness, and would not let the travellers proceed, until he had consulted the commandant; who, he said,

was stationed at Limoux. The clearness of the papers was no proof to him; they must be, he thought, some aristocrats endeavouring to fly, and they should be detained until he heard from his superior officer. My father, seeing there would be no use in attempting to argue with this personage, and still less chance of offering him a bribe, he therefore desired my sister to sit quietly in the carriage, while he should try what was to be done. He alighted, and went into the guard-house. He expressed a wish to the officer, to be allowed to send for some wine, to refresh himself after his journey, and to take a few bottles with him across the frontier, where he did not expect he would meet with wines so agreeable to his taste as those of his own country. This was consented to; the drummer of the guard dispatched with a basket, and on his return, the wine was opened. Mr. Broussard took a hearty draught, and offered the like to his companion. One bottle led to another; and during its discussion, my father had to listen to all the *fanfaronnade*, then in the mouths of all *true* republicans; and to suffer the mortal alarm of the messenger meeting the commandant on the way,

and returning with an interdict: They had not, however, proceeded far with the third bottle, when the soldier felt its effects, which became the more powerful, from the rapidity with which he had been pressed to drink; and in a few minutes, he fell along on the guard bed. The serjeant was now called for; and from his appearance, it was judged he would be more tractable. My father, therefore, after helping him to a large tumbler of wine, slipped a louis into his hand; pointed out the anxiety he had with respect to his daughter's health, and requested to be allowed to proceed. He had fortunately hit upon the best passport; louis were not very plentiful in those days, and this one operated to advantage. The barrier was opened; but it was not until fairly within the Spanish lines, that my father felt at ease.

“About five months previous to these events, I had been sent to be placed *en pension* at Versailles, under the immediate eye of a paternal aunt; a widow who resided at a small rent, in a house belonging to my father, which was the only detached part of the property he preserved. My aunt received me with great kindness, and I always went through my holidays with her-

I had passed my time, as pleasantly as most school-boys, when I was made acquainted with the emigration of my father; which caused me much pain at the time. With a view of only having an education fit for a gentleman, and not having any necessity to follow a profession, my father had designed that after my early education was completed I should enter what is called in Paris, the *pays Latin*, and study the law, to enable me at a future time to act as justice of the peace; and to give me the habits of business, necessary for the management of my own affairs. By the succession of events, however, all these plans were put aside. Although we might be said to live near the centre of the reign of terror, the events that then happened, and shocked all Europe, made but little impression on a parcel of school-boys. I recollect, however, that, with the sort of monkey imitation with which boys ape their superiors, we had established in our play ground, a kind of machine, which we called a guillotine. It was composed of two pair of posts, driven into the ground; two of the poles being so close together at each end, as to form a groove to receive a piece of board, that was raised by

means of rope that ran over a cross bar at the top. In this we used to execute justice on tale-bearers, and other delinquents ; by laying them down on their face, and letting the board fall on their shoulders. As schools were rather below the notice of the legislators of that day, we fortunately were unmolested ; and as my aunt lived very retired, and was particularly cautious, she had also the good fortune to escape.

“A year had elapsed, before I heard any certain tidings of my father and sister. At length I learned, that they had, after passing the frontier, arrived safe at Barcelona ; where they waited several months, in hopes of some change in affairs at home, that would allow them to return to France ; but at last, losing all hope on that head, they had taken shipping at Barcelona for Gibraltar, and from thence in an English ship to London ; in the neighbourhood of which they had established themselves. I received many affectionate remembrances, and a remittance of money ; very acceptable, as I was now about to leave my school, and enter more into the world, by joining the students of *l'Ecole Militaire*, to which my aunt, through the medium of some friends, had gained me admit-

tance; as it was now looked upon as the only career open for a young man. I went through the course of my studies with considerable credit, and at their termination, was appointed to a regiment of *Chasseurs à Cheval*, which I soon afterwards joined, and proceeded with them on the march to Germany. This was my first campaign, and it was closed in the most glorious manner, by the peace with Austria.

“I was present at the actions of Grossarpen, and Essling, but was sent back with an escort of prisoners to Vienna; and had no part in the subsequent affairs, that led to the convention at Znaym. When the peace was concluded, the regiment to which I belonged was sent back to France; where we had scarcely arrived, when an order came for us to escort a large convoy of stores, collected at Toulouse, destined for the army of Catalonia.

“On our way there, it came to my recollection, that an old neighbour of my father's, who had been equally despoiled of his property, but whose life had been saved by the intervention of one of the Committee of Public Safety; now resided on the remains of his property at Montauban. He had, when I left home, a son

and daughter; the former, of nearly my own age, and the latter about two or three years younger. The boy had been my early play-fellow; but I had little recollection of his sister. I resolved, however, on arriving at Montauban, to give my old neighbours a call.

“I was most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Essignac and his daughter; and forgetful that I had been growing myself, was rather surprised to find Pauline shooting up into womanhood. We had so many things to say, that Mr. Essignac wished me to remain for a few days; but I was obliged to go on to Toulouse, from whence I promised to return, if possible. Arrived there, I learned that the convoy would not be ready for ten days; that it was to be large, and accompanied by a strong force of cavalry and infantry. As I found no difficulty in procuring leave for the intermediate time, I returned to Montauban. My welcome was as warm as I could have wished; and I became at once established in the house, as one of the family. I learned that young Essignac was with the army in Germany; and was even in the corps d’armée, to which my own regiment had been attached. Pauline was

l of her age, well-formed, and promised when little more maturity was given to her person, be a fine, and handsome girl. She was ready that to me; unaccustomed as I had been much female society, being thrown into company with one so near my own age, was quite a novelty. And as we were at once, on the intimate terms of near neighbours, every thing like restraint was banished from our converse; and little wonder that I soon felt all the influence of these circumstances. Indeed, before I was well aware of it, I was completely in love, and had no reason to doubt that it was reciprocal. We passed almost the whole of every day together, which never appeared long enough; and it was with the most painful feeling to us both, that the time of my departure arrived. As it was inevitable, we endeavoured to console each other, with the prospect of the future; and I departed with the strongest assurance of first and only love, with my promise to let her know my fate during the campaign.

“On arriving at Toulouse, I found the conveyance ready to depart; and during the succeeding days, when I was lounging on my horse, attending the heavy movement of the waggons

and tumbrils, my mind was fully occupied with the last delicious ten days I had past; recalling to mind the slightest look, or gesture of my beloved Pauline, whose image followed me during the whole campaign; and in the solitary hours of out-post duty, was my delight and solace. Our convoy arrived safe at Barcelona, notwithstanding some skirmishing with the Miquelets, who endeavoured to impede our passage near Gerona, and Hostalrich; and we, who formed the escort, were right glad to be discharged from so tedious and dull a duty.

“We were soon marched off to the Llobregat, where a corps of observation was looking after the movements of Sarsfield; and ready to act in repelling the landing of a British division, that had been hovering for some days on the coast. These movements ended in nothing; and shortly afterwards, Marshal Suchet having made a requisition for more cavalry, a regiment of cuirassiers, with our own regiment, passed to the right bank of the Ebro, and joined the marshal in the neighbourhood of Calatayud.

“As they say of the wicked, ‘there is no rest’ for a Chasseur a Cheval; and we had scarcely taken up our position in the bivouac,

when we received an order to proceed to Madrid, being the best mounted light regiment in the province, to scour the neighbourhood, and check the guerillas, who patrolled up to the gates of the metropolis. We had hardly done hunting these vagabonds, until we were ordered to join the troops under General Bonnet; on their march to reinforce Marshal Marmont on the Douro; and our junction had no sooner taken place, than the marshal resumed the offensive.

“ I will not tire you with the details, which have been already published in so many shapes, of the manœuvres that took place during the time the two armies were in presence of each other. I shall only say, that our general threw away all the advantage of numbers, by endeavouring to make a flank movement, before an active enemy; a thing that should only be attempted under cover of the night, or a fog. The consequence was, we lost our relative parallel position with the English army, and exposed our flank; and the mischief was increased by the misplaced zeal of an officer on the left, who extended his brigade beyond all prudence. We thus got into a false position

relative to the English army, which its commander took immediate advantage of, by checking our advance to the left, by a corresponding movement on his right; and the British army had only to face to the left, to attack our oblique line to advantage. This was so promptly done, that our columns had neither room or time to deploy; and being attacked, and wrapped in fire, in front and flank, they hesitated, and then gave way; and it is not difficult to imagine the disorder of a close column broken up in this manner. Marshal Marmont, in endeavouring to remedy this *faux pas*, and abate the disorder, was wounded and carried off the field; when General Clausel succeeded in drawing off the army, to a position in the rear on a rising ground, which he held long enough to be able to make an orderly retreat during the night. It was in covering this movement to the second line, that my horse was killed under me; and before I could clear myself, your troops had arrived. I was taken prisoner, and marched off to Salamanca. The next morning, the prisoners who were able, were marched off in the direction of the coast; and after several days passed on the road, we arrived

at Lisbon. Under any other circumstances, I could hardly have failed to admire the striking effect of this city, ranged along the banks of a majestic river; but I was so overpowered by the late events, that I could only spare a transient glance.

“Well knowing the hopeless state in which prisoners of war remained in England, I looked forward with dismay to be joined to the number, in place of the bright picture I had drawn, but a few days before, of a successful campaign, which every thing led us to suppose would be the case. We were already superior in number to the English, with 10,000 men within three days’ march to reinforce us, and had we only preserved the relative position we had previously held for a couple of days longer, the British army must have retreated on Portugal. We French soldiers have the credit of easily accommodating ourselves to circumstances, and many of my comrades consoled themselves as usual with the phrase *fortune de guerre*; but, for my part, all the horrors of exile appeared before me when my mind reverted to France and Pauline. True, I had the prospect of having intelligence of my father and sister, but that did not in the first in-

stance alleviate the pang of leaving behind me one I so tenderly and entirely loved ; nor did I find my mind relieved when I arrived at the depôt in the interior, fixed for the abode of officers on parole. Those I came amongst were all strangers, who only seemed to take that interest in my arrival, furnished by being the bearer of news, and for some days I was annoyed with questions about persons of whom I had never before heard.

“ When this bustle, attending my first arrival, had subsided, and things settled down into their usual monotonous course, then did I feel all the tedium and ennui of my situation, with that canker of the mind arising from blighted hopes. No prospect appeared of an exchange of prisoners, and our only chance rested on the restoration of peace. I had recollected the name of my father’s correspondent in London, and wrote to gain some intelligence. In a few days I learned, that my father had been for some years in Poland, where he still remained, and that my sister was married to an English gentleman, living in Devonshire. To her I immediately wrote, and received an affectionate letter, saying that she had been indisposed for some time, but

as soon as she was fit to travel, she would pay me a visit, and would, till then, keep all her news relative to my family. She advised me to keep up my spirits, and not give way to despair.

“As a means of distraction, I set about to study English, with the rudiments of which I was already acquainted, and I found in this employment considerable resource. On looking round me, also, I found I had no reason to think myself the most unhappy among the prisoners, many of whom had been already seven or eight years at the depôt. They did not draw any pay from their own government, and had but half a guinea a week allowed them; therefore, their situation was by no means flourishing, unless they had private resources of their own, and then, they were subject to the constant temptation of breaking their word, and making their escape, having before them the example of General Lefevre, and one or two others, who had been received at home with open arms, and immediately employed. This always appeared to me as a stain on the character of the emperor, and the absurdity seemed so gross, of instituting a legion of honour, and then holding

out encouragement to officers to break their parole of honour, that I shut up my own decoration in my writing desk, ashamed to wear it under such circumstances.

“At length my sister and her husband paid me a visit, and I had the pleasure of holding to my heart almost my only relation, from whom I had been so long separated. They spent several days with me, and from them I heard that my father had been ill in Poland at the time of the accession of the emperor, and could not take advantage of the amnesty offered to emigrants; that since that period, he had been engaged in some extensive mercantile affair, which quite occupied him, and that, under cover of them, it was believed he had some transactions of a political character, in favour of the exiled French princes. My sister offered me a supply of money, and put me in the way of procuring what I wanted of my own, so that, in respect of pecuniary matters, I was rather better off than most of my companions.

“Time wore away as we thus dragged the weary chain of captivity, until all our attention was rivetted to the events that soon took place on the continent, and accustomed as we

were to the great designs of Bonaparte, and the rapidity of their execution, we could not but feel a degree of surprise, mixed with alarm, when we saw him develop his gigantic designs against Russia, at the moment even when the millstone (Spain) hung round his neck, and as we saw him plunge recklessly into the wilds of Russia, we began to think his boundless ambition had run away with his discretion. The result fully justified our anticipations, and although many of my comrades had at first deplored the loss they sustained in not forming part of the grand army, on its advance, yet, when the disasters of the retreat became known, they reconciled them for a time with their prison; and they found it pleasanter to be patrolling as far as the first mile stone on the London road, (their limits,) than in assisting to form a lump of ice in the Beresina.

“The rapidity and varied form of the events of the next year, kept our minds constantly on the alert, so that the weariness of our captivity was almost forgotten, as the prospects of approaching peace gained daily ground. At length, after the varied success of the operations within the French territory, we were

electrified by the intelligence of the occupation of Paris by the allies. Although wounded pride was very prevalent on the occasion of this intelligence, yet it was soon overborne by the delight we all experienced in the prospect of once more seeing our beloved country. With me, the sentiment was enhanced by the peculiar bliss I believed in store for me, and I set out for Paris in a tumult of joy and hope.

“When I arrived there, I waited barely long enough to pay my respects to the new monarch, and to leave my name at the office of the minister of war, and then set off for Montauban. I found my Pauline all I could have wished or expected ; she had outgrown the girlish appearance which she wore when I last saw her, and was now arrayed in all the charms of a beautiful and interesting young woman. I passed two or three days in a delirium of joy, from which I was first awoke by Mr. Essignac, calling my attention to more common place matter of worldly interest. He suggested to me, that previous to my marriage, I ought to look after my new interests ; and as it was a well known part of etiquette in the court of the new sovereign, for officers to obtain consent to their

marriage, I was advised to return directly to Paris, and comply in person with the prescribed form. As Pauline joined in this request, I set out again for the capital, and was most graciously received at court. Inquiries were made about my father, who had rendered very considerable service to the cause of Louis XVIII. I was told that I had been nominated chef d'escadron in one of the cavalry regiments of the guard, now re-forming, and that my services would soon be required at Melun, where the nucleus of the corps was already formed. Further, I was given to understand, that the portion of my father's estate in Guienne (now the department of Lot), which consisted of woods, that had been confiscated to the government, and had formed part of the dotation of the legion of honour, should be restored to my parent, who, his Majesty hoped, would live long to enjoy it. I likewise obtained permission to marry. I remained only long enough in Paris to obtain the papers connected with the reacquisition of our paternal property, and then returned, happy as mortal could be, to the smiles and endearments of Pauline.

“Shortly after our marriage, my father-in-law and I rode over to see the property I had regained, and to take formal possession in the name of my father. I could have had no recollection of the place, and even Mr. Essignac was at a loss. The chateau had been partly dismantled by the party of the mountain sent to take possession; it subsequently fell into ruins, and was afterwards broken up piecemeal to build a large mill, situated on the river; the garden walls had shared the same fate, and the ground was parcelled out to cottagers; so that no vestige remained of the abode of my ancestors. We, however, easily found out the portion of forest ground, and having met with the agent who had charge of it, and delivered our credentials, I took possession in the name of my father, and returned to Montauban, and from thence, the next day, proceeded to Paris with my bride and her father. I had already notified to my aunt our approach, and we had the house at Versailles all ready for our reception.

“I had, of course, to proceed immediately to Melan, where I found my new regiment nearly formed, and I was once more a *Chasseur à Cheval*.

We remained there only long enough to complete the equipment and discipline of the corps, which being composed for the most part of old soldiers, was soon effected, and then we were moved in to form a part of the garrison of Paris. During my stay at Melun, I received the melancholy intelligence of the death of my father. I had become very anxious on his account, and had made every inquiry what could possibly have become of him; at length I learned, through the medium of the ambassador, that my father's pecuniary transactions having occasioned him to go to St. Petersburg, he had arrived there at the inauspicious time of the advance of the grand army beyond the Niemen; that suspicion having fallen on every one of the name of Frenchman, in spite of the proofs he bore about him, he was hurried off with some hundred others of his countrymen to Siberia; that the rapidity with which they travelled after leaving Moscow, was too much for my father, who had a return of his former illness, and was not able to go beyond Perm. He had not been there above two or three days, when the mistake with regard to him was discovered and rectified;

but all too late. His constitution had been much broken by the illness which he had in Poland; and the many privations he had met, and the fatigue he endured on this forced march, were too much for him. He died there, and had been buried with military honours by the Russian garrison. I felt this loss most sensibly, and, perhaps, it was fortunate that my many active military duties prevented me from brooding too much over my misfortune.

“The death of the worthy M. Essegnac, my father-in-law, soon followed this event, and being now deprived of both our parents, seemed to draw the bond of union closer between my wife and me. The property she inherited from her father was considerable, and added much to our domestic comforts; indeed, if I was to point out a period of my life when I enjoyed the most tranquil and complete happiness, I should say the autumn and winter of the year 1814.

“At the commencement of the next year, I thought I could observe a certain degree of agitation amongst the military, for which I was at a loss to account, with a certain expression of triumph in the eyes of some of my former

fellow prisoners, who I knew were decided Buonapartists. I was too much taken up then with my duties and domestic affairs to pay much attention to these signs, but I recollected them afterwards.

CHAP. XIV.

"IN the early days of March, I had gone down with my wife to pay a long promised visit to an old friend, a fellow student at the military school, who had married, and was settled not far from Rambouillet. We found my friend established in a villa, embosomed in wood, and quite secluded from the world. We found his wife an amiable, agreeable woman, and mother of two fine children. We had been in this retirement a few days, when my friend came in and said he had the strangest piece of intelligence which seemed quite incredible. He had met with a *garde chasse*, who told him that Buonaparte had landed at Cannes, and was now on the road to Paris. This news, if possibly

true, was too serious for me not to feel some alarm at being absent from my regiment at such a time ; and I therefore prepared to take my departure ; in spite of the remonstrance of my friend, who argued that it must have been a mistake.

“ On arriving at Versailles, I learned that it was but too true ; and not only that Louis had fled, but that the emperor was again at the Thuilleries. Had I been in Paris at the time, most probably I should have accompanied the fallen monarch ; but it was now too late, and I thought the best way was to put a good face on the matter, and join my regiment, if it was in Paris. There I certainly found it, and in the Caserne of the Carousel. I learned that they had been one of the regiments that marched from Paris under Ney, and had, under the general impulse, gone over in a body to Buona-
parte. I met the officers, and my absence was easily accounted for. I took the opportunity of observing how the land lay before I went to the Thuilleries ; and the day I presented myself will always be memorable to me. It was that on which the deputation from the Faubourg St. Antoine was presented. I had often had oc-

casion to observe the countenance of the emperor, and to notice how completely he guarded against any outward expression of feeling. His features, on this occasion, underwent no alteration; but the most extraordinary change took place in his colour, which assumed a greenish hue, or rather what might be called a leaden aspect; and I will venture to say, that if ever the sensation of fear came over the mind of Buonaparte, it was on the occasion of receiving his friends of the Faubourg. He evidently expected that they had come to tie him down by some pledges, which he knew he could not fulfil, and his relief, as expressed on his countenance, was apparent when he found it was merely a complimentary visit. That day became also memorable by my wife having presented me with a daughter, the girl we have just left.

“During my period of imprisonment in England, my ideas, with respect to the emperor, had undergone a very serious alteration. Early prepossession, and pity for the exiled princes, had also great weight with me, and these feelings were cherished on learning the way my father was employed in their service. My sentiments, however, I carefully concealed

from my comrades, as I knew we had more than one spy amongst us, and only confided them to one person, an old man who had been formerly prefect in one of our colonies, and whom I judged to be actuated by the same spirit. What then was my astonishment, two days after my presentation, in meeting an old friend, whom I had known on the staff of Massena, to be told, that in his presence this old fool of a prefect had denounced me to the emperor, with no other possible motive but to make court for himself. My friend had immediately combated the charge against me, and an argument took place between these persons in presence of the emperor, who cut it short by saying, that he would try the truth of this charge by enlisting my generosity, and that I should have the command of a battalion of infantry, now on the march to the frontier. 'And,' added my friend, 'if you go to the minister of war, you will find my intelligence correct.'

"This notification, which, at another period of my life, would have been the most agreeable and flattering thing in the world, now afforded me anything but pleasure; however, as there were no means of retreat, I was obliged to em-

brace my fortune as it came, and proceeded directly to the bureau of the minister, who confirmed my appointment, and directed me to proceed directly to Charleroi, where I should find the corps I was to command.

"I flew down to take my farewell of Pauline, and to kiss my new born baby. My adieu was very short; and I had only time to recommend my wife and child to the care of my kind aunt. That same evening I took my departure for the frontier, directing my servant to follow me with the horses without delay. On my way down, I had time to ruminate over my extraordinary situation, pressed, as it were, into a service for which I had not the least desire. I had also leisure enough to consider the possible results of this campaign. I saw all Europe arming against us, and however brilliant an early opening might be, we could not hope to combat with success such mighty odds as were arrayed against us. My mind was, therefore, soon made up on the occasion. Although I was determined never to draw my sword against my own countrymen, I was equally resolved not to be the tool of any man's personal am-

bition; and I only waited for an opportunity to carry my plan into execution.

“As soon as the emperor joined the army, the troops broke up their cantonments and took the field, our first attack being destined against the Prussian army, posted near Ligny. We had approached sufficiently near to feel their advanced posts the evening previous to the meditated attack; when, on pretence of visiting some of the out guards in front, I mounted my best horse, a capital English hunter, and watching my opportunity, made a dash at once to reach the Prussian piquets. It was late in the evening, but quite light enough to see clearly my way. I gained the first post without any appearance of pursuit, and having explained my business, was carried to the head quarters of Blucher, who, on ascertaining the character in which I came, furnished me with a passport to Brussels, where I arrived that night, and the next morning proceeded to Ghent, where I joined the king, and was graciously received.

“I had hardly arrived, until the intelligence of the attack at Ligny followed, with the retreat of Blucher. This caused some anxiety, and still more when it was known that the emperor had

proceeded to attack the British army in front of Brussels. Every thing was ready to remove further from Ghent ; when these preparations were rendered of no consequence by the result of the battle of Waterloo.

“I accompanied the king to Paris, but declined any further military service. I received an advancement in the Legion of Honour, and, with a small pension, as compensation for past services, retired, with light heart, into the bosom of my family at Versailles. Almost every one knows the state that Paris was then in, at least it looked as if all the world was there ; I shall not, therefore, tire you with anything on that subject, but revert to more domestic concerns.

“At the end of October, the British camp in the Bois de Boulogne was broken up, and the troops sent into cantonments in the different villages of the *banlieu*.—Versailles, of course, had its share. As I went down stairs one morning, a young English officer, of very prepossessing appearance, came to the door, and presented a billet. He was immediately admitted, and directions given to prepare a bed-room for him, which, as soon as he had taken possession

of, he went out, promising to return to take his dinner with me ; when I introduced him to my wife, who seemed equally pleased as myself with his manners and address ; he spoke French with considerable fluency, and made himself very agreeable by a lively turn of conversation. On further cultivating his acquaintance, I found him well informed for his age, and possessed of several useful accomplishments. He was a correct draughtsman, a good musician, and possessed many of these little graceful arts so pleasing, particularly to the ladies. All this was accompanied with a degree of diffidence and reserve, that it required some pains to draw him out at first ; and even then, an air of modesty accompanied all his actions. I felt great pleasure in his society, which seemed to be partaken of by Pauline, and in a few days, our young guest seemed quite as one of the family.

“ I had remarked that he associated very little with his brother officers, and seldom went out, which I attributed to his love of domestic amusements. As I returned one day from Paris, I entered the saloon rather abruptly, and thought that a slight degree of embarrassment was apparent both on the countenance of

my guest and of Pauline. I did not, however, lay much stress on this, and entered on the subject of my news, which was the approaching conclusion of the treaty of peace.

"The day on which the signature of the treaty was announced, we were sitting, as usual, at the conclusion of dinner; during which, I thought I observed a degree of restlessness about Pauline, when the serjeant, who usually brought in the orders, made his appearance, and his officer had hardly taken the book in his hand, when Pauline said, with a hurried tone, '*eh bien quelle nouvelle?*' In answer to this interrogation, the reader translated the orders, which, after fixing the regiments that were to remain to form the army of occupation, detailed the numbers of those that were immediately to return to England, among which was the corps in which our guest served; that was ordered the day but one afterwards to march to Montmorency, on the route to Beauvais. On this being communicated, my wife gave an 'ah!' and looking at her face, I saw the colour mount to her cheek. For the first time I felt a pang of jealousy, and cast my eyes directly on the young officer; but his countenance preserved its usual tranquil and

quiet appearance. He said, however, he was sorry, as he had been given to understand, that his was one of the regiments to remain.

“The next morning he went out early, and when we met at dinner; he said, he hoped he would not be thought to intrude, by remaining a couple of days longer, as he had some commissions to execute for himself and some other officers, and that he would overtake them on the march. I could not well refuse so simple a request, although I would much rather it had not been asked. He only stayed two days, and then took his final leave. I watched my wife’s countenance narrowly at this juncture, but there was no appearance of emotion. She seemed merely to be taking leave of a chance acquaintance. All my suspicions died away, and I felt as if relieved of a load on my mind.

“The day but one after this, I went to dine with a friend at Meudon; where a pleasant party was expected, and where I was welcomed with every appearance of hospitality. Notwithstanding, however, the joyous company that was assembled, and the efforts of our entertainer, I felt an unaccountable weight on my spirits, which I could not shake off; and thinking it

be got ready, while I proceeded to load a pair of pistols. The broken and disjointed conversation I had with Madame St. Aubert, only tended to confirm me in my suspicions; as she had observed several circumstances which she had been afraid to communicate to me. She had spoken in warning to my wife on the subject, but that her remonstrances had been only ridiculed. My aunt, seeing the violent passion I was in, did not endeavour to check it; hoping, as she afterwards told me, that it would evaporate in my chase, which she had no doubt would be fruitless.

“As soon as my carriage was ready, I set out, attended by a man servant, and drove directly to the hotel in Paris, frequented by the Englishman. I could get no intelligence here; but having procured the assistance of a commissary of police, I passed the whole night in equally fruitless attempts at all the hotels I could think of as likely the fugitives would have gone to. In the morning, as soon as the police office was open, I procured passports for myself and servant for Calais, and set out directly, post, by the way of Beauvais. At Granvilliers I got intelligence of an officer and lady having passed

the day before in a carriage. I hurried forward at this intelligence, and on arriving at Abbeville, saw some English soldiers, and knew by the buttons that they belonged to the regiment I was in quest of. I addressed one of the officers, who chanced to be the adjutant; from whom I learned that they had no tidings of the person I was in search of, but expected to see him every day; that the lady of whom I had heard, was an officer's wife, and that if I wished I could see her.

"Disappointed in this, I set out for Calais; resolving to watch there, and make sure of my mark. Accordingly, after arriving, I took up my station every morning at the barrier, and remained there all day to watch those that passed, with the promise of the guard to let me know in the night if such persons as I described passed. My servant brought me food every day, and at last I procured permission to have a mattress spread for me, and slept in this small place, wrapped in my cloak. I thus watched the passage of the whole English army for embarkation; and numberless were the alarms I had of ladies in carriages, but they were all false.

"After every apparent chance had vanished, I threw myself on the mattress in despair; when

the man, pitying the state I was in, and wishing to say something that might give me fresh hope, suggested that the lady and gentleman I was in search of might, on account of the Calais road being so encumbered, have taken the route by Flanders to Ostend. The idea had never struck me before, but I acted on it immediately. Returning to Calais, my servant and I embarked that evening, and on landing at Dover, heard that the regiment I inquired about had marched to Eastbourne, in Sussex. Thither I immediately repaired, and learned, to my consternation, that the person I was in pursuit of had joined the regiment at Dover the day they landed, having come by Ostend; that he had pleaded urgent family affairs, and got leave of absence for three months; that his address was at Colchester, where his father lived. I inquired eagerly if he had come over alone, but my informant, who was the same officer that I had accosted at Abbeville, could give me no precise information, as the young man, during his stay, had lived at another hotel, but he understood that another young officer, very pale and delicate looking, had come over with him. This, I had no doubt, was my wife, disguised in male

attire. This added fresh force to my vengeance, and I set out again directly in pursuit. Crossing the Thames at Gravesend, I soon arrived at Colchester, but there learned that the fugitives had never been. His father had a letter from him, dated from Bristol, but that was all they had heard since the landing of the army.

“Although scarcely a shadow of hope remained, I went on directly to Bristol, where all traces were lost. Not knowing which way to turn, I at length resolved to visit my sister in Devonshire; and when I stood before her husband and her, they scarcely recognised me, so haggard and care-worn had the space of a few days made me. I had not been many hours in their house, when I was seized with a violent fever, the fruit of my exertions, and for some weeks lay between life and death. I was carefully attended by my sister, her husband, and my own faithful servant, during this illness, and as I gradually recovered, I took a fresh view of the case. Why, said I to myself, should I harass myself in pursuit of a worthless woman, whom I would not receive if she was to throw herself at my feet. Is it to indulge a passion of revenge, that I thus have destroyed only my own health?

Henceforth I was resolved to banish the subject as much as possible from my thoughts, and to dedicate the remainder of my life to my deserted infant.

“As my recovery became more confirmed, my brother-in-law ventured to bring the topic again forward; and even advised me to lay the case before a jury, and sue for damages. I spurned the idea; I could never bring myself to think of compounding an affair of that kind for a certain sum of money; and I look on it as one of the most disgraceful parts of your system in England, that almost tempts a man to make a barter of his honour for a specific price.”

“I think, my good sir,” said Stafford, “you, in common with many foreigners, are deceived on that point. The injury that leads to sue for a divorce, does not come within the cognizance of a criminal court. It is simply a breach of civil law, and the only punishment that can follow a verdict is assessed in money. Without the facts being proved in a court of law, the remedy of divorce cannot be obtained. The greater the injury, the greater amount of damages, and the more powerful the claim afterwards for a divorce; but so far from its being a mere calculation of

money, many persons never receive the damages awarded; and so far from any collusion, the smallest trace of such a thing vitiates the whole proceedings, and the plaintiff is obliged to appear himself with clean hands in the court, before he can obtain a verdict."

"I beg your pardon," said M. Broussard, "for having misapprehended that point. However, I had no inclination to have my name brought forward; but had some remaining curiosity to know what became of the offenders. My brother-in-law wrote to inquire about the regiment in question, and learned that they had embarked and sailed for Quebec a month before. As soon as my health was re-established, I returned to France, and not being able to bear the sight of my residence at Versailles, I had Madame St. Aubert and the infant join me in Paris. I let the house, as well as the one at Montauban, and went down to Cahors, where I rented a small house, until I could build one for myself on my own property. I had taken the plan of a cottage which I had admired in the neighbourhood of my sister in Devonshire, and the employment afforded me by seeing it built, served to distract my attention from more un-

pleasant subjects. Had my desire of revenge still continued, I might have had full gratification of it, as, by a letter I received some months afterwards from my brother-in-law, I learned that the ship in which my unfortunate wife and her paramour had embarked, was cast away at the entrance of the river St. Lawrence, and every soul, with the exception of two of the crew, had perished. After I had completed my cottage and furnished it, we all removed there; and it continued to be my residence for some years, until I lost my kind and affectionate relative, Madame St. Aubert. I felt her loss severely, and my poor child had nearly sunk under the privation; it affected her health so seriously, that I was advised to change the scene, and to seek a warmer situation. I accordingly removed to Montpellier, where I found some relations of my late mother established. In their care I used to leave my daughter when business drew me away from home; and it was on my return from transacting some affairs at Lyons that I first met you and your companion. Finding little benefit at Montpellier, I resolved to try Italy; and here we are on our gradual way to the south."

It may easily be supposed, that one walk along the banks of the Arno, would not suffice to give this long history of the Frenchman; on the contrary, several mornings were consumed in this way.

Stafford had lingered on in Florence, in hopes of hearing some decisive intelligence relative to the return of Francesco Pisani. He had also, certainly, become interested in the Frenchman's relation, which was all out of ear-shot of his daughter. In her society, however, they passed the evenings in the most agreeable manner, either with reading, reciting from the Italian poets, or music; now and then a walk by moonlight. As the French officer said of being present at the bombardment of Brussels, "*elle est bien située pour cela*,"—so is Florence for moonlight meditation. No houses in Europe afford larger shadows. And then the Arno!—although its waters, in conjunction with those of the Ebro, Tiber, Ganges, and a dozen other rivers, were not sufficient to cool the flame of love in the breast of Petrarch, yet we can assure our fair and foul readers, that there is very pretty walking along its banks; which, if any of them doubt, they can go there and see. From these

enchantments, however, the Swiss disease, already alluded to, and the recollection of the golden locks of Charlotte Orby, at last tore Stafford away. He parted with his French friends with considerable regret; and wishing to vary his mode of travelling, agreed to take his departure with the vetturino for Bologna.

A person who chooses this mode of getting on in the world, must put their powers of volition in abeyance; as they can only eat, drink, and sleep, when and where their conductor pleases to appoint. On the other hand, they have no care, all is settled before hand, and that eternal movement of putting the hand in the pocket, so trying to the philosophy of atrabilious travellers, is avoided. There is also, in this jog-trot way of moving along, where people are well shaken together, and brought often to *feed* in company, so much sociability, that external forms soon give way, and all soon become on terms of good fellowship; so different from our fly-awaymanner of skimming over a macadamised road, with a time-keeping coachman; whilst, in the space of a hundred miles, two remarks may have been made and assented to,—“that there is a fine show of barley,” and “the turnips look well.”

Stafford had early taken a fancy to the Italian language, so easy to beginners; and he found pleasure in combatting the difficulties as they arose in his progress. He had gone through the poets, and wound up with Dante and Pulci, and he now wished to learn some of the colloquial phrases, and (if you please) the vulgarisms of common conversation. He stuffed his head with a goodly recollection of proverbs, in which no country is richer; and it would have done Sancho Panza's heart good to have travelled in Italy.

He found his fellow travellers well inclined to be sociable, with considerable tendency to humour; and as Stafford was a cosmopolite in the way of fun, or rather a funny cosmopolite, he entered into all the jokes that were given and taken; and although some of the allusions were rather gross, yet, as he saw no signs of discomfiture in the countenances of the ladies, who equalled in number those of the other sex, there was no authority for blushing himself, and he entered into the jokes to their full extent. He certainly picked up some odd articles in this way; but found his journey so pleasant altogether, as far as Bologna, that he resolved to continue the same mode of travelling; and after

his arrival there, entered into a fresh contract of the same kind, as far as Milan, to start the day but one afterwards; which afforded him sufficient interval for repose, and to look about him. He did not ascertain to a moral, (or rather a physical) certainty if Bologna sausages are made of the flesh of dead mules; but he found some pork cutlets, that he had *a l'Italienne*, to be excellent; and moreover that they were made of pig, as he heard the grunter squeak, and saw him die. The produce of his ribs was so succulent and juicy, as to add to the claims of the city to be called Bologna *la grassa*.

The party that Stafford joined the following day, was much of the same description as his former companions; there was however but one female amongst them. They seemed also to be a joyous set; and many were the anecdotes and histories that Stafford learned; and which, only for the consideration that we have lately inflicted on the reader, in the way of episode, such a long history, we should be inclined to make room for here. Their merry mood continued until they had passed Placentia; when it would appear as if the air from the

Austrian frontier had thrown a damp over their hilarity, as they immediately became more reserved ; and silence was quite complete, when, near Codogno, they took in, as passenger, a thin, melancholy looking personage, dressed in black, who seemed to be aware of the awe he had inspired, and of his own consequence, by assuming a very reserved air, and adding in answer to the few questions put to him by his fellow travellers, the words "*buona gente si, buona gente.*" Stafford, in the mean time, was at a loss to guess how this effect could have been produced by this *anatomic vivante* ; unless the rest of the *viaggiatori*, took this collection of giblets, for death in disguise, or an Austrian spy. As he seated himself in the vehicle, Stafford thought he heard his bones grind in the dry sockets, and he was for some time taken up in contemplating the figure. He had on a single-breasted coat, cut down in the collar, which once was black, with a waistcoat of the same. His chaussure was a sort of prolonged pantaloon, of elastic silk, which formed, at the same time, stockings inclusive. A small elastic garter, with a buckle by way of knee band, served to bring into more prominent relief, a pair of huge joints,

over which the silk displayed rather a shining appearance. He had on a plaited white stock, powder in his hair, and a pig-tail. His countenance looked, as if some one had pulled him so hard by the nose, that part of his yellow face had followed ; and was indeed a true pattern of what is called a *hatchet face*. Curious to know the calling of the possessor of such *striking* appearance, Stafford began to pump him, which operation seemed to cause some degree of alarm. It came out, however, that he was a Professor at Parma ; and had come thus far the day before, on his way to Milan. Professor of what ? This was not so easy to extract ; by dint, however, of perseverance, his interrogator thought that the functions of the professor were of the same nature as those of the worthy person at Maynooth, who the Irish say, "is the jintleman that taches the boys their humanities." The Italian pedagogue, sufficiently tired of this species of catechism, became in turn the questioner ; and seeming to know intuitively what countryman he was addressing, as well as if Englishman had been written on his forehead, or labelled on his back, he began by asking if the English believed in the Virgin Mary ? Stafford had this

question put to him so frequently previously, that he had an answer quite ready.

The next question put by the professor,—“Is it not a common practice in England, when a man is tired of his wife, to take her to market with a rope round her neck for sale?”

The answer was “yes; with a mark of paint on her neck, that each man may know his own; and a small bell fastened to their ear, that they may be traced if they go astray.” At this answer the several portions of the vetturino’s charge opened all their eyes.

The professor then said, “There is a place they call America, that we hear of sometimes. How far is it from England by land?”

“About three thousand miles; great part of the road lies through a tunnel under the sea.”

“Oh, yes,” said the inquirer; “I have heard about that tunnel under the water.”

He next wished to know if the King of England did not entertain a band of pugilists, or prize-fighters, to keep his refractory nobles in order? Great savage fellows, whom they called *Mangiatore de Carne*!

This idea of confounding his Majesty’s beef-eaters, with the lads of the fancy, was alto-

gether too much for the gravity of Stafford, who burst into a laugh, the longer and louder, from having been restrained so long, and being the first time he had exercised his risible faculties since he had come within the Austrian jurisdiction. The professor seemed astonished, and indignant at this termination of his inquiries, and sat silent all the rest of the way to Milan.

As our travelling friend had seen enough of the Simplon, he thought he would in this exit from Italy have a peep at Mont Cenis, taking the route by Turin and Susa. On inquiring of the landlord the best means to pursue his journey, he was told there were two Austrian officers in the house who were going post to Turin the next morning, and as they had room in their carriage, probably would like to have an additional passenger to lighten the expense ; and if the gentleman wished, he would take a message to the officers to that effect.

Stafford, who liked to have any thing in the way of variety, accepted the proposal, and sent a message that an English gentleman would be glad to be allowed to travel with the officers the next day. An answer was returned, couched very civilly, and the landlord was requested to

show the English gentleman the way, and to introduce him. He accordingly followed his guide to a room in another part of the house, where he found the Germans smoking their pipes and finishing a bottle of wine. One of them spoke a few words of French, and the terms of their contract were soon settled. Stafford declined joining in the *sports of the evening*, and putting on his hat, went to La Scala to hear Pisaroni.

In the morning, at the appointed time, he found his German friends ready to start. The carriage was a kind of britshka, with two back seats and a sort of projecting one between them, on which the occupant sat sideways. This the Englishman found was to be his station; he did not think it to be the cream of politeness to leave him no choice, but being easily satisfied on most points, he took possession of his perch, and the carriage drove off. He began to try his travelling companions, but found that the one with whom he had the conference the preceding evening, possessed but a very slender store of French. He then addressed both the gentlemen in Italian, in confidence, they having resided so long in the country. But in this he was deceived; an expressive shake of the head proclaimed their

erance. Pleasant companions, thought he to himself; but he did not even guess how pleasant they would become.

They had not proceeded above a mile, when the Germans produced their smoking apparatus, having each filled an immense mereschaum, and struck a light, they opened soon a tremendous fire on the poor *bodkin*; he not only received the smoke direct from these two furnaces, but the eddying of the wind brought it round him in every direction. He knew it would be useless to remonstrate, as he might just as soon have expected his Austrian companions to have taken off their heads and put them in the pocket of the carriage, as to stop them to don their dear pipes. He, therefore, reconciled himself to his fate, to be thoroughly smoked, and only hear, now and then, "ya, mynheer;" soothing himself with the idea of never being smothered again, and amusing his thoughts with the prospect of returning to England and Charlotte Orby. That he had already suffered was tolerable, as the evening drew in, and it threatened to rain. At last the top of the carriage was hauled over, the unremitting fire still continuing, it was now all over with poor Stafford. In his own

defence, he drew forth a modest little segar, and lighted it, but it was like a kitchen chimney between two volcanoes, and proved but a shallow device against his annoyance. He got sick and faint. He had no resource left but to twist his neck out of the aperture to catch a little fresh air; and by the time he arrived at Turin, he thought he might pass for a Yarmouth *bloated*, so well done was he in the smoke, which stuck in his clothes for a week afterwards.

Happy at last in his escape, he betook himself to the ancient mode, the diligence; and after a rather tedious passage of the grand barrier of Italy, arrived safe at Lyons. On going to what, in our home-spun language, we call the coach office, but which in France bears the more sonorous title of bureau des messageries royales, he observed, issuing therefrom, a young man of genteel appearance, who, from his dress, he would have supposed to be an Englishman, had it not been for the red ribband in his button hole. On going into the office, he found a French name, which the stranger had just put down for a place in the coupé for the day following to Paris. Prognosticating that he would find more amusement in the society of this young

man than in that of his late fire-breathing companions, he had himself *booked* for the corner place in the same department of the *land ark* ; was at his post the next morning at the appointed time, and found his fellow traveller already *niched* in his corner.

Stafford was a very fair French scholar, and could get on, when warmed with argument, in speaking, and armed with the contents of a bottle of *clos de vogéot* or *chambertin*, was even in a degree fluent ; but, in common with most English, he had that sort of *mauvaise honte*, arising from fear of making mistakes, which gives an air of embarrassment in making the first advances to a stranger. In answer to some not very intelligible introduction to his new acquaintance, relative to the weather, the carriage, &c., he heard the following remark in very good English, "We have been lucky to get the two corner places, and I hope no interloper will come in to spoil our comfort."

After racking one's brains to produce a set speech to a foreigner in his own language, it is certainly one of the "minor miseries" to have an answer from him in as good English as you could muster yourself ; therefore, we would give

it as a bit of advice to young travellers, to try in the first instance their mother tongue, in addressing strangers of doubtful appearance.

In this case, Stafford was taken *aback*, but recovering himself, he said, "Surely, I am addressing an Englishman?"

"Not exactly," was the reply, "for although I am an Englishman by birth and education, France is properly my country, and I am now in her service."

After some preliminary conversation, he told Stafford that his father had been one of the earliest emigrants, but having for some time foreseen the coming storm, he had sent over to England ample funds, sufficient to insure his independence; that he himself had been born at Richmond, and had received his education at Eton; that since his return to what ought to have been his native country, he had travelled a good deal through it to obtain information, for which purpose he employed the annual leave of absence he had from the *gardes du corps*, in which he was a private.

"Pray," said Stafford, "what is your opinion of your own country; does it answer your expectations?"

“In a certain degree, yes ; the descriptions I had received in my early days of Paris were so clear, and so often repeated, aided by drawings and plans, that when I arrived there after the restoration, I found myself quite at home, and knew at once where to direct my steps to look for the house which had been my father’s in the Faubourg St. Germain. Of the country too, I had formed a pretty correct estimate, but was not prepared for the particular appearance of the country in the immediate vicinity of Paris, which bore in my mind a strong likeness to what you call in England a patchwork quilt ; here a patch of wheat, there another of rye, then some grape bushes, followed by two or three yards in extent of cabbages, or green peas. All this had to me the most motley appearance ; particularly as there were no inclosures.”

“This,” said Stafford ; “is part of the operation of the law, which divides property between the children in equal shares. How do you think it will ultimately act ?”

“Really,” said the Frenchman ; “it is a subject that I have not been much in the habit of studying ; it seems to afford satisfaction at present, when you see every man hold up his head

with a degree of pride in being a proprietor. I don't think, however," continued he, "it will add any beauty to the appearance of the country."

"For my part," said Stafford, "I consider the operation of this law, as an European question; for it will decidedly in the course of one or two generations, make France a more war-like nation than ever she has yet been. It seems clear, that if the land was to continue to be subdivided *ad infinitum*, there would in the end be not more than space to bury the proprietors; but before it reaches that point, the active and industrious will buy out the idle and the lazy; and these will have no resource but in arms. The manufactures, or colonies of France, offering no adequate outlet; and to prevent the people eating one another's ears off, the nation must go to war. This piece-meal mode of cultivation, besides, detracts from the general produce, and France will soon have to import corn. I was one day," continued Stafford, "lounging near Neuilly, when I saw a man enter a lane leading to the river, having hanging over his arm a sort of machine with a short handle, with what appeared to me like the grains with which they kill eels in England; but in this

case, they appeared fastened on transversely. Not doubting but that this concern was intended for the same purpose, I followed the man down the lane, to see how it was applied. To my surprize, he turned short into a field on the left hand, and began with this weapon to scratch up the ground, making it answer the purpose of spade, hoe, and rake; and the shortness of the handle obliged him to perform this operation in a stooping and painful posture, which need not have been the case. He had not been long employed in scratching up the ground, like a terrier after a rat, when his agricultural consort made her appearance in the field, with a hod on her back; made something in the shape of a solid jelly bag, filled with the manure she had picked up by the way side. I thought this was what philosophers call, reverting to first principles, that left our spade husbandry long behind. It struck me that this was the way the world first began, and with the exception that Adam had not his hair tied in a club, or sported a blue smock frock, he must have got on much in this fashion when turned out to earn his bread. Fortunately as the soil was quite new, and required no stimulus, Madam Eve was spared the delight

landholders, and failing any one are marched off by a garde cha three miles to appear in the aw the mayor to answer for your mis

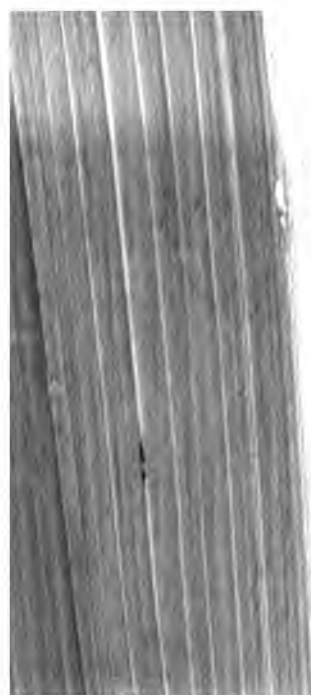
“You have put this into a ridiculous view,” said the Frenchman, “ye are in general right; the thing is excess, and it seems hardly fair to all discretion in the disposal of While I grant you this, I think ye carry the opposite mode equally right of primogeniture in free which enriches the eldest son, and rest either to his charity or their with only one exception, which absurdity—I mean of the young copyholds. It appears to me, that bound by reason and justice to his children, if not equally, at least their being a burden on others, and

younger branches, however small; it would always be what we call in France our *pointe d'opini*, and an assistance in any profession they might afterwards choose; but this matter I find is too abstract for us to enter on, having been already so often discussed."

"I believe you are right," said Stafford, "and possibly in each country the system peculiar to it is carried too far."

They then talked of nothing they in England, and found out that they had some mutual acquaintances, and with other topics, the way was legated until they arrived in Paris, mutually joined with each others company.

Stafford had some few visits to pay in the French metropolis, and after spending a day with his recent acquaintances, set out on his return to England.



FRANK ÖRBY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FRANK ÖRBY.

A NOVEL.

VOL. III.



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FRANK ORBY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

"A youthful passion which is conceived, and entertained, without any fixed object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night : it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix, and even to dwell for a moment with the stars ; but at length it falls and bursts, and its most terrible effects are produced on the spot where its course terminates.

GÖETHE.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid ;
Love, constant love has been my constant guest,
And yet last night, being at a masquerade,
I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from Milan,
Which gave me some sensations like a villain.

BYRON.

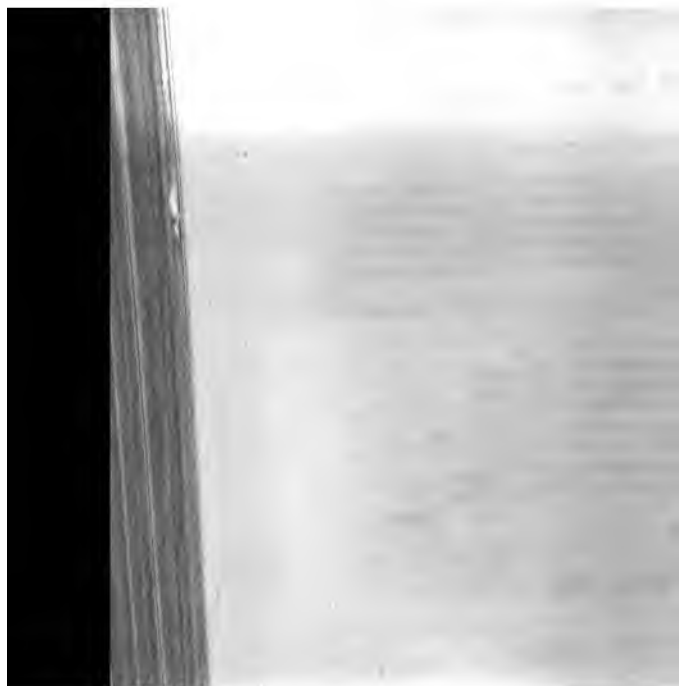
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FRANK ORBY.

CHAP. I.

PREVIOUS to the Orby party leaving Cheltenham, there were two or three engagements they had to fulfil, and the "pray papa" was allowed to have its effect. The first in order and in time, was a fancy dress ball, to be given by the worthy Jeremy Pincent Vincent, yclept the baron, or rather by his better half. The invitations had been out a long time, and it was to be the finest thing, by all accounts, that had been ever seen in Cheltenham; great interest for tickets was made, and much credit was assumed by patronising dowagers, who had interest to procure these desired passports. La belle Assemblée and books of foreign costumes had been ransacked, but the Scott novels of

Ivanhoe, the Betrothed, and Crusaders, in the greatest request, as the hostess had a desire, that as many as could manage should be attired in the costume of the of Henry II.; those of Henry VIII. and both being thought too modern and commonplace. In the party with which we are concerned, Miss Forrester and her sister widow had fixed on the character of hunters of Arden; while Emma Orby and Charles were content to go in the dress of Unterwalden on the supposition that Swiss peasants existed at the time of Henry II., as well as in the present day. The muster-roll of their band had certainly diminished; they were obliged to spin them out as well as they could. Broderick was, of course, in request; he was to appear as a Spanish Grandee; Mr. Markham was, under the widow's order, in costume of the Pays de Vaud, and Doctor Waldron was ordered from B——, to make his appearance as a philosopher and astrologer.

The busy evening having at length arrived, the party set out for the scene of action. Emma Orby was to be the chaperon, and on her daughters asking her what she meant to wear

she said she had sent over to B—— for a gown, which she was sure would answer. When, therefore, the rest were assembled, she descended in a dress of the time of Queen Anne, little troubling herself about anachronisms, and taking it for granted that all ancient times were alike. She was mounted on a pair of high heeled shoes, which once or twice nearly made her commit a *faux pas*

They were received at their entrance by the music of a concealed band; the hall filled with evergreens and romantic lights, the stairs the same.

Doctor Waldron, who, when cut off from a pun, did not disdain a little alliteration, said, the whole history of these entertainments might be comprised in a few words—

“Laurels and lamps,
Music and myrtles,
Chalk on the floors,
Cards for old bores,
Weippert and waltzing,
Quadrilles and quizzing,
Dowagers, damsels, and dandies,
Supper and champagne.”

This, however, was not exactly the opinion of

the lady of the mansion, who would have been exceedingly offended had any one attempted to draw a comparison between her *fête* and any other that had preceded it. She had been at infinite pains in forming her *court*, and many and grave were the consultations she had on the subject. The king she had personated by the chubby-faced and well whiskered son of a London alderman, and had assisted the worthy youth in the choice of costume. The queen, by right, ought to have fallen to her own share, but she had, for certain reasons, an antipathy to Queen Eleanor; which seemed to be partaken of by many of her most intimate friends. At length she thought on Mrs. William, or as she was called, Mrs. Colonel Orby, who was quite flattered with the distinction. The lady herself had chosen the Fair Rosamond, and certainly did justice to the character; but she was rather disappointed in finding the king's mistress have so many representatives, as appeared on assembling the company. In fact, there were as many, as would have filled Rosamond's pond, or blocked up her labyrinth at Woodstock; much to the annoyance of the hostess, who expected to have been "the ob-

served of all observers." General Kilsyth condescended to play the part of Becket; and as far as haughty looks went, was no bad representative of the proud prelate. Colonel Orby had been fitted out as the pope's legate, and was sadly at a loss to manage his flowing robes. He declared it was a *clandestine* disguise, that did not *comport* with his military *avocations*. His daughter was to wait on Queen Eleanor (her mother) and like other maids of honour, threw a sly glance about now and then, to look for a certain Prince Geoffrey who was expected. The Spanish knight of red whisker notoriety, already alluded to, was to perform as Cœur de Lion; and for that purpose, appeared in the room with a lion skin hammercloth, that he had borrowed from Lord Tavermere's coachman, forgetting that Richard had not yet killed the lion. There were two or three princes of the names of John and Henry, with an infinity of Knights Templars, Irish kings, and Norman barons. Among other characters, was a Persian ambassador; and when Dr. Waldron was called on, as a necromancer, to declare what business such a person could have at the court of Henry—

"No really, I can not," said the doctor, "unless it was to impart to him some of the light of the shah's countenance; and by making him a knight of the sun, help to dispel some of the fogs the king would meet with on his Irish expedition."

"But look at the man," exclaimed the Widow Green, "how he walks, or straddles, in his large trowsers. Who is he?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "he is a considerable personage here; his name is Sir Huffey Weatherspoon."

"Good heavens! what a name;" said the widow, "pray who were his godmothers, and how came it that the sword of knighthood did not fall from the hand of George the Fourth in dubbing him a knight of the spoon?"

"I should rather think," said the doctor, "he ought to have been a Knight Commander, or Companion of the Cuddy; for in days of yore he was bashaw on the deck of an Indian. Having furnished the Chinese with opium and engravings of an equivocal character, and starved his homeward bound passengers, he thereby *realized*; and now has he 'land and beeves.' As to his name, it is

not so much amiss as he is Huffish, or Huffy, to those he thinks will take it; and his patronymic might bear reference to his former occupation; he was always looking out at the weather, or weathering a cape, and without a spoon, how would he have got on with his mulligatawney? *Au reste*, as the Frenchman says, the *ci-devant* skipper is a sort of great character amongst the Cheltenham people, and is supposed to have good interest among the kings of Lombard-street; being a knowing hand, he has thrown out some useful hints, when reduction of establishments became the order of the day, and it is supposed they owe to him the bright idea of letting out lodgings to their own sick officers, on the top of the Mahableshwur hills, near Bombay; a source of land revenue never before contemplated."

"Pray," said Doctor Waldron, addressing Mrs. Green, "who is that little *fubsy* lady, with scarce a morsel of neck, and all covered with ribbands, pursued by that long ghost of a man in the Spanish dress?"

"Oh, that is the great heiress, Miss Lilly, and the lath that follows her is a Mr. Bullen."

"Lillibulero, Bullen a lah!" shouted out the

doctor; "but see, here comes the knight of manifold orders, with all his ribbands flaunting in the glare. Does not he look like an upholsterer displaying patterns? He is the happiest fellow, in his own idea, that can be met with, and he never lets any *mauvaise honte* stand in the way of his ambition. Let him go into what company he may, he always sets himself down as the first man in the room, and endeavours to be condescending. Whatever public place he can get admission to, he is sure to be there, and have his knighthood placed the next day amongst the foremost ranks in the Morning Post. He goes out of town once a week and returns, to have his name among the arrivals and departures; and for the same reason visits Cheltenham and Brighton. He is most likely here, on one of these errands, and if you live to see the Bath and Cheltenham paper this week, you will find that we have been *honoured* with his presence. If you were to tell him that some foreign prince or princess was here, he would leave no stone unturned to get an introduction, and by dint of assiduity and modest assurance, seek for the order of the polar star and seven griffins, to hang to his bunch of radishes. You

may imagine on what good terms he is with himself, when I inform you that he thinks he is the bravest man in the British or any other army."

Amongst the movements in a ball-room, accident brought General Kilsyth in juxtaposition to Colonel Orby.

"Ah, Colonel Orby," said he, with a protecting air, "you here. When did you come to Cheltenham? I think I saw your name gazetted out the other day; I hope it was not on account of ill health."

"Oh no, by no means, general, I only felt a little tired of knocking about, and as the war is over, it is as well to get settled."

"But," said his interrogator, "I don't see there was any occasion for you to retire; you are still a young man, and might look forward to further promotion. Did they give you any thing?"

"No," said the colonel, "I only asked for a small government, and they were so cruel as to refuse."

"Really," said the general, with a turned-up lip, "that was very hard. I hope you do not let it prey on your mind. And they would

not give you a government? I am quite astonished."

The poor colonel, who took this all as sincere, became very gracious, was very sorry to observe that the general also had been overlooked so long; expected to see his name whenever a regiment had become vacant, with all the *rigmarole* usual on such occasions.

The general, who had meant to sport the great man, and remain on the high horse, could not have the theme so congenial to his own feelings touched on, without falling into the snare. He began a grumbling history of the shameful way that he had been overlooked, while persons who had no claims were appointed to regiments. "But I shall not stand it any longer."

"No;" said the colonel, "what will you do?"

"Perhaps, follow your example, if they do not treat me better."

"Really, now, that would be rash;" and he endeavoured to pay his friend off in the same coin he had received himself.

When they separated, the colonel joined the man of many orders, and said, "only think of that *contumacious* old general, who talks of

his claims on the *higher powers* in comparison with mine; a man that has been living all his life on the staff, and having the pay and all the good things, wants now a recompense for his hardships—softships they ought to be called; while I have been knocking about the *terrestrial globe*, in all kinds of *baneful* climates.”

The general, on the other hand, meeting Sir Hugh Muddlemore, the admiral, immediately became witty on the idea of “that empty-headed Orby, who had hardly sense to wheel a column into line, endeavouring to frame a comparison with his garrison life and my services. How absurd!”

“Really, very much so, indeed,” replied the admiral, “but people will do those things. I recollect when I was in the north sea”—

“I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh,” said the general, “the lady of the house has just beckoned to me; I shall be back in a moment.”

But the moment never arrived; had he not been brimful of his subject, he would never have appealed to the admiral, and was too happy to escape from the beginning of a *yarn* that would have spun him into the north sea, and kept him there till supper time.

"Pray," said Mrs. Wm. Orby, "who is that tall gentleman in black? he bowed to me; but although I recollect his face, I forget his name."

"I am astonished you should, madam," said Doctor Waldron, "that gentleman is nearly as well known as the road to Gloucester. That is Major Vane; he is now, I observe, dancing, a very unusual exercise with him; but I see he has got for a partner Miss Haggerly; no particular beauty, as you may observe, passably vulgar, and moderately rich. She has been rather overlooked by the younger men, and will probably be of easier achievement to the major; who, beginning to descend a little in the vale of years, is, perhaps, anxious for a nurse, and wishes to have one that can pay for her *keep*. Nothing else could have drawn him away from the card table, where he seems only to exist. As he plays rather for profit than amusement, he has lighted on a pretty certain way of winning. If luck attends him, he will play until day-light, or breakfast-time; but if he loses two rubbers in succession, he will pretend urgent business, and be off. Should his ill luck appear to last more than one day, then will he, after the manner of the Irish with their

whiskey, make a vow not to play cards for a week, or until some day that he sets down in his calendar as lucky; and when he is employed at two honours and the odd trick, follows a number of superstitious observances. He always sits cross-legged, and has no objection that his partner enjoys that attitude; but he is by no means so well satisfied if he sees the adversaries enjoy the same indulgence. Should they (the adversaries) lay by accident their counters with which they mark the game crosswise, he makes some excuse to reach over, and place them parallel; and if the snuffers are placed at right angles to the tray, or three candles are lighted in the room, he enjoys no peace until that is rectified. While staking money, and the result seems doubtful, he never fails to turn the coin over, to charm it to himself. Added to these fanciful ideas, he is a fatalist; and has gone farther than most of that class, by weaving his own destiny. He has settled it in his mind, that he is free from all chances of sudden death, except perhaps by water. There can be no braver soldier; and he would, if required, fight half a dozen duels of a morning. Yet would he demur, if you asked him to cross

from Portsmouth to Ryde, in a wherry, when it was blowing fresh; and the most miserable part of his military career has been that passed by necessity at sea; where, had he been deprived of cards, he would most probably have lost his senses. Next to the major in the quadrille stands Mr. Humphrey; he in the dress of a Turk. A fortnight since, he did not look with that satisfied air of contentment you now see on his brow. His uncle had just died, and left the whole of his property to his gardener and washerwoman. His nephew, who was heir-at-law, brought an action to set aside the will, on the plea of insanity. He had got many proofs of his uncle's eccentricity, but nothing that amounted to an absolute aberration of intellect, when, to his great satisfaction, a stationer of eminence in the city came forward, and produced an agreement which the old gentleman had forced him to write out, sign, and have witnessed. It appeared that Mr. Humphrey had been much annoyed by the proximity of a rabbit warren to his plantation of young trees, and all the exertions of the game-keeper to keep down the population of conies was in vain. The numbers he killed, did not seem to

have any effect. Dogs, ferrets, and traps, made no serious impression. At length a thought struck the old gentleman. He went to London, to the house of the stationer, and entered into a contract for £10,000 worth of sealing wax to seal up the warren. All this was satisfactorily proved; and sealing up the rabbit warren, placed the seal on the good fortune of the lucky nephew. That man that stands opposite, in the uniform of the hunt, is a great Nimrod. He got, while hunting in the north, the name of the 'Flying quaker.' One of the Society of Friends was stooping over his horse to open a gate in a lane, and this hero was coming down. Rather than wait 'till the quaker had made the way clear for him, he took the whole concern in a leap, horse, swinging gate, and man, and cleared them all. Dining the other day with the hunt, a young man, fresh from Oxford, was one of the guests. He amused the company with a history of his studies, which embraced all the ancient classics, with most of the scientific works of modern times; and as a wind up, said there were very few works of any notoriety which he had not read. 'Pray, sir,' said the *flying quaker*, 'did you ever read Cary's Book

of Roads?' Do you see that gentleman in the character of Prospero, standing near the band, and seeming to join with them? That is Lord Bennevis, a great musical amateur. Some years since he commanded a regiment in the Mediterranean, and had every morning a musical party at his rooms, composed of professors, amateurs among the officers, &c. One morning the party had assembled, and were in the midst of one of Gyrowetz's beautiful violin quartettes, when the adjutant stalked into the room, in his iron-heeled boots, leading along with him a Johnny Newcome, just joined. The man of drill squads, if he thought at all that his commanding officer was employed, it did not strike him that it was of such a nature as to impede the regular course of military duty. He brought forward the neophyte, and with military bow, reported, 'Ensign Doolan come to join' These words struck on the ear of the commandant, who had just entered on his violoncello passage, and were from thence conveyed to his tongue, without any definite meaning attached to them; and, as he proceeded in his performance, in place of counting, as he sometimes did, one, two, three, four, he re-

peated audibly, 'Ensign Doolan come to join; Ensign Doolan come to join,' until he had finished his solo, to the extreme astonishment of the youth, and his introducer.

"I think," said the doctor, "I have given you enough of the gentlemen. As they have made a necromancer of me, I may be allowed to assume some of the powers of Asmodeus, and give you a little insight into some of the female characters. To begin with the largest first—Observe that lady suffering under black velvet, meant to represent a Spanish dress, she occupies a space on the floor nearly equal to the size of a breakfast parlour; her name is Pinkerton, but I call her Hippesley, as, since the time of the Venus from the Cape, nothing has been seen equal to her. The women in India habitually carry their children on their hips, but if this lady was so inclined, she might give her full grown daughters a *lift*. She is the wife of a person who made a large fortune by an invention of machinery connected with one of our manufactures, and not finding her success in society correspond with her fortune, her ambitious hopes and her *greatness*, she determined to try her success in France, with her two

darlings; from whence she has lately returned, despising every thing she meets here. She has dressed her nymphs, as she says, *a la Française*, that is, they wear cotton stockings with open clocks, because silk are vulgar in Paris; and all the hair of their head she has screwed up to, what young Newbolt would call, the apex, so tightly that they can't shut their eyes.

"Pray," said Charlotte Orby, "who is that stately lady with the bird of paradise plume and so many diamonds?"

"That is," said the doctor, "one of the queens of the place, or rather queen dowager. Her word gives law to the fashion of the place. The milliner she patronises is making a fortune, and she gives the tone to every thing. If she goes to the play, the theatre is crowded, and when she stays away, it is empty. But I must be more cautious, continued the Esculapius; was it supposed that I was taking any freedom with so great a name, far as I am removed, my patients would disappear as rapidly as if there was a plague."

"I see," said he, "some of my female friends who entertain *hobbies*. Observe our friend, Mrs.

Basden, how she is peering into every china vase. The lady she is now standing close to, dressed in that dun-coloured Venetian robe, keeps eighteen pug dogs; and her neighbour, in the heavy damask, entertains forty-five parrots. 'It is a mad world, my masters.' But here comes the negus, *a propos*, to wet my whistle."

Colonel Orby, on being asked his opinion of the motley scene before him, declared it was "an androgynous (meaning heterogeneous) *congregation of sentient myriads*."

Among the party present, was Mr. Ravensworth, as representative of Prince Geoffry. Although the Orbys were not at all delighted at his appearance, they could only shun him as much as possible; but, in a moving circle, it was hardly possible to avoid it, and at last, with their daughter, met him point blank in a part of the room where they could not back out. He had young Lord Tavermere hanging on his arm, another inducement for them to notice him, which they did, in such a manner, as to say we cannot help it.

Not to give them time to recover, he introduced his lordship, and then asked the honour of Miss Margaret's hand to dance. As there

was neither time or pretext for a refusal, he handed off the young lady, and, perhaps, the ensuing quarter of an hour, went far to break through all the sage plans of papa and mamma, for their separation. In fact, without beating about the bush, young Ravensworth at once offered marriage, stating, that a maiden aunt had left him enough to form, with his commission, a moderate competence; and all that he hoped was, that Margaret would share it with him. If she did not consent to so hasty a proposal, at least the fair one did not refuse; and certain projects were canvassed during their quadrille, which were likely to puzzle the prudence of the ancients.

On seeing the sisters enter as huntresses of Arden, "Ah," said Doctor Waldron, "here come the two Dianas of the forest of Arden; ardent, no doubt, for their sport; Miss Cornelia to wound, and the widow to secure her prey. Although Green by name, and dressed in that colour, she is not green in the chace of noble game; and see Markham, she has already marked him for her own. It will not be her fault, if the barb of the arrow does not rankle in the wound. Although he is not a stag of

the first head, he is better than a fawn, and it will go hard with the huntress, if she does not fix her game."

The two Miss Orbys, as Helvetians, were generally admired, and had a train of followers, Jews, Turks, and Christians. They also were favoured with the special notice of the fair Rosamond. About half-past eleven, the rooms were completely filled, and the exhibition at its zenith.

Young Newbolt, attired as Caspar, was present, as well as his bride, and he brought his worthy pa. over to see the glories of Cheltenham. They were standing in a groupe with the Orby party, making their remarks on the scene before them; Mrs. Reginald *wondering* what it would all cost, while Newbolt senior was calculating with a pencil on his thumb-nail how much the fitting up of the rooms had come to in the carpenter way. He was full of his subject, when some doubt seemed to cross his mind, and he thrust his hand into his breeches pocket. Had he found there his rule, which he expected, there is no doubt but that he would have set to work, to measure the timber work in the temporary orchestra. His son had chosen his habiliments

for him, and, as the simplest thing, had fixed on a court dress; in which he was tolerably at his ease, and had the honour of handing the queen (personated by Mrs. W. Orby) to supper. She knew nothing of his previous history, and very little about himself, further than his son had married her niece; and had scarcely an opportunity of exchanging words till she was, on this occasion, seated next to him at supper.

The entertainment was rather out of her neighbour's line, and he was, at first, a little embarrassed with the glare of light and pyramids of sweetmeats. Casting his eyes about, he observed on a side table, just opposite to him, a barrel of oysters; was happy in the discovery, and sent for some, with the apparatus to open them, which made the colonel's lady rather apprehensive for the fate of her fine gown, so near the scene of danger. Without taking any notice of her apparent alarm, the worthy architect, leaning towards her, asked her if ever she had seen Kitty Wright?

"No, really," said Mrs. Orby, with some degree of stiffness, "I never had that pleasure."

"What, not Kitty Wright, of Fleet-street? I once went up to London on purpose to see her."

"Really," said the lady, "and pray, where did she exhibit?" (Supposing that it was some actress.)

"Why, in her father's oyster shop. It would have done your heart good, ma'am, to see how she got on; she opened them faster than either you or I could eat them."

Mrs. Orby, who did not feel herself much flattered by this association in eating oysters for a wager, drew up, and said, "Really," with that sort of stare of contempt that would have put down some others, but was quite lost on Old-Bolt, as Waldron called him.

After a little time, his neighbour began to be amused at his remarks, which she endeavoured should not extend beyond her own hearing, and as the surest way to correct the flippancy of his tongue would be to make him eat, she asked him if he would have some brawn that was near her. He was not quite certain what brawn was, but said he would be obliged. She, therefore, put a couple of slices on his plate. As he had no idea that this food required any accompaniments, he commenced the attack directly, and the first portion he got in his mouth was the horny part. He did not find this a very re-

lishing morsel, and said, "Lord, what curious kind of stuff to have at a fine supper. I don't like it a bit better than cow heel; do you ma'am?"

This he said in a loud tone of voice, so as to be plainly heard by two young ladies and a gentleman, seated immediately opposite, and the idea of referring a case of cow heel to the Queen of Henry II. was irresistible; but before the laugh had quite expired, Mrs. Orby had found means more effectually to clog his oratorical powers, by a well supplied plate of ham and fowl, and now being in *pays de connoissance*, the *ci-devant* carpenter made an excellent supper.

After eating and drinking, the dancing was renewed; and the whole affair furnished a magnificent article for the newspaper the next day—the brilliancy of the lights, the splendour of the dresses, the fascination of the music, and the talents of the purveyor of the supper, were each in turn lauded; while the condescension and affability of the amiable host and hostess were the theme of admiration—the condescension of Jerry Pincent!!!

This fête, however, formed an agreeable

finale to the amusements of Cheltenham; and the two following days were employed in packing, and trotting round what is called shooting pasteboard, alias, P. P. C. The day preceding that which was to put the families in motion, on their return home, Mr. Reginald Orby had a notification from the grocer-confectioner, Mr. Allendale; stating that Mrs. Pendennies had been dead for some days, and been buried, and that her nephew Sir Gamaliel Linton, to whom she had bequeathed her house and furniture, was inclined to let the mansion as it stood; and as Mr. Allendale understood that Colonel Orby was in want of a residence, and that this would probably answer his purpose; that the house was in good repair, and capable of receiving a large family, &c. &c.; he had thought it right to notify the same to Mr. Orby.

This seemed exactly the thing for the Colonel. They all knew the house very well; an answer was therefore sent, to say that the terms were agreed to; and that Colonel Orby would take immediate possession on leaving Cheltenham, which he did accordingly. For some days after his arrival, the novelty of the objects about him employed much of his time. He scanned all the articles of

furniture, which were rather ancient, or as he called the sideboard, *antideluvian*. He then walked incessantly through the garden, until he had nearly got every flower by heart. At the end of these resources, he began to sigh for his adjutant and quarter-master. His wife was so taken up with projects of visiting in the neighbourhood, that she had no mind left for any thing else; and the poor colonel was nearly run ashore, when he fortunately recollected a book of pamphlets which he had found in his lodgings, a day or two before his departure from Cheltenham, and being struck with the contents, he had bought it from the landlady. He was not a reading man; but this volume by its variety, and the shortness of its details, promised him amusement, nor was he deceived in his anticipations. He became so absorbed with the articles treated of, that for a time, he forgot roll-calls, goose step, and the serjeant-major.

To form an idea of the course of study, that interested this worthy veteran, we shall give a few headings of the articles to show, that "what is one man's meat, is another man's poison."—"Narrative of the Crucifixion of Matthew Lovat at Venice, in July, 1805."—"Lives of the fa-

mous Newfoundland Dog Beppo, and of Billy the Rat-catcher."—"A Call to the Unconverted, by a Brother Sinner."—"Of the use of Oil and Emery in the Army, with the Rise, Decline, and Fall of Heel-ball in the service; to which are added some Extracts from General Orders, relative to Shaving and Hair-cutting, by Paul Thorpe, a commuted ensign."—"A Parallel in the manner of Fluellen, between the Alexanders of Macedon and Old Sarum."—"What will the Ladies do? to match with, What will the Lords do?"—"An attempt to prove that the Rust of the Anchor, mixed with Brandy, is the best Cure for Sea-sickness; and, by analogy, a Preventive of Cholera."—"Anecdotes of distinguished Phrenologists." With this book the colonel commenced his studies. He read first all through, then backwards, afterwards chequer wise; leaping from the Dog Beppo, to the Rust of the Anchor; and from Matthew Lovat to the Oil and Emery, generally contriving in either way, to skip the Call to the Unconverted. With this and the army list he got on, as he said, famously, but he was not so absorbed in his studies, as to be blind to the obscurity of his dressing-room. Sir Gamaliel, on the demise of his worthy aunt,

thought, in honour to her memory, he could not do less than put up a hatchment; and as there was not much space between the windows in front of the house, the angle of the diamond projected across the window of the dressing closet, assigned to Colonel Orby for *adonizing* his person. He mentioned it to his dear wife at dinner as a nuisance that must be mitigated; but his better half endeavoured to soften it down, by saying that she supposed the baronet was proud of his ancestry, and wished to pay a becoming compliment to his aunt.

"Fiddlestick," was the reply of the ex-commandant; "what business has his ancestry to stop up my windows? I will have the lumbering thing down to-morrow."

"Now, my dear William, don't do so; you will seriously affront Sir Gamaliel. I beg you will not take the hatchment down."

"Well, as you wish it, I will not take it down, but"—

"Nay now," said his wife, "no more about it;" not guessing what reserve lay under the "but."

The Colonel, among his other accomplishments, was a bit of a mechanic; had a turning lathe as part of his *light* baggage; was, moreover,

a very tolerable carpenter, and never moved without his tools.

The next morning, before his wife was up, he drew a line vertically on the angle of the hatchment, and before you could say Jack Robinson, sawed off the offending member of the lozenge, and made it look, as the *yokels* said, like a pig with one ear.

When Dr. Waldron saw this new mode of throwing a light on the subject, he was delighted. The saw, in its descent, had carried off one rampant bear and the hind quarters of another, together with the first syllable of the eternal word "resurgam." The doctor said the bears did not seem to bear up the family honours well, as one of them had allowed his retreat to be cut off, and the other had lost his hams, which would throw him on his paws for a subsistence; that, as regarded the remnant of the word, it would serve two purposes;—as the baronet, like Falstaff, was Sir Gamaliel to all Europe, and Sir Gam to his friends, it would shew to whom the house belonged, and would notify to the passers by that the gentleman who was asleep within meant to rise.

The baronet himself, however, was not in-

clined to take the matter as a joke. As soon as the affair came to his ears, he drove into B——, and called on his tenant. "Sir," said he, "I find you have been defacing my premises and mutilating the honourable arms of my house; I do not understand how you have taken that liberty, and I am determined to obtain satisfaction for the damage you have occasioned."

The Colonel, who had never understood the word satisfaction but in one sense, said he would be glad to afford it to him at any time and place he choose to appoint.

But this was not his landlord's meaning; he said that he meant to bring an action for damage and dilapidation, as a breach of the agreement.

"And I,"—said the colonel, waxing magnificent, and pumping up some great words,—“I will bring a counter-action before the *high judicial powers*, for your having obscured the light of day and put my shaving box into *occultation*;—(He had heard his brother talk of the occultation of Jupiter.)—and we shall see who has the greatest success. No person has any thing to do with the windows of a house I rent except the tax gatherer, and he would rather see them open than shut. Good morning, sir."

The next day a man came with a ladder to take away the hatchment, but this the colonel would not allow, and there it remained, as Dr. Waldron said, not a memento mori, but a memento bore-eye—not a standing joke, but one screwed against the wall—and that it was a false figure in heraldry, for a bear, with its hind quarters sawed off diagonally, was not a demi-bear proper, but a three-quarter bear improper.

CHAP. II.

To make way for the return of Mr. Orby to his own house, Adolphus Armitage Newbolt and spouse evacuated Selby Hall, and went up to London to finish the honeymoon, or rather two moons. Having planted themselves at Marshall Thompson's hotel, the aforesaid Adolphus issued forth to "catch the manners living as they rise," and was at first outset quite at a loss, by finding that the spirit of dandyism no longer reigned in the cut of a man's coat or the tie of his cravat. A certain degree of care was certainly given to the *negligence* of dress, but the mystery of that worshipful society was almost altogether confined to manner. Adolphus made some faint efforts to catch the tone, but without success.

He was, however, in some degree consoled for his failure, by reflecting that it was only by giving pain to others that he could shine himself; and when the professors showed off their talent, in gazing on an old friend with a perfect unconscious countenance, or by drawing out a young man to give a history of himself and family, and turn him into ridicule by mock sympathy and compliments, the heart of the bridegroom would not allow him to join in the sport. As he saw that to *afficher* good nature would be altogether *mauvais ton*, and would only draw ridicule on himself, he retired from the field at once. After taking his bride to see every thing, and make her fashionable purchases for her country campaign, he quietly returned to B——, to occupy his father's house.

It has been said already that the old gentleman had laid out money in the purchase of land. There was no house on the estate, and the objection on that score made the property come to him a bargain, and was the very thing he could have wished for. He had already seen the villa at Cheltenham *run up*, and was now determined to go down and *build* a mansion on the estate, where his name was to be perpetuated. He,

therefore, gave up his own house for his son's immediate use, and proceeded to the scene of action, the happiest of men. He hired a lodging at a neighbouring farm house, boarded with the family, and did not quit the spot till he saw Newbolt Hall spring from the sources of his industry, and show its Grecian front, the product of his own building genius. Perhaps the caliph, who gave a reward for the invention of a new pleasure, knew nothing of the building of a villa, or rural palace, as he would have found many delights in the brick and mortar disease.

After the return of the new married couple, the society at B—— settled down into its usual smooth current, each family following the several avocations (if they might be so called) which they generally pursued; and some months passed over in a state of quietude, which, like health to the healthy, is never appreciated until it is lost. A little *wonder* was now and then expressed as to Frank Orby and his friend; what could they be about? and what was the reason of their flying off in such a hurry?

As Mr. Orby kept his own counsel, and no one else knew any thing of the matter, the conjectures on the subject were all vague; but the

general impression was, that at least one woman was concerned in the sudden movement of the two friends. Reports of various kinds were going about, which nobody seemed to be able to trace ; all of them contradictory, but most of them unfavourable to the character of the young men, who, the old ladies pronounced to be too bad, without being able to say why, unless with the help of an *if*.

In the midst of these charitable guesses, a letter arrived from Stafford for Mr. Orby. It was dated from Rome, and gave an account of his friend's adventure until he reached Ancona, and the hope that he would soon be able to learn the news that Frank had accomplished the objects of his journey, and was on the return to England ; but, until that was actually effected, he thought it better not to say anything on the subject of their expedition ; he had not, therefore, mentioned the affair to any one, except to Mr. Orby himself.

Mr. Orby approved of this plan, and only said in general terms to his friends that he had heard from Frank, who was very well, and that they would have more news of him when his friend

Mr. Stafford returned, who was now on his way to England.

This was a fine way to tantalize the curious, and put gossip on the *qui vive* ; how Mr. Stafford was to come home alone and leave his friend behind, what could be the reason ? In this pleasing state of suspense they remained for some time, until a fresh letter arrived from Stafford, on his return to England, and at the same time Mr. Reginald received a note from the young gentleman, stating, that after visiting his father, and transacting some little business, he meant to run down to B——, and begged permission to be allowed a renewal of his acquaintance with Mr. R. Orby's family. With this the old gentleman immediately retired to his sanctum ; and it was not until he had indited an invitation in due form, wound up with "I have the honour," &c., folded, and sealed it in an official manner, that the remainder of the family were made acquainted with the contents ; he handed the letter to Mrs. Orby, who immediately said, "Then, Reginald, I must order the green-room, I suppose."

"Never mind the green-room," said her

spouse, "but let your daughters know the news;" taking the epistle from her and handing it to Charlotte.

The latter, on glancing at the contents, reddened up to the eyebrows, then bursting into tears, quitted the room, leaving the letter with her sister Emma.

"Well," said his father, "I suppose we shall now hear something like an opinion; you, Emma, have neither got your head full of green-rooms or tears, what do you think of this visit?"

"Oh," said his daughter, "I am very glad, and I am sure Charlotte will be delighted."

"She takes an odd way of shewing it, however," said her methodical father.

At this moment his brother came in, and said, "I have just heard from Mr. Stafford, and have sent him an invitation to come and stay with me as long as he likes; but, I dare say, brother," said he, looking sly, "he will spend most of his time here."

The pleasure that the fair Charlotte felt on this occasion may be easily imagined; and that it was from no feeling of pain that the tears sprung to her eyes on the announcement of the intelligence — she was perfectly happy.

Shall we now take a glance at what has been passing at Boyle's court? In the even tenour of Mrs. Paulett's life, and that of her daughter, little appeared different from their usual course of affairs. The mother had received in early life such severe lessons of adversity; and been taught in that school, the value of placing a restraint over the most violent feelings; that in the present instance, where she feared the happiness of her only child was at stake, although she felt as deeply as any mother could do under similar circumstances, yet she put such a constraint on any outward demonstration, as almost to deceive her daughter. To strangers, and indifferent persons, there was nothing externally beyond her usual quiet, and somewhat melancholy manner, to lead any one to suppose that her mind was at all agitated. Her daughter had caught a good deal of the external bearing of Mrs. Paulett, but the difficulties she had to overcome were of course greater.

It has been already shown, in the early part of this history, the interest Frank Orby had obtained in her heart; and that the very causes, which in similar cases would have obliterated this impression, seemed in the present instance

to have added strength to it. She had heard with painful feelings, the various reports that had been spread relative to the Italian journey; most of them had found their way to her through the medium of Philip Orby's *kind* interference, and although she did not put faith in any of them to the extent in which they were disseminated, yet sufficient remained to cause her much uneasiness; and rendered the period of his absence, during his Grecian embassy, one of very painful interest. This was considerably alleviated in hearing of the return of the two friends; and unaccompanied with any sinister reports. The slight ray of hope which this intelligence conveyed, was again overclouded when Orby made his appearance. The constrained coldness of his manner on first meeting, and the care with which he seemed to avoid her were equally painful, and led her to the conclusion that the reports must have had some foundation; and that Orby had got entangled in some affair while on the continent, but of what nature she was at a loss to conjecture. Her surmises, however, gained additional force from an accidental meeting, a few days before the Orbys set out for Cheltenham; and imme-

diately after the fire which took place at Mr. Reginald's residence. Frank Orby, as has been already stated, to avoid the compliments on that occasion, had driven over to pay a visit to the young baronet. As he was stepping into his gig, his father recalled him for a moment, saying, he had a note to send to Mrs. Paulett; and as all his servants were employed in the removal of his brother's family and effects, he would thank Frank to deliver it for him; as Boyle's Court was not much out of his way. To this request he could not well object. He pocketed the note, resolved to leave it at the door with his compliments, and with this prudent resolution drove off. He had entered the gate, and was driving through the shrubbery that led to the house, when, at the turn of a corner, where the higher trees of the plantation gave way to the flower-garden, and near to a clump of rose-bushes, stood the very person he would have wished, in the face of his virtuous resolutions, to have avoided. She was standing facing the road; having just culled a few of the roses, that for the moment formed no bad emblem of her blushing countenance. Under these circumstances, Frank saw no possible retreat.

He could not, without positive rudeness, have gone up to the house ; still less could he have handed the note with a formal message to the young lady. He desired his servant to pull up, and he alighted, his heart beating high with contending emotions ; among which, vain repentance for his late precipitancy stood foremost. After the usual salutation, in a tremulous tone, he asked if Mrs. Paulett was at home ? This was answered in the negative. The lady had gone down a few minutes before, to visit a children's school that she had established in a cottage near the house ; she would be back directly, and would not Mr. Orby walk in until she arrived ? Poor Frank, whose wisest resolutions were never proof to the smiles of a woman ; (he had never yet seen their tears,) could find no excuse to avoid this offer, and joined his fair directress in the walk towards the house.

The calm possession, and apparent tranquillity of Harriet, put Orby more at his ease than he could possibly have expected. The conversation, begun under some restraint, soon flowed in its usual course ; the occurrences of the night before, of which Miss Paulett had only a vague account, were now detailed at length ; and

although obliged to speak in the first person, he related the part which he himself took with perfect simplicity, and spoke of it as a matter of every day occurrence.

The young lady's sympathy was of course aroused by the recital, and she received the minutest details with evident interest and anxiety. The conversation diverged into other topics, and had assumed quite a friendly and familiar tone, when Miss Paulett inquired if he had found much amusement and instruction during his journey through Italy.

This was an *untoward* question. Immediately Orby's brow contracted. Striking his hand on his forehead, he wished to heaven he had never seen Italy, and turning to the window, gazed out of it without perhaps being conscious of any of the objects before him. This abrupt termination of their converse would have been very awkward for both parties, had they not been relieved by the return of Mrs. Paulett from her charitable errand.

Notwithstanding a recapitulation of the events connected with the fire, of which Mrs. Paulett was no less anxious to learn the details than her daughter, an air of restraint seemed to hang about the party, and Orby soon rose to take

leave, saying that they were going over for a few days to Cheltenham, to see his uncle's family provided with a temporary abode, but that his father's stay and his would be short. This was Orby's last appearance at Boyle's Court.

For some days after his departure, the words "would to heaven I had never seen Italy" rung in the ears of Harriet Paulett. There was then some cause for the various reports she had heard, and she felt, in spite of her resolution, a weight upon her heart she could not shake off. This depression considerably increased when she learned that Orby and his friend had set out suddenly from Cheltenham to the continent, attended, however, with this sort of desperate consolation, that she must soon know the worst; but her suspense was doomed to be of longer duration than she had calculated on, and seemed, indeed, interminable, until she heard that Stafford was on his return to England alone. Small comfort was derived from this intelligence, as it seemed to confirm the worst of her fears.

Although we have thus taken, perhaps, an unfair liberty in laying open the secrets of the fair Harriet's heart, there was nothing in her external appearance that could have in the least

betrayed what was passing in her mind. The same tranquil and polished manner remained undisturbed, and she fortunately possessed that gift of nature, sometimes called presence of mind or nerve, that kept her faculties always on the alert, and which, even a sudden allusion to the object uppermost in her mind, would have failed to surprise.

Mrs. Paulett was at fault in some cautious attempts she made to draw her daughter out, and when an occasion offered that would be the test of her feelings, very little was elicited that could throw real light on the state of her daughter's thoughts;—this was no less than a formal offer of his hand from Sir Frederick Holebrook, which had been forwarded through Mrs. Paulett. On receipt of it, a tear of gratitude sprung to the eye of Harriet. She could not but be flattered at such a testimonial of the baronet's regards, which she requested her mother to convey with her regret, that it was entirely out of her power to accept it. Any attempt of Mrs. Paulett to obtain the why or wherefore would be unavailing; and she saw herself obliged to forego, for the present, the very desirable prospect of her daughter's settlement.

It may easily be supposed, such as we have depicted Harriet Paulett, that the triumph over the baronet's heart was but one among the many who addressed her on the tender subject. She had, in fact, several suitors for her hand, who, however, fell off one by one as they found the prospect barred to their hopes; and although they all felt the disappointment natural on such occasions, yet the kindness of manner and gentleness of tone that accompanied these repulses, were of themselves so powerful that they softened down a refusal so much, as to make it appear almost a benefit bestowed, and the only sentiment left was regret amongst the candidates in not being found worthy. Amongst the foremost in suing for her favour, was the young Lord Clovelly, eldest son of one of the oldest marquesses, of course heir to his vast property, and a near relation of Lord Montresor, at whose house he first met the fair Harriet. He had recently returned from his travels on the continent, and since his arrival had entered into all the pursuits of a young man of fashion with great avidity. He was a first rate sportsman, a Meltonian of the first water, a capital shot, a dabbler on the turf, a patronizer of matches of all kinds,

with a leaning towards the fancy, even under the temporary disgrace in which it had lately fallen. These pursuits might be supposed to have rather unfitted him for the drawing-room, but this was by no means the case. The intercourse with the vulgar, to which he was by necessity exposed, did not take off from his tone of good society; although, perhaps, it might have added considerably to his self consequence, by the constant deference that was shown to his opinion. And a slight degree of this appeared in his manner when addressing Harriet; making pretty certain that his manifold advantages would not fail, even without his opening his mouth, to make an impression on the heart of any young lady to whom he had even hinted a favourable inclination. With these ideas of self vanity, he first met Miss Paulett at the house of their mutual relation. He was instantly struck with her personal beauty, and proceeded to address her with that sort of protecting air which he had been in the habit of bestowing on other young ladies whom he had on former occasions favoured with his notice. He was somewhat disappointed and piqued to find that he had not in this instance created a *sensation*, and that many of the things

he meant to express, as emanations from a leader of fashion, failed of effect. This he could not flatter himself happened either from fatuity or want of apprehension. He found his auditor quite *au fait* on all the topics he started, and discovered at once that she possessed the knowledge of real good society, and was able to parry any attack in the way of *persiflage*, and at the same time to return it on the aggressor; all under the most tranquil and easy manner, and only accompanied with a certain degree of archness, when her answers were meant to be more expressive. A little sparring of this kind took place before the conversation assumed a more regular course, and then his lordship could not but admire the fund of information that was opened to his view.

He went to bed that night not on near so good terms with himself as he had been for some time, and felt annoyed in being, as he said, *pulled up* in that manner. This sort of sensation, to which all people, who have an overweening idea of their own consequence, are liable, did not, however, diminish his admiration of the cause. He looked upon it as a fair trial of skill, to gain by his talents and assiduity, an

influence over the mind of, what he looked on as, his fair antagonist ; and to devote himself more fully to the task, gave up for a time most of his other pursuits, and bestowed his leisure hours entirely on the society of the ladies. The mornings he was their faithful squire ; attended them in their excursions in the grounds, and when they drove or rode out in the neighbourhood ; and in the evening, soon abandoned the wine to officiate near the piano-forte or harp, in selecting or handing music, and all the nameless details that fill up the office of attendant on the music desk. All these he flattered himself had begun to produce some effect. The thanks he received, and the smile that was bestowed, were all of the most satisfactory nature ; although, had he looked a little further into the matter, he would have seen there was nothing peculiar in the manner or matter of these favours. He persuaded himself, however, that he had gained ground in her favour, and after a considerable consultation with his own thoughts, first about the propriety of marriage at all, and next, in this particular case, "he screwed his courage to the sticking place," and having previously imparted his project to Lord Montresor, and

met with his perfect approbation, he proceeded in the manner he thought most likely not to overwhelm Harriet with her good fortune, and communicated it to her in the gentlest way possible; making an offer of his hand, which she at once refused, to the great surprise of both their lordships; the latter of whom felt inclined to catechise the fair Harriet, in quality of relation. But this her mother judiciously prevented—it, therefore, never amounted to persecution, although it reached the point of some personal annoyance. To do away with its effect, Harriet, after her return home, applied herself more diligently to her usual daily avocations. She attended her mother in the administration of unostentatious charity, in their own immediate neighbourhood; and this necessarily limited in its means, gave rise to many expedients and devices, by which the idle and wealthy are coaxed into generosity. When not employed in these useful labours, other means were used to prevent time hanging heavy on hand. With a mind well stored with useful knowledge, reading was to Harriet a constant resource. She had besides in reserve, a well cultivated taste in music, was an adept in the finer works of the needle, and a first-rate botanist. With these

means of lightening the passing moments, father Time moved on, if not in the gayest measure, at least without the corroding cares of *ennui*.

Whilst the employments already alluded to served as a safety valve to the pressure which might have otherwise borne down her youthful spirits, affairs went on in this sort of way for several months, when a note was received by Mrs. Paulett from Mrs. Leslie, saying, that she was to have a few friends to dinner on the following Friday, among whom would be the Orbys, and their guest, Mr. Stafford, who had lately returned from the continent, and requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Paulett and her daughter's company on that day. Mrs. Paulett, who had no great fancy for Mrs. Leslie's society, would most likely have at once declined the invitation; but handed the note to Harriet, and was rather surprised to hear her declare that she would like to go, particularly as she had heard her daughter say, on a previous occasion, that she could not bear the peremptory and prying manner of that lady. However, without further canvassing the question, the note of acceptance was sent, and on the appointed day, Mrs. Paulett and her daughter arrived in due time. They here met

with the usual society of B——. Sir Frederick Holbrooke had been invited, but sent an excuse, much to the relief of one young lady present.

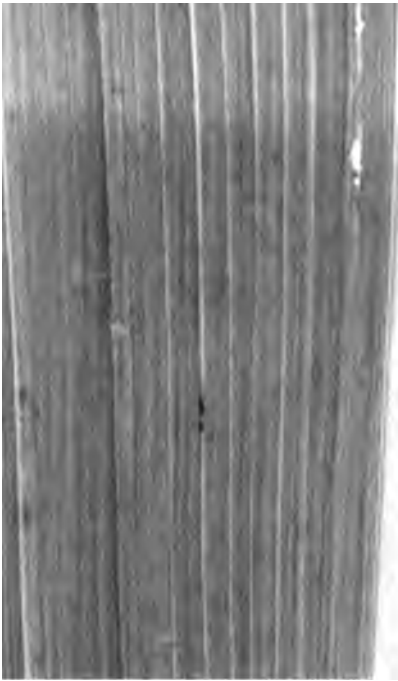
The company had all assembled before Mr. Lucius Orby and his young friend, Stafford, made their appearance. Mr. Orby immediately introduced his lately arrived guest to those of the party with whom he was unacquainted, and among the rest, to Mrs. Paulett and her daughter.

It may easily be imagined with what interest that young lady and Stafford looked on each other; she, on her part, seeing in him the attached friend of one whose image scarcely was absent from her mind; and he, in observing all the attractions which surrounded Harriet, and with the thought of the advantages his friend had thrown away. He wrote to him the next day a letter, which probably never arrived, stating the delight and surprise (notwithstanding his anticipations) that struck him on first seeing Harriet Paulett. Although her beauty was transcendant, he said, it was not that which appeared the most attractive, but her highly polished and graceful manner, the ease and grace with which she performed the slightest

action, that indefinable air of good breeding and tranquillity which distinguish an English gentlewoman, who is not foolish enough to try to ape foreign manners, but trusts to her own innate feelings of propriety. Stafford found her in the course of the evening all he could have imagined to satisfy the most fastidious lover. Her taste in every thing, even to the smallest article of her dress, was the most correct, and Stafford most heartily condoled with his friend for not having made such a treasure his own.

CHAP. III.

ON the morning of the day that this dinner was to have effect, Mr. Leslie, after endeavouring to find refuge in some apartment in the house, in all of which something was going on in the way of preparation, retreated at last upon a small breakfast parlour, that lay out of the line of general operations, hoping to remain unnoticed. There was nothing in the room but a couple of empty jelly moulds on the table, and the husks of some almonds that had undergone the blanching ceremony. This led him to think that the apartment having performed its part in the day's work, would be free from farther invasion. He had not ventured to remain in his own *museum*, as he would be constantly dis-



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provide for, while you sit there reading your nonsense about bridles and horse shoes."

"I'll tell you what," said her somewhat unused helpmate, "I have been reading the advice a late celebrated artist gave his wife when he was in a passion, and, as the name is the same, it will answer as well for you: 'Mary,' said he, 'my dear, why don't you swear? it will ease your mind.'"

"Is that the benefit you turn your reading to?" said the enraged lady; "then, Mr. Leslie, I will tell you in one word that I will not live with you an hour longer, if I am to be treated in this kind of way."

"That would be a pity," was the reply; "but that is the occasion of your making such a fuss about a brace of partridges; I dare say you can get something to replace them."

"I tell you I cannot, Mr. Leslie; I have tried every where, and cannot even get some sweetbreads. All the servants are now employed, and I suppose that good-for-nothing fellow, Cruice, is too fine a gentleman to go on such an errand for his master, even if he had a horse to ride."

will let me go
my love, you are
better a look for

"It is your
own," "I will
not part the
too great to go, I
will; unless the
world you had be

"But the world

"What does it
Only roll over to
to get a bit of glori
not will the world
think you might, a
I see you are deter
must bear it." So
suffused with tears.

Mr. Leslie, and
offered rather to e

by asking if he was to bring the par-
or sweetbreads in his pocket?

Can't you put on your shooting jacket, and
your game bag or fishing basket on your
back? was the ready reply?

There was no parrying this, and the worthy
sneaked off to the stable, with a rueful
face, to order Don Pedro to be saddled, and to
be attended at by his groom, who was unques-
tionably too fine a gentleman to have performed
such an errand.

The expedition, however, succeeded without
any thing worse than a ducking to the envoy,
and he returned with his basket filled with par-
tridges, a pheasant, and some half dozen sweet-
breads, for fear of another errand. He went
up stairs, dressed himself, and like a good boy,
spare down time enough to superintend his wine
cellars and to receive his guests; perhaps ap-
plying to himself the Italian proverb—

*"In quella casa e poca pace,
Ove gallina canta, e gallotuce."*

It being the second appearance in public of
Mr. Adolphus Armitage Newbolt and his bride,
they had again to receive the congratulations of
their friends. The lady was declared to be look-

ing remarkably well, and had to answer all the no-meaning questions, usual on such occasions. Adolphus himself was "superb;" he had added to his vocabulary in London this word from the French. "Monstrous" had also found a place in his phraseology, and "the top of the tree" was substituted for "apex."

Mr. Broderick had accompanied Stafford on his trip to B—. His siege of the fair Emma continued to be regularly carried on; his temporary absence being only occasioned by the prospect of an opening in the borough near his place in Hampshire, and he wished to secure his interest in that quarter. Harriet Paulett had never met either of the two young men before, and of course had a little feminine curiosity to satisfy on that point. Stafford she regarded with the most interest, both from the superiority of his manner and appearance, and his being the intimate and chosen friend of Frank Orby. Rumour, with his "hundred tongues," had brought to her ears the history of his friendship in the case of the love affair at Oxford, and it might be guessed that a hope darted across her mind, that a similar influence might possibly be exerted in the present instance. But this idea flew

across her mind involuntarily, and she would have hardly confessed it to herself. One thing, however, she could not but allow, that she was very anxious to hear something of what was going forward on the continent; but how that was to be accomplished she was quite at a loss to guess.

The hostess seemed inclined to assist her, and was not troubled with any *mauvaise honte*—but being little skilled in the art, her attempts at *pumping* were not attended exactly with the result she had expected, particularly as the person she tried to cross-question, had been put on his guard by Mr. Orby.

“You have paid a short visit to the continent, Mr. Stafford—we hardly expected to have had the pleasure of seeing you returned so soon.”

“I cannot say that my stay has been very long; but it was sufficient for all the purposes I intended at starting.”

“Then it was rather business than pleasure that took you and Mr. Orby off in such a hurry?”
(Here Harriet’s heart beat double quick.)

“Why, to say the truth, madam, Frank and

I always endeavour to mix the two together as much as possible."

"But you separated, did you not? Where did you leave Mr. Orby?"

"We separated between Florence and Rome; he wished to visit Dalmatia, and the Venetian territory, while I, not satisfied with my former visit to Rome, went there to finish my course of *lion hunting*."

"Then you don't know anything more of Mr. Orby?"

"The last I heard from him, madam, was from Ancona, where he was about to embark, and he is now, I dare say, at Venice, on his way home; when he arrives, I dare say, he will be happy to recount his adventures."

There was no saying anything more; the catechism ceased, as the fussy looking man that did butler announced dinner. By accident, or design, as the company took their seats, Harriet Paulett found herself next to Mr. Stafford, who had Charlotte Orby at his other side. After a few common-place sayings, Stafford, addressing his fair neighbour, apologised for the apparent rudeness of his gaze on first meeting,

by referring it to the curiosity that had been excited in his mind, by hearing the name of Miss Paulett often mentioned among *his friends*. The plural number saved the rising blushes of Harriet, who endeavoured to parry the remark, by saying, with a smile, that she was really flattered at the compliment, but could not think who the friends were that had spoken in her favour; she lived in such almost total seclusion, that she supposed she had been equally free from good and bad report, and she must attribute a little of the flattery to Mr. Stafford's invention.

"Really, you do me injustice, or rather yourself," was the reply, "as I heard your name mentioned in Italy, by two young men, one of whom was a perfect stranger, who, on hearing that Frank Orby was from this part of the world, enquired directly if he knew Miss Paulett. What they said about Miss Paulett, I shall not pronounce; but, at least, it was nothing in her dispraise."

To turn the course of conversation without too much abruptness, Harriet asked how he liked Italy, what he thought of the manners, and enquired if the men were not considered quarrelsome and revengeful?

"Really, in the way we ran through the country," said Stafford, "it would be presumption to form any opinion generally on the subject. We occasionally admired the beauty of some of the ladies in public, but had no occasion to ascertain whether the gentlemen were quarrelsome or not."

"Why," said Harriet, with some hesitation, "we heard here that Mr. Orby had a quarrel with an Italian gentleman. That story was certainly contradicted, but I never heard the real history of the affair."

"Then, the report I assure you, was quite false. One of our travelling companions, a young English friend of mine, pushed Frank Orby rather too hard with a joke, and although warned to desist, repeated it with some degree of warmth, occasioned, I believe, by having drank too much wine. He had to pay the penalty next morning, by receiving a wound, and acknowledging himself to be in the wrong."

Harriet could not pursue the topic further, but was so far satisfied with the explanation. Stafford was turning to say something to Charlotte, when their attention was drawn to

Dr. Waldron, who asked the host where he had been going in the morning?

"In the morning," iterated Mr. Leslie.

"Yes, this morning. I was going to see a patient near Walsall, when I saw you riding post haste in the rain, with a fishing basket at your back. You were going in the direction of Birmingham, where I think you could not get any thing to fish, unless it was gun barrels; and I suppose for that sport, you would use hair triggers or percussion locks for bait."

"Oh," said the host, reddening and looking abashed, "I turned off to Aldridge, where I expected to have had some sport, but was disappointed."

"Why, really Leslie," said the Doctor, "I never gave you credit for being so *intense* a fisherman, as to start on such a day as this, and if I mistake not, on your best horse. The next time, let me recommend you to take my friend Williams here with you; he will teach you how to catch trout in your boot tops, as it is practised in Wales"

"Come, Waldron," said his brother Esculapius, "you affect not to believe that story, although I told you it happened to myself."

"Oh, by no means," said Waldron. "Having it from such good authority, I must believe it. I was only at a loss to imagine, that if the fish had been so plentiful as to find their way into your boot-tops, how you could have avoided treading on them as you walked through the stream, and what necessity you could have had for a rod or line."

"It certainly must have been *monstrous* fine fishing," drawled out the bridegroom.

"Pray," said Mrs. William Orby, addressing herself to the lady of the house, "have you heard anything lately of the Forresters?"

"No," said Mrs. Leslie, "nothing particular since we left them at Cheltenham, further than that the widow was still pursuing her plans against the batchelor state of young Markham, and no doubt will give a good account of him. I am quite surprised that his father should let the affair go on so long—so unsuitable a match, a woman nearly ten years older than his son; it is quite absurd."

"Nearly as bad," said Mrs. Orby, "as a lady that I know, who educated a young man, and brought him up in the house ready to marry her, when her husband made way for him; which

she has since accomplished, by first burying her good man; and she now goes about with her young beardless bridegroom, that every one takes for her son."

"Mrs. Orby," said Dr. Waldron, "allow me to have the pleasure of taking wine with you. Have you seen anything lately of your spiritual friend, the very excellent Dr. Wilkins? I am told he is in the highest favour among the ladies, and they have made him a sort of father confessor."

"Really, doctor, I don't understand what you mean," replied the usually mild and quiet Mrs. Orby; "I have a very great regard for Dr. Wilkins; who is, in my opinion, one of the chosen few, whose steps are worthy to be followed; and whose doctrine is of the pure and evangelical type. I wish many that I could name would follow his example."

"You say very true, madam," replied Waldron, with mock gravity, "the doctor is the polar star of all the *good* people in the place. He is, as you observe, a shining light to their footsteps; and walks about, as we may say, a lanthorn to the righteous. For my part, I must confess myself unworthy the light of his countenance; but he has, notwithstanding, offered me his help in a

spiritual way. As to his doctrine, I found it the most delightful, sedative, and soporific, I ever met with. I had been up a great part of the night previously, attending a patient, and went purposely to hear his great powers displayed. His words were soothing and soft, fell on my ears as if they had been steeped in syrup of poppies, and I soon dropped into forgetfulness of all the cares and ills of the world.—On coming to myself, I found that in the whole church, there were but two others awake, and they were old ladies, whose eyes from twinkling with delight, had nearly melted away."

"Now that is a thing I could never submit to," said Col. Orby, in his stately manner, "I would have walked off and left him. When I exercised the command in one of the West India islands, I never allowed the chaplain to exceed a quarter of an hour, and I held my watch in my hand to keep him correct."

"That was excellent discipline," replied the doctor, "and it is the first time I ever heard of preaching against time, it is almost as good as doing it by steam."

"I recollect," said Dr. Williams, "once being at a Scotch sermon, that lasted two hours

and a half, in the middle of summer, and I was half dead with the fatigue."

"Then," said Dr. Waldron, "the preacher might have said, 'we have scotched the Welshman, not killed him.'"

When the ladies had withdrawn, the conversation, as usual, ran upon politics; and various as their faces, were the opinions on the great question (as it was called, like many of its predecessors), so that even in the town of B——, no two opinions exactly coincided. However politics descend by inheritance, they seem to have little to do with daily habits, or disposition, if we might judge from two of our present dabblers in that science. Here was Mr. Ridgway who had been sporting tyrant for twenty years, who rarely ever pardoned, and never gave an indulgence, in or out of doors; and who had refused to see his only daughter, because she had pleased herself in matrimony—no man could stick up more boldly for the rights of man, the liberty of the subject, or declaim more violently against the oligarchy. On the other hand, Mr. Leslie, who was, as we have seen, a little of the order of the henpecked; and of whom it had been said, that he could not hurt a fly, was an advo-

cate for a great deal of power in the hands of the executive ; was a considerable admirer of the Holy Alliance ; a Miguelite ; and was suspected of leaning towards the Holy Inquisition. On his side he had Mr. Reginald ; and on the opposite, was Mr. Theophilus Cane, who having been invited to tea, dropped in to have a little chat, before he went up stairs. He had scarcely exchanged how-do-you-do's, and finished a glass of wine, when he appeared sunk in one of his usual reveries. The arguments for and against reform, of which all the world has had enough, were formed, and reformed ; and the subject was exhibited in all its phases, when Dr. Williams, who was a *moderate*, said, he would be inclined to give up Old Sarum.

"What would you do, Cane?" said Dr. Waldron, giving his neighbour a slap on the shoulder.

"Why," said Cane, "I would immediately proceed to take up the arteries?"

"The devil you would—the arteries of Old Sarum!"

"Yes," said Cane, "otherwise the constitution would sink."

"Then what would you do my friend with Gatton?"

This question immediately recalled the operator's ideas, who said "Gatton! Gatton!—oh, you are talking about the boroughs I find. I had been engaged this morning in amputating a man's leg, and it run in my head so strongly, that I thought you were talking about it."

"Well done, Cane," said Waldron, "I see you stick by the shop; but I suppose, as you have put the poor man's leg into *schedule A*, you will give us your opinion on the subject in hand."

What that was, it would be tiring the reader to detail.

On Mr. Lucius Orby giving his opinion, he said, he thought a great deal of the opposition arose from national disposition. Englishmen, he said, were naturally anti-reformers, if one could judge by the pertinacity with which they adhered to all antiquated customs. The smallest change was always canvassed for a length of time, and much opposition before it was effected. No wonder, then, that so sweeping a change should startle so many.

"And yet, brother," said Mr. Reginald, "this

country has made prodigious progress in improvements of all kinds; witness the rapid strides of our arts and manufactures."

"No doubt," said Mr. Lucius, "our physical progress has been great, but our social and moral movement has not kept equal pace; and in no country is it more difficult to do away with inconvenient practices, which have only the sanction of time in their favour. Witness the whole body of our laws. The absurdities and contradictions they contained were pointed out in the clearest manner for years together, and would probably never have been altered, had not the business been undertaken by a minister of the crown. Even now they are overloaded with incumbrances. What a jargon of fines, recoveries, releases; a lawyer's clerk trotting round the country to hand a bit of stick from one person to another, repeating what sounds like an incantation, to make the transfer of property valid; their John Does and Richard Roes, with the whole family of fictions, to which they ought to be godfathers. Then, they won't let a lawyer speak for a man who is in the predicament of being hanged, *because* it is not the custom, and would be inconvenient in practice, This ad-

herence to the wisdom of our ancestors," continued Mr. Orby, "may be noticed in trifling things of daily occurrence. Guineas have long since ceased to exist, except in the hoards of misers, yet, ask any man the price of his horse or his house, and he talks of guineas; and auctioneers make their biddings in the same imaginary money. When we went so far in imitating a neighbouring nation in the decimal calculation, as to make a coin representing twenty shillings, it was thought a bold innovation; but what man dare have said that a shilling ought to be tenpence or twenty halfpence? Then we have a hundred weight, which is not a hundred weight, but one hundred and twelve; and if a man was ordered to take an ounce of anything, by way of medicine, and was to have it weighed at a grocer's, in place of a chymist's, the chances are that he would be poisoned. Will the imperial measure ever come into general use?"

"Talking of guineas and horses," said Waldron, "I suppose, Leslie, you would be inclined to take a sufficient number of that imaginary coin for Don Pedro, as you have lowered him by making him a hack on the road."

This was again touching the host on the *raw*,

but he endeavoured to turn it off by saying, that although he had on one occasion rode Don Pedro on the road, he did not prize him the less, and that no money could tempt him to part with him. I assure you, Mr. Orby, he is one of the most sagacious animals I ever met with; if I am in the stable, he will take his corn from no one else."

"I recollect," said Dr. Williams, "a great instance of sagacity in a horse that belonged to my father in Wales. For some time they missed a good deal of corn, without knowing how it went, when the groom, peeping through the window, saw the horse unlock the corn bin, lift up the lid with his nose, and help himself."

"What a cunning fellow," said Waldron; "if he was not an ostler, he was an oat-stealer; you ought to have puzzled him with a padlock, and if he had opened that, he would have deserved the honours of Caligula's horse."

Horses having once come on the *tapis*, there was no want of anecdotes; every man had his peculiar one relative to his own, besides the general history of fox chases.

Colonel Orby remarked, that a charge of cavalry was a *stupendous event*, and that the im-

petuous impetus with which they would come in contact with any object must be *astounding*.

"I recollect," said Dr. Williams, "seeing once an exemplification of that force on a small scale. When I was studying at Edinburgh, I once went down on the Porto Bello sands to see the horse soldiers at drill; they were learning the sword exercise, and two of them going in opposite directions, were each defending themselves from a horseman attacking them in the rear; of course neither could observe the direction his horse was going in, and the softness of the sand gave no notice of each other's approach. In this way, and at full gallop, the two horses met with their foreheads in mid career. Both of them were killed on the spot and one of the men, whilst the other had so firm a seat in his saddle, that both his thighs were broken. I was so shocked, that I could not stir from the spot, and was nervous all day afterwards."

"Nervous," said Waldron, "I wonder you did not become muscular; had I been there, I should have been ossified. A man might live a hundred years without having the chance of meeting with such an adventure. You may see," addressing the company, "that although the Welsh are not

blessed like the Celts of the north with the second sight, they can see at least as far as a horse can go, and I never heard in my life such an instance of what my friend the colonel calls impetuous impetus. One hears of horse radish, horse mushrooms, and horse chesnuts, and even of horse godmothers, but this must be dubbed the horse history."

"I can assure you," said Williams, with warmth, "it is perfectly true."

"Oh, I have no doubt of it; and, to use the comparison of the country where it happened, 'true as death.'"

"It is really a monstrous good story," drawled out Adolphus Newbolt; "that horseman who had his thighs broken must have been at the *top of the tree* in equitation."

Colonel Orby said it was a very extraordinary *concatenation*

"Pray, Mr. Orby, what news from the stars?" inquired Doctor Waldron, in a jocular manner; have you settled the distance between us and the sun and moon?"

"Why no, not exactly," said Mr. Orby, smiling, "I have been somewhat puzzled between the theories, and have not yet made up

my mind as to the parallax, taking it for granted that the earth's centre is"—

"The earth's centre," interrupted Col. Orby, "why surely, Lucius, you cannot expect to find the earth's centre in England?"

"No, William," said his brother; "where am I to look for it then?"

"Why in the West Indies, of course."

"Indeed," said his brother, "I was not aware of that;" endeavouring to stifle a laugh which had taken possession of the rest of the company.

The doctor came again forward, and screwing his face into a degree of solemnity, said, "I dare say the colonel is in the right. It is well known that the poles are in the coldest parts of the world, and it is but fair that the centre should have a warm birth."

"O yes," joined in the colonel, "I recollect the engineers were employed when I was in Jamaica in measuring a degree of the meridian, which I take to be nothing else but the earth's centre."

As the worthy veteran finished his explanation, the servant came in to announce tea, and the gentlemen shortly afterwards went up stairs to join the ladies; leaving the absent Theophilus

Cane so absorbed in one of his reveries, that he did not notice their departure, and they took care not to disturb him. He sat "chewing the cud" of politics and medicine, until the servant came in to remove the things; when waking as it were, and imagining the company had all dispersed, he went into the hall, and taking his hat, departed for his own home; where his wife was much surprised by his speedy return, and asking him, if he had tea, made him stare with surprise. But his better-half would not let him return to Mr. Leslie's, to become, as she said, a laughing-stock to the company.

The evening passed as usual at Mr. Leslie's; cards, music, &c. The attention of Stafford, although chiefly bestowed on his fair friend, Charlotte, was occasionally drawn to a contemplation of the beauty and grace of Harriet Paulett; as he looked on her, with feelings of regret, when he thought of his poor friend Orby, who, by his precipitancy, had allowed so magnificent a prize to slip through his hands. When they chanced to be placed near to each other, there was a kind of shyness and reserve between them; each, probably, wishing to converse on the same topic, without knowing how to begin.

It was, certainly, the part of the gentleman to talk first of his friend; but he felt awkward as to the introduction of the subject, under the circumstances with which he was acquainted; and no further communication on that topic took place during the evening.

It has been already noticed, that among other agreeable reports dished up for the edification of Harriet Paulett, the story of Frank's attachments at Windsor, and Woodstock, was played on, with many variations.

CHAP. IV.

IN order that our hero may not appear worse than he really was, we shall endeavour to give a true version of these affairs of the heart.

When Stafford and Orby had bidden adieu to the forms of Harrow, and previous to their entrance at Oxford, a little time remained on hand for their disposal, it was agreed that they should remain together for a short period in London; and in order to complete their preliminary education previous to their appearance at the University, they took lessons in waltzing, fencing, and the noble science of defence pointed out by nature, and exemplified under the auspices of professor Jackson. Whilst thus improving their bodies, and previous to the time

fixed for Orby to visit his friend's father in Essex, a notice appeared of a review of the household troops to take place in Windsor park ; and as the sight was a novelty to the youngsters, they agreed to ride down the day previous, and attend the military exhibition. They arrived to a late dinner at Windsor, and after they had discussed their wine, an enquiry was made of the waiter if the theatre was open. The answer being in the affirmative, and that this was one of the nights of performance ; the young friends agreed to stroll there. As they arrived late, the *monitory* tragedy of George Barnwell, was just drawing to a close, to which they had no objection, and was to be followed by the Maid and the Magpie. Soon after the curtain rose, the attention of Frank Orby was rivetted to the stage ; not by the particular interest of the drama, but by the charms of the girl who performed the heroine. He thought her, without exception, the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and was quite in raptures. He hastily borrowed a play-bill from his next neighbour ; and learned that the name of the interesting fair one was Ellen Parsloe. He immediately asked Stafford, if he thought they could get

behind the scenes? and he, as well inclined as his friend for a *spree*, took their box checks, and went round to the stage door, where, by the help of the universal opener of gates, they obtained admission; although looked at with some degree of jealousy by certain of the performers, for want of a proper introduction to the mysteries of the green-room. The view Orby had of the fair one from before the scenes, lost nothing of its interest (contrary to general custom) on a nearer approach. He chanced to have an opportunity of picking up a nosegay, that the heroine had dropped. This served as an excuse for the commencement of a conversation, which, however, had but small results, the nymph being called on to fulfil her part on the stage. Had there been another girl equally pretty, Stafford would most probably have taken a share in his friend's amusements; but as the rest of the troop were "painted skeletons," he found no attraction, and his attention was, therefore, more drawn to observe the effect of this Thespian attack on his friend's heart. He knew him to be of an inflammatory temperament; and being at that age when what is called "calf love" takes great hold of the system, he began

to entertain fears, that his friend Frank might pursue his amour beyond the limits of prudence ; and in this he was confirmed, when, on the following day, after they had been present at the review, he found his companion hurry over his dinner, in order to be in time for the theatre ; where nearly the same scene was acted over, as on the previous evening, with rather more opportunity for Frank to chat with his fair one.

Seeing no system of his inclination to move, Stafford proposed at once their return after breakfast to London, but to this young Orby did not seem inclined to assent ; when, by way of piquing him, Stafford said, he would return by himself, and he supposed, when Frank had tired himself of sighing to his theatrical nymph, he would come to town. - He set out alone. Two days having elapsed without any appearance of his friend, he began to be uneasy on his account, and determined to go down to Windsor, to interpose his *wisdom*, on behalf of the stray sheep. On inquiring at the inn, when he arrived, he was much surprised to hear that his friend had left it, and taken a lodging at a stationer's shop near the theatre. This began to look rather serious, and he directly went there. Frank was not at

home, and while he waited his return, he entered into conversation with the man of the house, and introduced the topic of the theatre, on which he found the landlord very conversant, as he printed the bills, and held one of the principal depots of benefit tickets. He gave George immediate information about Miss Parsloe. She, it appeared, was the daughter of a farmer, in Berkshire, who, in the flourishing days of practising that mystery, had made a great deal of money; and was resolved, among the enjoyment of other luxuries, that his daughter should have, what he called, a good *education*; and to effect that purpose, had all sorts of masters. They endeavoured to teach her French, not having any knowledge of her own language; and forced upon her music, in all its shapes.

She was fortunately endowed with a good voice, and correct ear, and consequently, gained great progress in singing and dancing, that made her the wonder of all the *hobnails*. A change of times, had, however, taken place long before; the golden days of the farmers had disappeared, and with them, all the exotic appendages of education. Farmer Parsloe struggled long to keep up his former state, but found his means

giving way every day ; and at last, when he went to compose part of the soil he had been working on so many years, it was found he was insolvent, and left nothing to provide for his widow and *accomplished* daughter. Their friends came forward, and gave aid for a time ; but at length they were left quite to their own resources. The mother thought of offering herself for the management of a dairy farm, or as housekeeper : but, at length, the brilliant thought struck her daughter, of trying the stage. She flattered herself she had some taste that way, and the beauty she knew she possessed would be a good cloke for any deficiencies in the histrionic art. She had offered herself to the Windsor management, been accepted, and had, since her first appearance, been gradually rising, and now secured a regular engagement. The communicative bookseller added, that the damsel had conducted herself with great steadiness, and had even refused two or three rather brilliant offers of *left-handed* establishments.

However uncharitable the reflection, Stafford was not much pleased with the latter part of the information, as affecting his friend's future prospects. He feared his romantic turn of mind might lead him into some premature engage-

ment; and he was rather confirmed in this apprehension, when Frank returned and nearly overwhelmed him with praise of his dear Ellen. The stories of her virtuous self-denial had also reached *him*, and he had actually turned it in his mind to propose marriage, when Stafford opportunely arrived. Frank made known to his friend what was passing in his mind, who, with great prudence, avoided giving an abrupt disapprobation of the measure, but only asked his friend to take time to think and weigh all the difficulties before he took such a step. In place of pressing him to return to London, he pretended to enter into his views, and give his assistance; and with that idea, took a room in the same house. He knew his friend Frank to be very susceptible, when any thing very vulgar was brought before him, and had little doubt, that, by obtaining more intimacy, he would be shocked or disgusted by something low, that was at present shrouded under a few conventional phrases, familiar to the nymphs behind the scenes when accosted by their beaux. With this view, he proposed to Orby to gain a more authorised right to visit the green-room. The benefit of a man was advertised for that night, one who vibrated between second and

third rate characters, but who, on this occasion, chose to shine as Job Thornberry in the comedy of John Bull. To the lodgings of this hero they repaired, (the first floor down the chimney,) and having communicated to him their admiration of his talents, they came to essentials by purchasing half a dozen box tickets, and asked leave to use his name in procuring admission behind the scenes. All this being duly arranged, the youths, attended at an early hour; and in the intervals, when not employed on the scene, Orby entertained his fair Ellen, with all the small-chat of which he was master, while Stafford had a more laborious task, in flirting with a tragedy queen, who having nothing to do on the stage, was happy to bestow her leisure on so promising a beau. During these proceedings, *le beneficiare* was profuse in his attentions to the young gentlemen; and as he was Lord Paramount for the night, he introduced them to all his professional brethren;—amongst the sisterhood they catered for themselves. In the course of this evening, Orby procured permission from his heroine, to visit her at her mother's house, and promised to patronize her benefit, which was to be the next night of performance. The greater part of the

intervening time, Stafford very patiently attended to hear the band on the terrace, or took the measure of his own shadow in the park; but on the morning previous to the benefit, he accompanied his friend on his visit to the young lady, and was well received by her mamma. On giving a five pound note for a ticket, the old lady's heart was warmed, and she said, "Gentlemen, we be going to have a few friends to take a bit of supper with us this evening, after the play, and I hope you will give us your company."

"Oh, by all means, madam," replied Stafford; "we shall have great pleasure; and I hope you will allow me to add a little to the feast."

Orby opened all his eyes at this speech of his friend's. He whom he looked on in some degree as a censor, to find him more forward than himself; he was rather puzzled. As they walked home together, they called at a pastry cook's, ordered a quantity of pies, cakes, &c.; and from thence Stafford led his astonished friend to a wine merchant's, where he ordered a dozen of the best champagne, and a couple of bottles of noyau to be sent to Mrs. Parsloe's.

Frank stared at his friend; whose only explanation was, that it was best to do the thing

handsomely ; and that they should have a great deal of fun with the professors of the sock and buskin.

Miss Parsloe had chosen for her benefit to attempt the character of Ophelia, and was to perform Clara in the afterpiece ; in both which she acquitted herself with credit, and was, in theatrical phrase, received with *unbounded* applause. The tragedy lady had kindly consented to waive her rights on this occasion ; and condescended to perform the Queen of Denmark.

Frank Orby was almost as much gratified as the heroine herself ; and felt himself perfectly happy, after the entertainment, when she had changed her dress, to have her lean on his arm on her way home ; while Stafford had the less enviable task of taking *in tow* Dame Parsloe and the tragedy queen. Soon afterwards, they were joined by the representatives of Polonius, and the Grave-digger ; the former of whom was their friend of the preceding night, and the latter would have been happy on similar terms. This *well* assorted party sat down to supper ; which made a very splendid display. Stafford, who had volunteered the office of butler, tapped the champagne, to clear the voices of the com-

pany; and in the course of eating, repeated the ceremony, with an intervening bumper of sherry, every now and then. While Dame Parsloe kept pressing her guests to eat pigeon pie, assuring them there was plenty *on it*.

Stafford watched the proceedings with anxious eye and ear. He had observed at the theatre, and in the early part of their *fête*, that the nymph had kept a strict watch over her speech. He thought to himself if the *Sillery* did not unlock her eloquence, it would be very hard. When the acting butler saw that the manifold eating began to draw towards a close, he tapped one of his noyan bottles, and gave a full glass all round.

"Well if that be'ent the noicest *stuff* I ever tasted," said Dame Parsloe.

"I am glad you like it, madam; and I think you and I had better stick to it."

"With all my heart," said the old dame; "I loikes it better than that frizzling stuff, that is like Dame Dobbins's gooseberry—"

"You can have no taste, mother," interrupted Miss Ellen, "to compare the champagne with Mrs. Dobbins's gooseberry; you will next say it

is not better than the *swipes* we had for dinner to-day."

When this poetic word, struck the tympanum of Orby, it had something of a similar effect to having trod on a viper. The sound was too clear and exact, to leave any "flattering unction" that his ears had deceived him. Stafford, though pleased with the success of his project, felt a little for his friend; and to turn his attention, he asked the tragedy *prima donna*, if he should not help her to a little more of the liqueur. She happened not to give attention; but was immediately brought to order by Miss Parsloe, who called out in rather powerful tones, "Dear me, Mrs. Lambridge, don't you hear the gentleman *ax* you, if you wont have some more liquor."

Alas, for poor Orby; his disenchantment was instantaneous. Cupid had been nearly drowned in the swipes; and was now fairly knocked in the head by the axe. Once the *prestige* that hung round the fair Ellen was dissolved, the whole scene appeared to Frank in double deformity. Polonius and the Grave-digger had become "loving monsters" in their drink;

spouted scraps from plays, and swore eternal friendship to the youths; who now seized the first favourable moment to make their escape. Not a word did young Orby say to his friend, until they came opposite to the inn; where seeing a light still burning, he went in, and ordered a chaise to be at his lodgings, at seven in the morning. He had sent his horse and servant to London, when he *broke ground* before the theatre, and received in their place a small valise with a few clothes. On their way to London the next morning, he never mentioned a word relative to the preceding evening; and it was long before he could bring himself to speak on the subject, even to his friend, who he accompanied on a visit to his father in Essex.

"The fair Ophelia" was astonished, and a good deal annoyed by the abrupt departure of her admirer, whom she conceived to be fixed by an adamantine chain. She waited for a few days in hopes; and then consoled herself with the reflection, that lovers about a handsome actress, are like hares, you may kill as many as you like, more will come. Her beauty and talents were not doomed to remain long hidden. She was soon removed (a rising star,) to the

metropolis ; where she became immediately the rage, and *partook* of some adventures, owing, it was said, to her not having adhered so closely to the *conservative* system, as she had done in her noviciate at Windsor. In one of these, her sayings and doings were brought before "father antick the law," but she passed the ordeal with triumph. She often assisted at private theatricals ; an amusement said to be attended with the same results, as the more simple and rural one of *nutting* ; and it was said, that in this respect, she was an anti-Malthusian. This report, however, did not prevent her from making at last, what all the dowagers of Europe would have pronounced, an *exceeding good match*. Orby often saw her afterwards in the circles of fashion, and rolling in her splendid carriage in the park ; but her apparition never failed to recal to his mind the word *swipes*.

Master Frank had received such a lesson on this occasion, that he became more cautious, and for many months, and even after he and his friend had been fixed at Christ-church, he remained "intact of cupid's dart." At length Stafford missing his companion on several successive days, on their first meeting, he chal-

lenged him with his absence, adding that he would make a bet of £100. there was a girl in the case. A conscious blush on Orby's countenance, acknowledged the charge before he spoke, and he did not attempt to deny it.

"Well my Orlando Amoroso, let me hear," said Stafford, "who is the nymph that now rules paramount in your breast; not an Ophelia, I hope?"

"Oh, by no means. You shall hear," said Orby. "Some days since I went down to Chapel-house to meet a friend of mine there, and remained all night; on my return the next morning, when near Woodstock, my horse appeared to go lame; and getting off to see what was the matter, I found he had cast a shoe. I took him to the first farrier I could find, and while the operation was going on, I strolled into the Park. The weather was beautiful, and I extended my walk. At a considerable distance from me, and under the shade of some trees, I thought I observed a female figure. I was rather surprised at such an apparition, but resolved to see who it might be. On approaching, I observed it to be a lady dressed fashionably, but plainly; walking in the shade, and intently

ing a book. There was at least something in this, that piqued my curiosity; and I tried to make out who the fair student might be. Her back was towards me as I approached; walking over the turf, no sound of footsteps could prevent me from making my advance as silently as possible. I could not fail to observe that the incognita possessed a beautiful figure; she had a fine carriage, and walked well. Her face, thought I, corresponds, my heart would be again in jeopardy. My near approach did not seem to disturb the studies of the fair student, and it was not until I had brushed close that she seemed to give an involuntary start. I walked on a little in advance; not daring to throw back a look to gain a view of her countenance, which surpassed my anticipations.

As I proceeded slowly on, I felt myself in a doubtful state, wishing, yet fearing to speak to the unknown. There was so much lady-like in her appearance, that I was fearful of committing impertinence. At this moment, one of the colts which were running loose in the park came cantering down the path; and it seemed to alarm the student considerably. I easily drove the animal away, and it served to break the ice, by hoping

she did not feel alarmed. The conversation gradually arose out of the usual nothings, until it assumed a degree of consistency ; and I had much pleasure in finding that her remarks were apposite, and that she seemed to possess a considerable fund of information. I endeavoured to obtain permission to accompany her home, but this she would not grant ; her mother and herself living retired, the presence of a third person, and that a gentleman, might draw remarks. As there was no interdict, however, to my visits to Blenheim, I rode over the next day, and walking into the park, again saw the lady, accompanied by an older one, who could be no other than the mother alluded to. I accosted the incognita, and made a bow to the mother ; we chatted a good deal, while the old lady remained silent. This time, however, I gained a lodgment in the cottage, which is prettily situated on the verge of the park. I gave my name, and stated at what college : and, in return, learned that the nymph, before whose charms I now bowed, is the daughter of an officer ; that her mother and she had lately come to the neighbourhood, to attend her sick uncle, who lived in Woodstock, but who had not room in his house for their

accommodation, and they had therefore taken the cottage for three months—their names did not transpire. Now, George, you have heard my confession, what say you to the adventure ? ”

“ Really, I am rather at a loss. Some of the circumstances seem to be of a suspicious nature ; but I could not venture a positive opinion, until I got a nearer view of the parties.”

“ It is on that point I have a proposal to make, that you shall come with me, and see the lady, and then give me your opinion. I confess, since that affair at Windsor, I am diffident of my own judgment, and have no ambition to have such another finale to my amours.”

“ I will go with you when you like,” was the reply.

“ Well, let us start this moment ; it is about the time I generally meet Maria, who has given me so much of her name.”

When the friends arrived at the usual rendezvous, they met the lady, not at this time studying, but accompanied by a spaniel dog. She seemed rather surprised, and somewhat confused, by the presence of a third person, until Orby introduced him as a particular friend ; when the smile was replaced on her handsome counte-

nance. Her appearance was a puzzle to Stafford, as he could not help giving her credit for all that his friend had said in her favour. The conversation was general, until they arrived at the cottage, when Stafford was ushered into a small neat parlour, looking on a fresh shaven lawn, studded with flower clumps; whilst clematis, and other creepers, ran along the rustic pillars, that supported a verandah. In one corner of this apartment, near the window, was perched the mother, at work at some netting; a respectable looking personage, neatly attired in black, and as upright and solemn as a nine-pin.

The party had not long taken up their position on the cane-bottoms, than Stafford discovered he was one too many in this quartett. He rose to take his leave, having, as he said, to keep an engagement to an early dinner, with his friend, Mr. Standish, of Corpus, to whom he had brought letters of introduction. On his way back to Oxford, Stafford had fine room for conjecture. He could not make out whether all was right; the most suspicious part of the exhibition, was the formal, silent woman at the netting.

Mr. Standish, with whom Stafford was engaged,

was the only son of a gentleman of large fortune, who had, while at Oxford, the most liberal allowance, and had continued his nominal residence there, long after the usual course of study, partly out of a love of reading, and partly being habituated to some of the society that still remained there; and the party that Stafford met was composed of a few of these *old hands*. The conversation ran on the adventures of fresh-men, and the many modes of *doing the flats*. Many amusing anecdotes were related of adventurers, male and female, that haunted the neighbourhood, to prey on the unwary.

“ I recollect,” said the host, “ that about two years ago, Lord Shoreham, who was a fellow-collegian of mine, and with whom I have passed many pleasant hours, left this, on his accession to the title by his father’s death. Not long afterwards, when down in Devonshire, and hunting, an accident happened to his horse, that occasioned him to stop at a small village. He had not been there many minutes, when he observed, through the window of a rustic-looking cottage, what appeared to him a very beautiful young girl. He became interested, and made inquiries, to

which he received answer, that the young lady was the daughter of a deceased officer, and was living with a distant relation of her father's; that they had been in the village about three weeks, and lived very retired. This was enough to pique the young lord's curiosity. He found his horse conveniently lame, not to be able to proceed. He procured a bed at the public-house, and sent over to Honiton, to desire his groom to bring away the lame horse, and to fetch him some clothes. In the mean time, he set about to procure an introduction to the damsel of the cottage, and never gave over his pursuit, until he carried off the young lady in question, the distant relation inclusive. Nothing was precisely known of the previous history of the young lady; but if it was her first lapse from the right road, she reconciled herself to her fate in a short time, as I saw her afterwards, in a house which had been taken for her in Park lane, and quite at home in her new situation. I used often to go there to a *petit souper* after the opera; and among the party assembled, she was always addressed as Lady Shoreham. Some months back, I observed that his lordship had been appointed to a foreign embassy, and had

broken up his establishment; I suppose, therefore, he has made some settlement on his *amie*, and left her behind. And if I can place any faith in the evidence of my own senses, I saw her identical ladyship driving a pony carriage last week, in the direction of Woodstock, accompanied by her interesting relative. She, therefore, has either secured a sufficient competency, or has some project on foot, for her more permanent establishment, and as she possesses good manners, and many accomplishments, it is not unlikely she may succeed in making some dupe."

During this account, the ears of Stafford tingled as if they had been rubbed with snow, after being frost-bitten. With some difficulty he constrained himself to keep silence, not wishing to make a public exhibition of his friend's weakness. The next morning, however, he called on Mr. Standish, and explained to him the cause why his conversation of the evening before had so much interested him. He briefly stated the meeting of his friend with the fair incognita in the park, and his conviction that the *soi disant* lady, and the student of the groves, were one and the same; expressing his anxiety

on account of his friend, from his ardent and sanguine disposition.

“What!” said Mr. Standish, “is that the young man you introduced to me the other day, in the high street? His father and mine are intimate friends, and I should have great pleasure in cultivating his acquaintance. I agree with you, that no time is to be lost, in freeing him from his present entanglement; and I will, if you please, at once accompany you to the scene of action, and open his eyes to the snare that is waiting for him. I suppose the young lady would have no objection to repair a damaged reputation by marriage; but, at least, she must not look so high.”

Having ordered their horses, the two friends set forth on their expedition. Mr. Standish knew the situation of the cottage, and took his companion there by a more direct road, that would bring them at once to the spot, and he supposed the lady had given up her walks, now the principal object had been accomplished.

Having left their horses in charge of Stafford's servant, at the entrance of a narrow lane, they walked up to the cottage, and arrived in front of

it just as Orby and the young lady were coming forth to take their walk. On the sudden and unexpected appearance of Standish, the latter gave a faint exclamation of surprise; the colour flew to her cheeks, and was as suddenly followed by a deadly paleness. She rallied, however, for a moment; and returning rapidly to the cottage, threw the door to behind her, while Orby stood in mute astonishment at the scene.

“I hope you will excuse my apparent rudeness, Mr. Orby. You shall have an explanation in a few moments; in the meantime, I wish you would procure us entrance to this enchanted cottage; when, perhaps, you may meet with more wonders than you calculated on.”

It is seldom a woman is taken by surprise, in cases of this kind; but the visit and recognition had been so sudden, that it threw Maria Singleton, (for that was the name of the nymph,) off her guard. The first instinctive movement was to get the old woman out of the way, and then, to put on a bold face, and say she had never seen Standish before. But the agitation she had betrayed at first, would give the lie to such an assertion; and having secured

the first part of her intention, in getting her aunt-mother out of the way, she resolved to be regulated by circumstances ; with a faint hope, that her former acquaintance would not betray her. She, therefore, met them again at the door, with some attempt at a smiling countenance ; saying, she had returned for something she had forgotten, but was now ready to walk with Mr. Orby.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Mr. Standish, "for interrupting your arrangements, but I should feel obliged if you would allow us a few moments' conversation within doors."

"Oh, certainly, sir ; by all means ;" was the reply ; and leading the way to the parlour, Maria sat down, in a sort of sulky despair ; while Orby took a seat in mute astonishment. He had begun to see his way ; and more than suspected some discovery was to be made, but of what nature, he was at a loss.

Stafford, on entering the room, missed the netting figure ; and wishing to relieve the apparent embarrassment, said to the lady, he hoped they had not disturbed her mother.

"I hope not, also," said Standish ; "when

last I had the pleasure of seeing that lady, she was your aunt; but I am happy to find, that the ties of consanguinity have drawn closer."

"I fancy, you labour under some mistake, sir," was the reply.

"It is not unlikely," continued Standish; "when double titles exist, it is not easy to find one's way; and I am at this moment at a loss to say, whether I am addressing Lady Shoreham, or Maria Singleton."

This was too direct, and could not, by any ingenuity, be parried. After darting a look of mingled rage and despair at Standish, the fair Maria burst into tears, and flung out of the room.

A servant girl came in shortly afterwards, and said, her mistress was unwell, and could not see company. This hint to turn out was directly taken, and when they gained the door, Mr. Standish said, "I shall go down where I left the horses, and bring them round; and if Mr. Stafford and you will walk out by the Woodstock gate, I shall meet you there, and he will best explain to you what has happened."

As the two young friends proceeded, arm-in-arm, across the park, Stafford waited for some time, until Frank had recovered from his stupi-

fied surprise. In fact, the whole scene had passed before him with such rapidity, that it had appeared like a dream. He, who was, probably, the person most interested, felt as if entirely deprived of the power of acting, and remained a passive spectator of the extraordinary *denouement* of his own romance.

Stafford now explained all the circumstances; and although the self-love of his auditor was wounded, in finding himself thus a dupe of his imagination, yet he could not fail to rejoice in the escape he had made; as he afterwards acknowledged to Stafford, that the idea had more than once occurred to him of offering marriage, which any accidental circumstance acting on his feelings might have hurried him into; and then what a state he would have been in, by discovering the reality.

Mr. Standish, on meeting them, made an apology to Orby, for the possibility of having given him offence, which was by no means his wish; but he considered the case one which required a decided and, perhaps, rough remedy; but that he was glad it had been used in time.

pages, with Harriet Paulett; which, however flattering to him, in all respects, appeared, by the waywardness of his fate, only to hold out a prospect, to see it frustrated.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Mr. Orby returned to Selby Hall, after his son's departure from Cheltenham; he plunged again into his astronomical studies, as a diversion to his mind. He had by no means come to a conclusion between Ptolemy and Newton; but was then busy in the investigation of the double and triple stars, some of which he hoped to be able to add to the already published catalogues. Their existence did not add or detract from the theory of his Liverpool friend. These might, as well as the rest of the stars, be pieces of ice, amusing themselves playing bo-peep. But the day after the dinner we have just commemorated, he had forwarded to him, an account of the dis-

covery that the planets possessed atmospheres; and, consequently, were fitted for the reception of animal life. Here was a blow at his icy system, which would upset it altogether. It was stated, that allowing for some of them being so far removed from the sun to enable men or animals to exist, the density of the atmosphere must be in proportion to the distance from solar heat; therefore, he thought, that if the air in Jupiter was of the consistence of pea-soup, that of Saturn would approach hasty-pudding; and in Pallas, or Ceres, might be as thick as a blanket, or a piece of felt. From thinking of the qualities of these atmospheres, his ideas naturally turned to the persons who inhaled them:—what capital lungs they must have, and how they would perform on wind instruments, if allowed to visit the earth—the Russian band would have no chance with them. To verify these facts, he repaired that evening to his observatory, to look for the *wind* that surrounded the planets, forgetting the cold wind that blew round himself. He might have seen, had he looked about him, that his own atmosphere was minus some of its caloric, as marked on the blue thermometer of his assistant's

nose ; who seemed much more disposed to measure the distance between the observatory and his bedroom, than that of the moon, or stars. To this beacon, looking him in the face, Mr. Orby remained blind. He became so soon absorbed by the course of his observations, that there was no room for pitying the shivering wretch by his side, or even to give attention to similar symptoms in his own person, until he retired to bed, where he found it impossible to procure any warmth, and where he was attacked with shivering, and other unpleasant *notices*, which he, however, would not pay attention to until the morning.

In this state his servant found him, and as on a former occasion, without consulting on the subject, sent in for medical assistance, and to give his brother notice. The doctors were at his bed-side shortly. He asserted that nothing was the matter, while they insisted every thing was the matter ; he had high fever, and all the *et cæteras*. They talked of bleeding, and settled what medicines would be proper for him to take, and took their leave.

There are few men in the world, let their education be what it may, who have entirely

shaken off the prejudices imbibed in youth, and Mr. Orby was no exception. In early life he had often attended his mother, who was a kind of Lady Bountiful, during her visits to the sick, and had frequently heard her say what wonderful cures she had performed with James's powders, which she seemed to administer in all complaints. Young Orby's mind had been much impressed with this idea, and when afterwards he took a turn for chemistry, he made himself acquainted with antimony, in its different preparations; he learned that it was a powerful medicine, and required much discretion in exhibiting it. He, therefore, in his first illness, did not insist on the specific, but left the affair to the doctors, although he had tampered with the medicines according to the Homœopathic doctrine.

Now, as he thought his illness was not so serious as the last, he might make some experiments on his favourite James's powders. He would not, therefore, take any of the medicines sent to him, but set to work in dividing and subdividing his favourite nostrum, until he brought it to the hundredth part of a grain. Whether this mode of treatment was beneficial,

or that nature made an exertion of her own accord, the fever soon left him ; but not satisfied with that, he was resolved to continue the use of his medicine, which he thought had brought him so far on his way to recovery, and without consulting any one ; the consequences may be easily guessed. The turn in his favour appeared to his attendants to be of short duration, although they could not possibly suspect the cause. Among other remedies, a warm bath had been recommended ; and when it was ready, the doctor asked Cane to go into the dressing room, and see if the water was at the right temperature. He had scarcely shut the door, when Waldron hearing an unusual noise, ran to the room, and there, to his great astonishment, observed the worthy Theophilus, in one of his fits of abstraction, with one leg booted and pantalooned, already in the slipper bath, and about to convey there the rest of his body politic.

Catching him by the skirt, and nearly throwing the unfortunate apothecary on his back, he called out " Holloa ! Cane ; are you going to drown yourself in your clothes ? "

This address awoke the bather from his fit of

absence, and he made many apologies for his forgetfulness.

"Why, really," said Waldron, "you seem to have tasted of the waters of oblivion before you came here, and there is no occasion to imagine that the bath is filled with those of Lethe."

Notwithstanding all the attention that was paid to Mr. Orby, he grew gradually worse, and in a short time Doctor Waldron announced to his brother, that he had no doubt that water was formed in the chest, which was soon confirmed by the patient being unable to lie in bed, and forced to take repose in sitting up in his chair. During this time his spirits never forsook him; he was glad to see all his family about him; talked of soon seeing his son, and chatted on various topics without any allusion to his illness. At length the nurse that attended him, looking at him one morning at daylight, and not observing him move when she spoke, she pursued her research, and found that Mr. Orby had breathed his last, probably without pain beyond a moment. This event, for which, however, the family was not unprepared, threw them all into the greatest grief, for the loss of one so universally respected.

On the day of Mr. Orby's death, much to the surprise of every body, his nephew Philip made his appearance. He brought with him a newspaper containing a circumstantial account of the murder of an English gentleman and an Italian lady, on board a Greek vessel that had been boarded by pirates; and, it was added, that the supposition generally was, that the persons so described must have been Mr. Frank Orby and a Florentine lady, who had quitted her husband. The unfeeling way this news was communicated, added much to the recent shock they all had suffered from Mr. Orby's loss. Stafford took up the paper, read the paragraph, and then flung it down, saying, he did not believe a word of it; and that the latter part of it must be the invention of some villain, as he knew it to be false.

"Surely," said Charlotte, "no one could be so base as to spread so false a report of my cousin."

Stafford, at that moment, cast a look on her brother, and observed in his eye that sinister expression which Frank Orby had before mentioned to him. He could not, however, tax him with a participation in the invention, and as he

saw his presence in a house of mourning would not be very desirable, he took leave of the family, having first procured permission to correspond with his dear Charlotte. He set out the next morning to visit Broderick in Sussex. As he passed through London, he made every inquiry possible about Orby, but could learn no certain intelligence. At his banker's he heard, that the last drafts negotiated were endorsed at Ancona. During his stay with his friends, he wrote to all the persons with whom he was acquainted in Italy, requiring them to make every inquiry about the fate of Frank Orby.

He filled up the time with hunting, shooting, and country sports during his visit, and until propriety allowed him to return to B—— to continue his addresses to the fair Charlotte. When he arrived there, he found that Philip Orby had begun to exercise all the authority of a master at Selby, to which he considered himself now heir; and was constantly urging his father to take possession and have the seals taken off, which was regularly declined by Mr. Reginald. Meeting with this youth was particularly painful to Stafford, but it was not often that they encountered. Squire Philip had

some friends that nobody knew, with whom he passed most of his time. Things were in this state; no decisive intelligence could be obtained about Frank Orby, but what arrived was unfavourable. A particular inquiry had been forwarded to Ragusa, but no such person had arrived there.

Stafford, in the mean time, had pressed Charlotte to complete his happiness; but this she declined, until some decisive intelligence was gained about her cousin. This topic was renewed after dinner, when Philip was the only person absent; and when the rest concurred in Charlotte's view of the case, Stafford started up, said he was resolved himself to go in search of his friend, and not return until he knew his fate. He was rewarded for this with one of Charlotte's brightest smiles, and the thanks of the family, and next morning he started for London on his way, for the third jaunt, to Italy.

On arriving in London, he lost no time in preparing for his journey; but ran down to Fair Oak for a few hours to explain to his father the nature of his errand, and to say the probable time he would be absent. He meant to devote six months in the pursuit of his friend, and, if

within that time no tidings could be obtained, he would return. He came back to London, and as he entered the hotel, he was accosted by an old college friend. "Ah, Chetwynd," said he, "I am glad to meet you; what are you doing here at this dull time of the year?"

"Why, my good fellow," was the reply, "I am only a bird of passage, as I am now on my way to the continent, being attached to the embassy at Vienna; and I start the day after to-morrow. What are you about?"

Stafford then acquainted him that he also was on his way to the continent in search of his lost friend.

"What," said his companion, "young Orby, that was with you at Christ-church? How comes he to have lost his way?"

As they were both leaving England, Stafford thought it no indiscretion in acquainting him with the true state of the case.

"Ah," said Chetwynd, "I give him credit for carrying off the girl, and admire his spirit; but where do you expect to find him? You say that he was to go from Ancona to Ragusa, and possibly from that to Trieste; now, supposing he succeeded in his enterprize, he would of

course try to leave the Italian territory as fast as possible, therefore he would at once go into the Austrian States, and as he is provided with a *spare name*, the chances are that he has taken that course, and you will, therefore, have quite as good a chance of picking up by coming with me to Vienna. I have got a seat in my *britska* at your service, and we shall have amusement on our road."

There was sufficient reason in this statement to satisfy Stafford's mind, and he at once acceded to the proposal. He went immediately to get German passports, and as they were to go to Hamburgh by the steamer, to have every thing ready to embark the day but one afterwards. Their arrangements being all completed, and the carriage embarked, they shipped themselves at the Tower Stairs; and after a pleasant passage, during which they amused themselves with stories of their Oxford adventures, they were safe landed at Hamburgh.

As Mr. Chetwynd was not hurried for time, the travellers agreed to take part of the line of the Elbe on their route, to include the scene of the operations during the last German campaigns of Buonaparte; and as the embryo diplo-

Magdeburgh. Having look
worth notice in that fortres
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plains with the hosts of Aust
they debouched from the diffi
hills and recalled forcibly to

way, for, although both the spectators were too young to bear strongly in mind these affairs, they had become matter of recent history to them, and were full of interest. As they stood on the celebrated bridge, where the marks of the repairs were still visible, they called up to mind the countless thousands who had passed that spot in 1813 to meet, for the most part, a glorious death.

On leaving Dresden, they took the route of Bohemia, passing through Pirna, famous for its intrenched camp, through Aussig, and near the spot where the division of Vaudamme surrendered, they arrived at Prague; from whence, passing rapidly through Moravia, and halting for a short space at Zenaym, they gained the left bank of the Danube, and bestowing some notice on the sites of Aspern and Essling, arrived safe at the capital of the Austrian dominions.

Mr. Chetwynd having delivered his dispatches, and being initiated into the duties of his situation, soon rejoined his young friend, and with him went to make every inquiry touching the possible fate of Frank Orby. The arrivals at Vienna, for many months previous, were run over, without attaining the wished for intel-

ligence. At length, Chetwynd suggested that by means of his diplomatic relations, he might obtain access to the reports of the police, and find out whether their young friend might not have been detained somewhere on the route, and possibly be under restraint.

Whilst these inquiries were on foot, they endeavoured to pass the time as pleasantly as they could; in the first instance by court visiting, the formality of which soon tired them both, and then in excursions in the neighbourhood of Vienna. One day as they drove in the Prater, they met a carriage of very plain appearance, containing an elderly looking personage and a young one, who appeared to be suffering under bad health. As they passed, Chetwynd took off his hat, and Stafford followed the same example. "The eldest of those two," said Chetwynd, "that plain simple looking man, is no other than the Emperor Francis, the Kæsar of the Austrians; and the youngest, the Duke of Riechstadt. Strange revolution of human greatness! That boy, born to the apparent succession of the mightiest monarchy of modern times, a king in his cradle, and a nation at his nod during childhood, finds himself, now little beyond the age of

puberty, a sort of honourable prisoner in the court of his grandfather, the enemy of his own parent, and bearing about him the seeds of a disease that will, in all probability, lead him to an early grave.

No intelligence having been gained about the fate of Orby, Stafford became anxious to pursue his journey; and having learned that an Italian gentleman and his wife were going to Trieste, on their way to the north of Italy; that they would have room in their carriage for a third person; and would be glad of such an accession on two accounts, additional protection and diminution of expense; he made a proposal to join them, and was accepted.

They set out in a couple of days afterwards, and without travelling so as to occasion great fatigue, gained ground rapidly on their way to the south; proceeding by Ebenfurth, Gratz, Ennhausen, Cilly, and Laybach, they arrived safe at Trieste, after a journey both interesting and pleasant.

Stafford found his companions, Signor Monti and his wife, very agreeable companions, and their conversation did more for his progress in speaking Italian than months of study. They

had occasionally some amusement at his blunders, but it was only a good-natured laugh. As they proposed the same means of continuing their journey, the steam vessel, lately established to run to Venice, they remained in the same hotel for two days previous to the departure of the steamer. This time Stafford employed with the utmost assiduity to obtain intelligence of his friend. He searched all the registries of names, the entries of the different ships at the custom house, and visited personally all the vessels that he heard had arrived from ports in the Adriatic. As he was pursuing these fruitless researches, and was returning from visiting one of the vessels in the harbour, he saw before him a man in the dress of a sailor, who, by his particular roll in walking, he knew must be an Englishman. As they were proceeding in the same direction, Stafford followed this son of Neptune 'till he *brought up* in front of the post office. He here saw him drag out of the pocket of his trowsers, something in the shape of a letter, which he threw into the box, and then taking some money out of his waistcoat jerked it in after the letter.

Stafford being rather at a loss to understand

the meaning of this manœuvre, asked Jack what it was for?

"Why," said he, "that is a letter to my wife at Liverpool; they told me I was to pay the postage, and how much it was, and I sent it in after the letter."

It was a little time before Stafford could make the jolly tar sensible of his error, and still longer before he could make the postmaster believe the possibility of such an affair; but the money at the bottom of the box was strong evidence, and the matter was at last properly settled.

As there can be nothing particularly pleasant or cleanly to detail in a Venetian steam vessel, we shall bring the travellers at once to an end of their voyage, by arriving at Venice, once the Queen of the Adriatic, now crumbling to ruins. Stafford having given his first care to inquiries about his friend, equally fruitless with the previous ones, and taken a look at the lions, (these are really here lions) was ready soon to continue his journey, still in company with his Italian friends. They crossed to the main, and journeyed together as far as Padua, where they separated; Signor Monti, with his wife, taking the road to Vicenza, while Stafford took the

route by Ferrara to Bologna, and from thence to Florence, where he arrived without accident. His first attempt was to discover Barbara's friend, who had given the letter to Orby on their first visit, but he could learn nothing of her; she had left Florence, and no one knew whither she had gone. In the course of his inquiries, he heard that the body of Signora Clara had been brought from the convent of Foligno and buried in the family vault; but no further intelligence could he gain of any subsequent events in the family. He heard, however, that Signor Francesco, the uncle, was now in Florence; but that he lived in great seclusion, having heard of the death of his son. To him, however, Stafford resolved to appeal, and proceeded to his palazzo for that purpose, but here he could gain no admission; Signor Pisani was too ill to receive visitors, and the porter would not take any written message. The only course now left for Stafford to take was, to proceed to Ancona, and endeavour there to follow up the track of his friend, whom, if alive, he began to reproach inwardly for leaving his friends in so unpleasant a state of anxiety. He had sauntered after his rebuff towards his hotel, and had just

reached the Ponte Vecchio, when, to his utter surprise, delight and joy, he caught sight of the very individual he was in search of, in company with a stranger. Stafford had nearly perpetrated the act of French salutation, by running to his friend's arms and hugging him; but Orby had reason to recollect for some time the shake of the hand he received, which was returned with equal warmth, and no two persons could be more happy than they were at this unexpected encounter.

After the first effervescence of their joy had passed, Orby introduced the stranger as Signor Pisani. Stafford was immediately struck with his likeness to Clara, and was about to put some question, when Orby, with a motion to his lip, hinted at silence.

"You are come, my dear George, at a most fortunate moment, to be an additional witness in favour of my friend, about to be reinstated in his rights. We are to meet Signor Francesco to-morrow, and you must accompany us."

The Signor Pisani, seeing that the friends would have much to say to each other, took his leave, promising to call at the appointed hour the next day.

As soon as he was gone, Stafford could contain his impatience no longer, but said, "In the name of heaven, Frank, where have you been, and how could you leave your friends in this dreadful state of suspense? Where is your bride, and what are you doing here?"

"Alas, my friend," said Orby, "I have a melancholy tale to relate. I have no bride, and my visit to Florence is quite accidental. But you must come home with me, and I will endeavour to relate all that has happened since I wrote to you last from Ancona; it is a mournful history, and will recal all my grief."

When they had arrived, and ordered some refreshment, Orby entered on the history of his misfortunes; which, to avoid being related in the first person, we shall take out of his mouth and give it as part of our own details.

When he was last heard of, we think was at Ancona, safely housed with his Florentine, previous to their departure for Ragusa, where they were finally to be united. On the day after their arrival, and the one previous to their proposed departure, Clara and Barbara (who was now a constant attendant) with Orby, were seated after dinner, forming various projects for

the future, and conversing on different subjects, when Orby made some queries respecting Clara's family, which produced details with which the reader may wish to be acquainted. She informed him that whilst her father was travelling in the early part of his life, he had met with her mother at Rome, and became immediately enamoured; that, with respect to family, there was no objection, but that their parents thought them, even in that country, too young for the cares of matrimony. They had, however, after some resistance, consented to the union, which soon after took place, and her father and mother removed to Florence. In about a year after their marriage, they were made happy by the birth of a fine boy, to whom they gave the name of Angelo, and who, if he had lived, would have been fifteen or sixteen years older than Clara. They quite idolized this boy, and were so uneasy whenever he was away from their sight, that they scarcely allowed him to be taken out for the air and exercise, so requisite for his health. The consequence was, that the child fell into a low state, lost its appetite, and pined away. The best advice was procured, but it seemed thrown away on its object.

Change of scene and every thing was tried, but without avail. In this dilemma, they consulted Signor Francesco, her father's younger brother, who, after some consideration, said that there was a near relation of one of his particular friends, hy name Felice Bembo, who had formerly practised with the greatest repute at Mantua; but that having realized a moderate fortune, he had given up the more active part of his profession, and retired to his native place, Chiari, in the Milanese; that the Signor Bembo having made the diseases of women and children his particular study, would, probably, be the very person most likely to restore the young Angelo, if placed in his charge. To this the mother at once consented, saying, she would take the child herself. This idea her husband and brother-in-law combated, both on account of her state of health, which had suffered in her anxiety about her child, and the length of the journey. It was at last agreed that the Signor Francesco himself should perform the journey, and procure a woman to take proper charge of the child, which, in the course of a few days, was accomplished.

Francesco departed with his charge, loaded

with the thanks of his brother and sister. Soon after his return, he brought a letter to show his brother from Signor Bembo, stating that the child appeared to have received much benefit from the change of air, and seemed to be better; that he thought with care and proper remedies, he would soon be brought round. The letter proceeded to give details of the symptoms, and the probable means of removing them. All this appeared highly satisfactory to the parents, and for some months their hopes were buoyed up that their child would soon be restored to them; when, suddenly, unfavourable symptoms were said again to have appeared, and the case was pronounced one of danger. Clara's father and mother made immediate preparations to proceed to Milan, but they were suddenly stopped by the intelligence that their poor boy was no more. A long and detailed account was given of his illness. The Signor Bembo had the body embalmed, and only waited for orders to have it sent to Florence, or buried at Chiari.

"After the first burst of grief had subsided, as the last consolation," continued Clara, "my mother directed the body to be sent to Florence. It arrived in due time, in a leaden coffin; and

over this, I have often heard, my mother remained weeping for hours together. I remember myself having seen it in a handsome sarcophagus, that was placed in the family chapel.

“My mother’s health had received such a shock, that for several years she seemed to have fallen into a state of lethargy; scarcely anything could arouse her. This, however, in the course of time, wore off; and at the end of seven years she had another child, a little girl, that died in infancy. This was another severe blow, and my father, fearing the consequences, resolved to remove his wife from the scene of her misfortunes. Having let out his lands to several tenants, and arranged his pecuniary affairs, he set out with his wife, in a course of travelling, in which they spent some years; visiting France and some parts of Germany; when my father having heard of an addition that he had received to a property in Sicily, resolved to visit it; and he proceeded from Venice, with his wife, to Messina. It was there that I was born, and my poor mother had only the satisfaction of having seen me, when she sunk under the accumulated weight of anxiety, preying on a decayed constitution. My earliest

days were passed in Sicily; and you may imagine, with what pleasure I revisited the scenes of my childhood. We had removed to the neighbourhood of Palermo, to the house of a relation; the same where my father and I were paying a visit, during our late visit to the island.

“ I remained in Sicily until I was eight years old, when my father removed me to Florence, to introduce me to his family, and for the purpose of education. Although I am generally accounted as a Florentine, yet my birth and affections are both placed in Sicily. On returning home, I was taken to see my uncle Francesco; and I can recollect approaching him with a degree of shuddering, a sort of *presentiment* of the aversion in which I should hereafter hold him. He had been married during the time my father was travelling, and I was introduced to my cousin Ippolito, who was five years older than myself; with whom I have never been on familiar terms, and have now so much reason to dislike. As I grew up, I could ill brook his haughty and domineering manners, and it was a great relief to me when he was removed to Padua.

"During my youthful days, I have often heard strange stories about my uncle; his grasping and ambitious disposition, that would allow nothing to stand in his way. And I have even heard rumours, that my brother Angelo is still alive, though that seems nearly incredible."

In chat of this kind they passed the evening. Orby had the precaution to send off his things that morning, and paid his bill at the hotel.

CHAP. VI.

THE next day, which was to remove them from the shores of Italy, was passed in the early part, by canvassing their future projects, and the easiest mode of finding their way to England. Their Greek skipper had completed his arrangements; the boat was to be at the mole for them at three o'clock; and on their arrival on board, they would find the vessel ready to start.

They had dined between one and two, and were talking over all their plans, when Barbara, who had gone out to get a few things remaining for their sea store, rushed into the room where the lovers were seated, in an agony of fright and terror, out of breath and exhausted. She

could only exclaim, "Ah Signora, il Zio, il Signor Francesco!"

"What is that you say?" exclaimed Clara, starting up; "how—when—where? My uncle here? then we are lost indeed. Gracious heaven save us!"

"Fear not, my love," said Orby, "were there ten uncles, not one of them should harm you, as long as I have life to defend you. But are you sure," said he, addressing Barbara, "of what you have stated."

"Oh yes, too sure;" was the reply. "Coming round the corner of the street, I met the signor and his son, directly face to face. They started back with surprise, having recognized me in a moment; and I have no doubt are close on my heels. You must fly, signora," addressing her mistress, "and without losing a moment. It will be useless to offer resistance; they will have all the civil power of Ancona at their back."

"It is too true," said Clara, seeing Orby preparing to defend the room; "we must fly. Perhaps we shall find the boat ready; it is our only hope."

Orby had by this time seen, that the course

proposed was the only one likely to be attended with success. He seized the arm of Clara, and hurried to the mole, followed by the anxious Barbara, who often looked behind, to see if they were pursued. They, however, gained the mole without any appearance of being followed; and soon found the boat, in which lay one man asleep. Orby leapt in, and awoke him; and after handing in his companions, made the Greek understand, as well as he could, by signs and Italian, the urgency of their case, and to bring the other men without loss of time.

The fellow, most likely from habit, was soon aware of what was going on, and ran up the steps to look for his companions. It may be easily imagined, the state of extreme agitation in which the party remained during the absence of their messenger; it approached with the females to a kind of delirium. Orby had, in the mean time, looked out for what resources were within his reach. He resolved, at all events, if the fears of his companions were fully realized, to pull the boat from the shore himself, gain as far as he was able, and if overtaken, to sell himself as dearly as he could; for which purpose, he placed his pistols in the stern sheets,

and got all ready to cast the boat loose. While thus employed, he observed, with joy, the approach of his Greek crew, who came running down the mole. The apprehensive Barbara thought, however, that she observed some persons in pursuit; and as the sailors came nearer, there was no doubt that they were followed. They, however, reached the boat in time; it was cast off in an instant; and they manned their oars with greater rapidity than Orby gave them credit for. They had gained beyond the extremity of the mole, when the party that pursued them appeared full in view, and they were hailed to stop, or they should be fired at. In the group, amongst some soldiers, Barbara at once distinguished Francesco and his son. As for Clara, she had fainted in the arms of her lover, who was in vain endeavouring to revive her; at last, with the help of a little sea-water, she recovered, and the first object she saw, was a boat full of armed men in pursuit.

Orby stimulated his crew with promises of high reward, and exerted himself at the oar; but he saw with regret, that their boat was a clumsy machine, and that the one in pursuit was gaining fast on them. He could also observe that

there were soldiers on board, and as they came nearer, he could see one of them pointing his musket, but apparently prevented by some one in the boat from firing. Orby almost despaired, as he saw the distance still between him and the vessel; but was in some degree relieved, by observing that the felucca had tripped her anchor, and was edging down towards them. This revived the courage of himself and the sailors, and after a manful struggle, they succeeded in getting alongside the vessel, by the time their pursuers had got within pistol shot. The master of the Greek, seeing their perilous position, had got sail made on his vessel, and the moment the boat touched the ship's side, he bore away with all sail. The boat that had pursued, in vain hailed them to surrender, and seeing that forbearance was no longer of use, the person who seemed to give directions, ordered his party to fire. Orby had handed up the two females, and stood himself at the gang-way, ready to oppose, with a pistol in each hand, any attempt at boarding. The sailors had scrambled on board, and affairs were in this position, when the volley was fired. As the boat was very close, they were covered for a moment with the smoke; and

she not been recalled to a painful
reality of her situation, by casting
the body of her mistress, which
moved from the deck, lying lifeless.
To see the young creature who had
ed almost through life, thus cut off
blossoms of hope, was too much
attendant. Her grief would
powering, had not the cares attending
young Orby, served to divert her
from the irreparable loss she had
though these continued but a short
deadly sickness of the sea came on
she was obliged for the attendance
Neapolitan sailor, who was on board
she considered as a kind of comfort.

The vessel, in the mean time
the favouring breeze, and soon
Italy at a distance, although the

solitary rock of Pomo, the advanced guard of the Illyric isles, the wind had backed out to the southward, with a freshening breeze, and heavy clouds rising in the horizon, that betokened the approach of a gale. As the prospect of beating up against a contrary wind in bad weather, was not very promising in so frail a bark, a consultation was held on what was proper to be done.

As there was every appearance of the weather being bad, it was proposed by some to return, and by others, to run in among the islands; and as superstition was brought into play, it was suggested that the adverse wind, and approaching gale, were brought on solely by having a dead body on board. It was resolved, almost without opposition, that the body of poor Clara should be consigned to the deep. When this was made known to Barbara, it effectually cured her of sea-sickness. Springing from the berth in which she had been placed by the Neapolitan sailor, she said she would not part with her dear mistress, and if they threw her overboard, they must also do the same with her, grasping at the same time the body in her arms, with all the energy of despair. It is hard to say if the alternative she proposed, would not have been accepted by

ning, during the storm, and taking shelter at Spalatro.

Armed with this story, as soon as it was light, she searched for Orby's keys, and having secured all his money about her person, landed to make inquiries, which were directed towards the consulate department, and she learned soon that a Signor Luchesi was consul for many nations, English, American, Danes, and Swedes. She, therefore, repaired to his dwelling, and after waiting for some time, that personage made his appearance. He was a good looking man, rather young, a Venetian by birth, and to the great comfort of Barbara, as she would be able to converse with him.

In Orby's ingenuity in puzzling the Italians with his assumed American name, he had not thought of the possible embarrassment of poor Clara's handmaid. Although the poor damsel had not proceeded many leagues in the march of intellect, she had attained so far as to be able to read and write, and understood the wording of the Italian passport perfectly. But the name of Satterthwaite was a puzzler; and she thought it would seem so odd to be in the service of a person whose name she could not pronounce.

She twisted this combination of consonants into every possible shape, and the nearest she could advance was Sa-ta-to-et; but not satisfied with this sound, she thought the simplest way would be, to put the passport into the consul's hands, and then give her story.

“ Her master, who was an American, had married at Genoa, and having some business to transact at Ragusa, he had crossed Italy with his wife. They had embarked at Ancona, and were not a great way from their port, when the accident had happened when attacked by the pirate. That her master, in the paroxysm of grief, had nearly lost his senses, and had fallen into a violent fever; and she requested some assistance, to have him landed, and to procure a lodging, for him to be carried to.”

The Signor Luchesi was a good-tempered, quiet sort of personage. As soon as he learned that the invalid was an American, and that he would be likely to repay any cost that he would be at with interest; and having, independent of any views of emolument, a large fund of humanity, he bestirred himself immediately on behalf of the sick man; had a litter procured; and as there was no house in the place where he would be so

well accommodated, offered an apartment in his own. Little time, therefore, was lost in removing Orby and his effects from the vessel ; Barbara having paid to the master, in the presence of the consul, the stipulated sum agreed for the passage to Ragusa, with a gratuity to the crew, which she disbursed with the greater pleasure, on recollecting the unprotected state she had been in amongst them. The skipper was well satisfied at leaving his passengers at Spalatro ; because, on his arrival at Ragusa, he meant to sink the whole affair from his partner, and pocket the gratuity as a fee to himself. The storm having subsided, and the wind come round again to the northward ; he left the harbour that morning for his destined port.

CHAP. VII.

A CLEAN, small room, was destined to receive the patient, and not much preparation was required; a bed, which Barbara purchased, forming the only article of furniture. On this the poor fellow was laid; and a person who was dubbed a physician, was called in. Fortunately, he was one of those who do not attempt to shroud their ignorance under a course of experiments; but compensated for the want of greater knowledge, by the simplicity of his recipes. His principal remedies consisted of diet, drink, and the Italian panacea for all complaints, hot lemonade. A nurse had also been hired by Barbara, as well to relieve her from some of the cares of attendance, as to be a sort of protection

and companion to herself. They occupied together a room separated from the invalid by a sort of anti-chamber, and immediately entered on their functions of alternate watching.

From the want of any effectual medical aid, the fever hung heavily on poor Orby, and it was at one time extremely doubtful whether he would have strength to pass through it. A favourable crisis, however, declared itself, and the disease took a turn for the better; leaving the patient, however, in such a state of bodily and mental debility, that his faithful nurse began to despair of his ultimate recovery.

Many weeks passed, during which, although the corporeal functions gained a little force, yet the mind seemed sunk into a hopeless state of apathy. Every endeavour was made by his attendants to rouse him from this species of lethargy, but without avail. Barbara endeavoured to interest him with some of her stories she had learned in Italy; and often read to him from the small stock of books possessed by Signor Luchesi, but all in vain. The poor creature began to fear for his reason, and was resolved to write to his friends in England, to acquaint them with his unhappy state. Although she had recollection

of the name, yet she had entirely forgotten the direction; but as she thought England was a very small place, a letter directed there to Orby's father would easily find him. She, therefore, wrote, and dispatched her epistle with the first opportunity.

Orby was at length able to sit up, and in a few days more to take a little turn in the garden, with assistance; but no change seemed to take place in the state of his mind. At length his host, who was an amateur musician, thought that, possibly, through that means he might interest his guest. He had hitherto abstained for fear of disturbing him; but now he took out his guitar, he sang agreeably, and accompanied himself in several of his native Venetian ballads. The music seemed to have some effect in rousing the faculties of the convalescent. He turned towards the performer with a degree of interest which he had not before manifested, and it seemed to afford him a degree of pleasure; it was, therefore, repeated every evening. In the course of this exercise of his musical memory, Signor Luchesi, to give variety, thought of all the different airs he had ever learned, and among the rest, sung a simple and pathetic Sicilian ballad.

He had scarcely begun it when he observed a sort of tremor creep over the limbs of Orby, like a partial convulsion, which lasted for some time, and then he burst forth into a passion of tears. This was hailed as a favourable omen; and Barbara recollected that it was one of the little airs her mistress used most frequently to sing; it was, therefore, repeated every evening with increased effect.

Orby began to speak, at first incoherently and vaguely, but, by degrees, his questions and answers were more rational; and from that period his recovery went on more rapidly. Still there had been no allusion to past events, and Barbara carefully abstained from mentioning her mistress's name.

As she walked out with him one evening they had approached to within a short distance of the burying-ground, when the sound of distant music struck their ears.

"Ah!" said he, sighing, "that music is fine, but not equal to what I have heard lately, because that was Clara's. Poor Clara! where is she now?"

Barbara, thinking the impression might be favourable, by calling forth his sympathy, led

him gradually towards the spot where lay all that remained of his mother's life. His gesture significantly with her finger to the spot, and his action was quite sufficient. (He lay down himself on the grave, and remained absorbed in all the emotions that were now breaking upon him.) Barbara, far from interrupting the course of his sorrow, joined with him in regret for her departed mistress. After a long interval, she gradually rose from the ground, and remained in silence to his side, when he immediately retired to his room.

From this day forward his recovery seemed more pronounced. He paid a daily visit to the grave, where, in solitude, he poured forth his sorrows that had been long pent up in his breast. The effect was soothing: he now looked on all the recent events with an eye of reason, and gradually his mind reverted to home. This mode of thinking was encouraged by Barbara, who began to talk of the anxiety of his father and friends, and gradually led him to speak of them and of his return to England and his friends. He would not write, but would have a pleasure in surprising them by his return. Had he not, on this point, a vessel from the Indian islands,

bound to Trieste, put into Spalatro to repair some damage that she had met with at sea, and it was impressed on Orby that a favourable opportunity was now afforded to return to England. One thing embarrassed him much—what was he to do with Barbara? He had no ambition to travel through Europe with a waiting maid, and how was he to dispose of her? She could not go back to Florence, as she would be liable to the persecution of Pisani.

On communicating his difficulties to the object that occasioned them, she replied with a blush and a titter, that she had some idea of remaining where she was. “For what purpose, and in what situation?” “As to the purpose—to continue to take care of the house as its mistress.” In fact, Signor Luchesi, who had been rather tired of a state of single blessedness, and who had admired the care and attention with which Barbara waited on her master, thought he would feel very solitary when the whole party left him. He had many opportunities of conversing with Barbara, was pleased with her person, and liked her conversation, which gradually became more intimate; and he finally asked her to share his poverty, which she had consented to. The father of

Signor Luchesi had been one of the *employés* in the Government offices in Venice, at the time it was ceded to the Austrians; who either disliked the supposed principles of those who served under the French, or wishing to get rid of a host of claimants, gave them the option of taking situations as Foreign Consuls, in the ports of the Adriatic; and those who could command any interest that way, were furnished with houses, but no salary, and depended on the receipt of such fees as they could pick up. Among the rest, Signor Luchesi had been sent to Spalatro. He was a widower, with an only son, and in the course of his functions as representative of England, America, and Denmark, had terminated his career, leaving his appointment to his son, by permission of the Government. To his duties as consul, Signor Luchesi added those of a school, and he was the general medium, through which all applications to the Government were made. With these additions he eked out the small fees he received from the foreign vessels that occasionally visited the port.

This was no brilliant prospect for poor Barbara; but as she was easily satisfied, and well pleased with the man, she accepted the offer,

and determined to remain at Spalatro. This was a great relief to Orby, who would otherwise have been much at a loss. Having made them a present, as far as the means left in his hands permitted, and promised to do something more for them, he was present at their union; and then, with grateful feelings, bade a kind farewell to his careful nurses, and embarked for Trieste. The passage was favourable, and he landed in a few days, with something like hope again dawning on his mind. He still kept up the assumed character of an American, as he intended to cross the north of Italy in his return to England. He, therefore, introduced himself to the consul under the name of Satterthwaite, and was received into his house, in preference to remaining at a hotel. Whilst waiting for the means of proceeding to Venice, he went down one day to a sort of bureau, belonging to the consulate, and among other things met a few of English newspapers. He became soon busy in their contents, as the world, for so many months, had been nearly blank to him in the want of intelligence. He had read through several of them, when he came to one, which contained the account of his father's death. It may easily

imagined what effect such news had on a mind already weakened by previous misfortune. In the moment of agony, he would, had the means been at hand, most probably have terminated his own existence; so strongly did he reproach himself, as partly the cause of that event, by his long silence, although that was certainly not his own fault. A thousand ideas rushed on his mind; the most prevailing one was, that now all ties that held him to England being broken, he would never revisit the land of his birth, but fly to the opposite quarter of the world. He became, what the French call, *farouche*, and out of humour with all the world; like many persons in similar circumstances, without sufficient reason. He would go, he thought, and live among some barbarous nation, and his first idea was to take military service among the Turks. His funds, he thought, would carry him to Constantinople, and then he would trust to fortune.

In that dogged state of resolution to which people work themselves when out of humour with the world, he went forth directly, and having purchased an old Austrian calèche for a trifle, he gave orders to have horses ready for him the next morning, to take him on his intended route.

Having thus far relieved his mind, he returned to the house of the consul to take his leave and prepare for his departure. In the course of the evening, the grief for the loss of his father, which had been subdued by more violent emotion resumed its sway, and he paid an ample tribute of regret to the memory of his parent. As he reflected on his affection and kindness during his whole life, he questioned himself, if this was a proper return for all the benefits he had received, to fly from his country and the duties that called him there. He pondered over these reflections in the night, and although he could not brook the idea of returning at once to England, yet he thought he would move in that direction. He, therefore, in the morning, altered his line of march from Carlstadt to Gradisca, intending to hide himself, at least for a time, in the mountains of Tyrol. He had read with enthusiasm the feats of Hoffer, and longed, in his gloomy mood, to roam through the scene of that hero's exploits. After his arrival at Inspruck, he would choose his future abode.

Having passed through Cemona and Brixen, and while descending a steep hill near Sprechenstein, one of the horses became unruly; the

driver, in attempting to correct him, lost his temper, and made the horse still more restive. At length he contrived fairly to run away, and draw the other horse along with him. The hill was very steep, and a deep gully, worn by the winter rains, ran on each side of the road. Orby at once saw his danger, and that it would only be encreased by any attempt of his, either to remedy matters or leap out, he therefore secured himself, as well as he could, for the coming shock; which soon took place, at an angle in the road, where the vehicle was overturned with violence, into the dry ditch at the side of the road. The concussion was so powerful, that it deprived Orby of his senses, and on recovering himself, he found he was in the hands of a couple of peasants, who had removed him from the broken remains of the carriage, and had placed him on a kind of rude litter, pointing at the same time to a cottage on the brow of the hill, making signs that they meant to carry him there. To all this he submitted quietly, and found himself and effects safely removed to the hut, without making objection.

As soon as he was able to collect his ideas, he felt himself all over to ascertain if any bones

were broken ; but his fears on that head were relieved, although he felt grievously shook and bruised. On making enquiries, he learned that his carriage had been broken to pieces, and one of the horses killed ; that the postillion was so seriously hurt, that he would not be able to move for a day or two. Orby's journey seemed to have reached its termination in a manner he had not calculated on, but with the easy spirit of youth, he soon reconciled himself. Was not this as good as any other place he could choose ? His host, although poor, seemed respectable and honest, his wife was civil and attentive, and as to his fare, he was indifferent about it. Having settled all these points in his mind, as soon as his postillion was able to move, he called in his assistance as interpreter, as he understood some Italian. The terms of his abode was soon settled with this simple and rustic couple, who had no other inmates but their son, who gave up his small apartment for the accommodation of their guest, and assisted during Orby's illness in performing the part of nurse, and giving his aid when Frank was first attempting to walk.

The hours that passed while his bruises were healing, were dull and tedious to a degree ; but

once he got beyond the threshold, the freshness of the air, and wildness of the surrounding scenery, revived him wonderfully. With the help of a stick, he was able to gradually increase his daily exercise, and in the course of two months, had nearly recovered the perfect use of his limbs. He used then to rove for whole days among the mountain ranges, or through the glens and ravines, aided only with a spiked staff, such as the shepherds of the country use. Sometimes he was accompanied on these excursions by his young host, who took pleasure in pointing out to him the wildest, and most secluded spots. This sort of exercise, while it invigorated his bodily health, gave tone to his mind, and he no longer indulged in long fits of splenetic silence. A sort of yearning for home, (which is commonly called the *Swiss disease*), began to preponderate, and he wished for some accident that might afford the means.

While in this mood, he had one day taken a longer walk than usual, and was returning by the hills that overhang the road to Sterzing, whose slope is opposite to that on which the accident had happened to himself. He had just turned round a knoll that brought him in view of

the road on the right, and immediately above it, the day was closing in with a gathering mist, that prevented him from seeing objects distinctly; but on the road that lay considerably below him, he thought he observed some dark object, that he could not distinctly make out. Dropping down a few paces until he got below the wreath of mist that hung on the hill top, he distinctly saw a carriage overturned, with a fellow at the door that was uppermost, apparently pillaging, while his confederate stood at the head of one of the horses, that had kept his feet, with a pistol in his hand, pointed to the postillion, who stood by the side of his horses. Without a moment's hesitation, Orby darted down to the scene of action. The fellow who was engaged at the work of plunder, had his back turned, and was not aware of his approach; but he who *looked* after the horses, fired his pistol directly, which, fortunately, took no effect. The *gentleman* who was busy at the inventory, alarmed at the noise, turned round, and was in the act of making a plunge at Orby with his dagger, when a blow from the spiked staff laid him prostrate. The other, seeing his companion's fate, leaped down into the ravine, and

was no more seen. The evening was closing in fast, and it would have been perhaps worse than useless to have attempted a pursuit.

Orby then proceeded to release the traveller, who was shut up in the caleche, deputing to the postillion the charge of the disabled robber. A gentleman at last crept out from his confined crib, and gave immediate assistance in securing the thief and raising the carriage. It had now become more obscure, and Orby could hardly discern the features, but the outline of the countenance struck him as one with which he was familiar. Having collected all the scattered things, and placed them in the caleche, it was drawn by the one horse to the cottage, from which they were not far distant.

Here the stranger was hospitably received, and a consultation was immediately held what was to be done with the bandit, as the traveller feared being detained to give evidence. It was at last agreed that young Sturnheim, the host's son, should accompany the postillion to Sterzing, as a guard, and come back the next morning with a pair of fresh horses for the traveller, while Orby would engage to prosecute the fellow, if required. The hostess, in the mean time,

had prepared her lamp, and when the light of it fell on the countenance of the stranger, Orby started back in astonishment and surprise ;—it was the perfect counterpart of the face of the lost and lamented Clara, even to the colour of the complexion and expression of countenance.

The stranger, who spoke French perfectly, asked if Orby had ever seen him before ? but in reply, he was asked his name, and disappointment appeared on Frank's countenance when a different one from Pisani struck his ear. "How extraordinary," said he, "never was such a likeness as you are to a dear and lost female friend, and I cannot but think that you must have some relationship to her."

"Why, really," said his new acquaintance, "it is not impossible; I know as little of my own connexions as you do, and am now on my way to clear up, I hope, the mystery that has hitherto attended me. I see our landlady has nearly completed our supper arrangements, and after we have partaken of it, I will, if gratifying to your curiosity, relate all I have hitherto known about myself. I am now on my way to Vicenza, and as I seem to have created some interest with you, I should be happy if you

would come with me and see my history cleared up."

Whilst they eat, Orby could not keep his eyes removed from his new acquaintance, and was delighted to find some one with whom, after so long a seclusion, he could exchange ideas. After they had refreshed themselves, with their coarse but wholesome fare, Orby claimed the promised account, when the stranger proceeded thus.

CHAP. VIII.

"THE earliest recollection I have goes little beyond the time that I was placed in the house of Signor Martini, at Vicenza. A faint remembrance remains on my mind of a larger and handsomer mansion, but more particularly of a terrace or balcony of black and white marble, placed chequerwise, which I had some idea looked down on gardens, and beyond them on a town. As the curiosity of young children about events already passed is but small, I suppose mine was like that of others, little excited; but as I grew up, I became more anxious to know the authors of my existence. I asked frequent questions on that head, particularly at the periods when the other boys returned to

their homes, leaving me generally alone, and to my own resources in the house of Martini ; the answers to these queries were uniformly the same—that my father, Carlo Pertucci, had been in office under the viceroyalty of Italy in Milan ; that he had sent me to Vicenza in the first instance on account of the delicate state of my health, and that afterwards his affairs got into confusion. I could not but be astonished that my father, whom I had heard described as an affectionate parent, had never had me home, or come to see me, but was told that he was so much taken up with the duties of his office as not to leave him a moment to himself, and that he would postpone the full enjoyment of his paternal love until I had attained the age of fifteen, when he would come to move me to Padua. That period (at least of his arrival) never came, as, on attaining the fourteenth year of my age, I was given to understand that he was dead ; my other parent, I had heard, paid that debt during my infancy ; although I could not reconcile that account with my slender recollections, which brought before my fancy the figure of a lady that I thought had attended me when sick. However, from whatever cause it arose,

as this promised period of my emancipation approached, the treatment of Martini, which had never been kind, assumed the character of persecution. I was denied all kinds of liberty, had frequent tasks imposed upon me, was punished, even with brutality, for the fault of others, and was used in every respect so ill that life became a burthen; and rather than suffer any longer under such tyranny, I was resolved to fly from my persecutor, and run all chances rather than return to my slavery. Most probably my evasion was looked for and acceptable, as no pursuit followed my retreat, and I arrived at Verona heartily tired in body, but rejoicing in mind, and with scarcely a farthing of money in the world. Being ignorant of any profession or trade, by which a livelihood could be obtained, and seeing no other resource, I at once entered with a party that was endeavouring to procure two substitutes to the conscription, in place of the son of a nobleman who had been drawn, and was thus allowed to evade his turn. I received a sum of money for this transaction, which seemed to be inexhaustible, and I joined with the eagerness of youth in all the gaiety it could afford me.

“As I was considered too young to carry

arms, I commenced my career in the capacity of drum boy ; was appointed to one of the regiments forming the army of Italy, and it was not long before we were marched to reinforce the grand army in Germany. My miseries began now in earnest ; to be obliged to trudge on day after day, and week after week. I, who had never walked five miles at a time in my life before, began to think this initiation in the path of glory by no means the most delightful. Habit, however, and the buoyancy of youth, soon reconciled me to my fate, and some remnant of my bounty money served to alleviate the most pressing part of my misfortunes.

“After a most tedious and harassing march, at an unfavourable period of the year, our division at last arrived at Dresden, where we remained for some weeks, and were appointed to that corps of the army called the Italian, under Prince Eugene. Our respite at Dresden served to repair the wear and tear of the former march, and as soon as it was completed, we were again pushed forward to the Vistula, and the regiment I was appointed to was stationed at Thorn. Here we remained until all the arrangements

were completed for that armament, that was to overthrow the Russian empire.

“When we crossed the Niemen, we expected every hour a meeting with the enemy that was to decide the fate of their empire ; but in this we were deceived and began to think them intangible, until at length we found them drawn out in front of Moscow, and the battle took place which the French denominate that of the Moskwa. Although the situation of drummer does not hold out much hope of distinction, yet, in the French armies, and imitated by their allies, he is expected to shew his courage in the most prominent light, being the leading man of the company. During this terrible combat, my conduct was such as to merit the notice of my superiors, and I was the next day promoted to be a serjeant. As my extreme youth, however, was against my appearing in the ranks with that authority, and it was found I possessed some education, I was placed in the military *bureaux*, where I remained during the occupation of Moscow. In this situation I was fortunate to attract the notice of Prince Eugene, who entrusted me with making out an

official report, in which I acquitted myself to his satisfaction, and was noticed by him on one or two other occasions, before the commencement of the retreat. When that disastrous event took place, the services of every one were required, and I rejoined my regiment, to encounter the jokes that my youth was likely to create; the French, from my late employment, designated me as a *coquin de plume*, while my countrymen called me *il sergente bambinesco*.

As they both, however, found I was ready to repel any direct insult, I was allowed to perform my office without molestation, and soon had the laugh on my side, when those robust mockers of ail fatigue, dropped under the accumulated miseries of a Russian winter, whilst I, with my slight person, was able to go on: The want of foresight in the possibility of a retreat, has thrown a slur on the military talents of Buonaparte; as even common prudence, and a rigid execution of the first offenders, would, at least, have softened our hardships, now become matter of history; and of which I will not trouble you with the details farther, than by saying, they verified the supposed qualifications necessary for the formation of a good soldier. *La*

force d'un cheval, le courage d'un lion, l'appetit d'un souris, et l'humanité d'une bête; indeed, the latter attribute was quite excluded from our vocabulary, and in its place, the most stony selfishness seemed to have absorbed all minds. When once escaped from this region of despair, every one seemed to take the direction he liked best. The remains of the Italian army appeared to be tacitly dissolved, and as many as could muster strength for the undertaking, pursued the way to their native home. For me, who had no ties there, all the world was open to choose; and I fixed on Bavaria. After a toilsome journey, that seemed as if it would never end, I arrived, before the close of the winter, at Munich. My slender hope was, that I might fall under the eye of the prince, my former commander; but on arriving, I found that he had remained to take the command of the army during the emperor's absence in Paris. I was, therefore, obliged, as I had been on the march, to owe to the charity of the good Bavarians, the means of existence.

“ At length, we refugees were put into a sort of form, and secured a small subsistence, until the arrival of the Prince in the spring, who

came to see the reinforcements forwarded to the grand army—no longer grand—and which, to an amount that could not have been expected, and with admirable celerity, were soon ready to fill up, at least, some of the vacancies caused by the disasters of the winter.

“As I had hoped, I again came under the notice of this excellent prince and good man, who having time to enquire more leisurely into my qualifications, placed me in one of the government offices, where the department of foreign communications was situated; and the facility with which I learned foreign languages, stood much in my favour. To do justice, however, to Martini, he had exerted himself in every thing that tended to my mental culture; and though I felt sometimes disgusted at receiving instruction at his hand, the seeds of improvement were sown, which, I hope, ripened, in a certain degree, by my own love of learning.

“My military ardour had been sufficiently cooled by my walk in the snow, and I entered on my new office with the certainty of contentment: but who shall promise himself that lot? After a short time, the sedentary existence became too great a contrast for my late roving

life, aided by youthful curiosity to view other countries, (not frosty ones.) Hearing that some Bavarian miners were about to visit Brazil, and that a superintendant would be required, I applied without hesitation for the post, and was made happy by being appointed to it. We had to make our passage across Germany; harassed and exhausted by the presence of so many armies, and in constant expectation of meeting the advanced post of the northern armies, now on their march towards the Rhine. We were, however, fortunate to escape the encounter; and arrived at last safe at Hamburgh, which still remained in the possession of the French. Here I set about the principal object of my mission, in procuring passages for my men, and working tools, which having at length accomplished, we departed from the Elbe in a ship for Rio Janeiro; happy in escaping from the scenes of devastation and misery that the continuance of the war promised to Germany. My *compagnons de voyage* who had never seen the sea but in imagination, were much struck at first by its boundless aspect; and enquired, what was beyond that? pointing to the horizon. After the sickness had passed off, they also

became interested at the different objects that they saw. The most wonderful to them were the flights of flying fish, and the luminous appearance of the sea, which they called the watery mines. As these objects, however, began to pall on their notice, they became restless and uneasy; and these people who had been sometimes weeks under ground, with no light but that of lamps, began to feel the confinement of a ship, during which they passed half their time in broad day, as irksome and tiresome.

“I had some difficulty in keeping up these poor fellows’ spirits, who were altogether disheartened by this voyage; which, to them, appeared interminable. I was obliged to show them every day the progress we made, on the map. They could not be brought to conceive how we should know how many miles we had gone; and, I believe, had given over hope, of ever seeing land, when we made the Sugar Loaf, at the entrance of Rio Janeiro, at the time expected; these inhabitants of the bowels of the earth, never being able to comprehend how we had found the way in the dark; meaning by that expression—without having any marks by the

way. My explanations and arguments to them took up much of my time; the remainder I profitably employed in studying the Portuguese language, which, from its affinity to my own, I found easy, and the only other passenger in the cabin being a Portuguese merchant, who could speak no language but his own, I was obliged, in my defence, to make use of that medium of communication; and by this means obtained such practice, that, on landing, I was able to make myself understood. I cast a glance on my Bavarians as we entered the superb harbour, to read their emotions of surprise and delight on beholding so magnificent a scene; my own feelings were at least as much acted on—after a tedious navigation, without any object but sea and sky, to be transported at once into the midst of scenery, comprising almost all the beauties of nature in one view, is almost overpowering, and leaves the mind in that vague state, when we hardly know what emotion preponderates. When one is enabled, at last, to separate the objects, and look at them in detail, the admiration, in place of diminishing, increases. All the beauties of the tropics are on so gigantic a scale; and in this bay every thing is heightened in appearance by

contrast. The only thing common-place, is the town of St. Sebastian, which looks as if it had taken a voyage from Europe, and halted in this delightful spot to rest. The climate corresponds with the enchanting appearance of nature, and, as Byron said of Greece, 'all, save the spirit of man, is divine.'

"I landed with my charge the following day, and found the sudden change, from the sublime and grand in nature, to the bustle and misery of a congregation of men, great part of whom were slaves, anything but pleasant. Of this latter class, perhaps, in no part of the world, do they appear in greater misery on their first arrival. In the quick sailing vessels that bring them over, they are packed away, nearly as close as herrings in a barrel. On an average, two out of five die on the passage, and those that survive, are the most miserable objects existing. To see them seated on their heels in the market-place, with only a rag round their loins, their bodies so emaciated, that they are scarcely anything but skin and bone, and covered over with a leprous white scurf; whilst the poor wretches look up, with that helpless air of vacuity, something like a wounded bird, as

if they were awaiting a fate still more terrible than what they had already experienced.

“ I was glad to hurry through this scene of horror, and having seen my men properly lodged, proceeded to deliver my introductory letters; amongst which was one to Mr. Muller, a Bavarian by origin, but settled here as an English merchant. From him, I received the kindest attention, and remained in his house during my stay. He had resided in Rio for many years. At present, the only part of his family here, was a son about fourteen; his wife and two daughters, had been absent in England nearly three years; first, for the benefit of Mrs. Muller's health, and secondly, for the education of the young ladies: they were daily expected by the Falmouth packet.

“ Mr. Muller having made himself acquainted with the nature of my mission, told me, that I should find all my part of the business accomplished when I reached the mines; but that if I would like to remain there, and transact some business for him, I would much oblige him, and at the same time secure a small independence for myself. He had, he said, entered into a company for the working of the gold mines,

that were now in embryo. They had, however, received some machinery from England, and were already at work ; and he had no doubt, that the speculation would turn out well. I found, afterwards, that the men whom I had brought with me, were to be transferred to this company, which was to pay Government a fixed duty on all the ore that was raised. Having made myself master of all the details, I set forward with my miners for the province of Minas Geraes. We were furnished with horses, and a country-vaggon to carry the tools. We were much annoyed on the way, in the houses where we lodged, with quantities of rats, vampyre bats, and a kind of tick, very difficult to detach from the skin, when once they fix.

“ We passed through a rich and fine country, full of magnificent forests, but as we approached our destination, the country assumed a more sterile appearance—long ranges of low and barren looking hills, at the foot of which were the villages, containing the mining establishments. The ground in all the vicinity had been so impregnated with gold dust, and the first operation of washing so easy, that the soil had everywhere been turned up to get the precious metal, in

chase of which they forgot the natural productions of the soil itself, which lay in heaps as it had been turned up, and added to the desolate air of the place.

“Immediately on arrival, I proceeded to learn the mysteries of the mines, and succeeded so well, that in a few months I was able to give very satisfactory accounts to Mr. Muller. Walking out one day, I picked up a piece of broken stone that was lying at the entrance of one of the workings, and observing it closely, saw some particles that appeared to me like gold dust. I took it home, and having broken it into powder and washed it, found it to contain a considerable proportion of gold.

“I communicated this discovery to Mr. Muller, who, on the receipt of it, came up immediately, and we set to work, on what had always been considered as rubbish, with great success. This process, which has been called stamping, is now a regular part of the mining transactions. We remained until we saw the system well brought into action; when Mr. Muller insisted on bringing me down to Rio, where his family had lately arrived from England. I assented with pleasure, and

when arrived there, was introduced to his wife and two daughters, the eldest of whom immediately struck me as one of the finest women I had ever seen. I directly, and without further consideration, attached myself to her, and it appeared my attentions were not thrown away. When in this state of incipient love, Mr. Muller came in one morning, and addressing me, said, 'I suppose you are almost tired of the idle life you are leading; I have got some employment for you, which I think you will like; it is to superintend the supplies of the army that is going to march against the Banda Oriental, where you will see some variety, and perhaps be able to add to your fortune.'

"Although it may be imagined that I was not then much in a humour to leave the society of the fair Susan, yet I could not refuse an offer so handsomely made, and suiting so well in some respects with my rambling disposition. I, therefore, said, I should feel happy in the appointment. Every hour was now taken up in procuring beasts of burthen, cattle, and grain for supplies, so that I had but time to take a hasty and tender leave of Susan, before the army was in movement.

"I shall not trouble you with the history of these miserable campaigns. I, who had seen the movements of all the finest armies in Europe, could not but feel the sense of ridicule strong in observing the so-called manœuvres of these undisciplined levies, who, frequently posted near a mile from the enemy, would fire a few volleys, and then retire to their camp. I was struck, however, with the alteration in the appearance of the country, which, from being mountainous and picturesque in the highest degree, gradually subsided into undulating plains on approaching the Rio de la Plata, which assumed the appearance of a sea of verdure, nothing, as far as the eye could reach, but waving grass, scarcely intercepted, except by droves of cattle and wild horses.

"I had gone out one morning with a small party of light troops to procure supplies. I rode on rather before them, and seeing on my right a rising ground, I proceeded there to have a more extended view. When I reached the point desired, I halted, and my attention was taken up by observing at a distance a large drove of cattle, that I thought would suit the views with which I came out from the camp. I was busy calcu-

lating their possible number, when something appeared to fall over my head. I had not time to recollect myself, when I found I was pulled out of the saddle, and thrown violently on the ground, and before I could recal my scattered senses, I felt myself dragged along with a powerful pressure over my breast. Although it was not a situation for making long reflections, I conjectured instantly that I was caught in a lasso, and summoning all my presence of mind, I seized with my left hand the thong of leather, to ease the pressure on my chest, while, with the right, I searched for a knife that I always carried in my pocket. After finding it, the difficulty still remained of opening it, as during the operation, I was dragged along the ground as fast as the horse, at whose heels I followed, could gallop.

“This situation, which, for the time, was certainly inferior in comfort to that of Mazeppa, continued until, with the help of my teeth, I opened the knife, and even then I had almost given up hope. These things are so closely plaited and so strong, that it was only with the force of desperation that I could cut through, and when I succeeded, I was for the moment

exhausted by the exertion. Springing up, however, in a state of desperation, I made directly at my captor, with only the knife in my hand, my sword having fallen out when I was unhorsed. The cowardly fellow, although armed with a sword, retreated from me; but I saw him preparing another lasso.

“I was already out of breath in pursuing him, and so exhausted, that I must have become an easy victim, as, even had I evaded the noose once or twice, I must have given way at last; when, fortunately, the officer of the party that had come out with me, being rather anxious about my fate, rode on before his men, luckily came up at the moment I was quite spent with exertion, and seeing the dilemma in which I was placed, charged my antagonist directly, who, thinking ‘discretion the better part of valour,’ fled immediately, throwing from his horse the incumbrances of a long gun, a sword, and even his poncho or cloak, and being half naked himself, he soon left my heavy accoutred Portuguese friend long in the rear, who gave up the chase, and returning, found me in a very indifferent condition. He mounted me on his horse; we rejoined the party, and returned to the

camp. I took care in future not to play a solo in arithmetic on the Pampas of La Plata.

“This war, if it might be called one, lingered on with little advantage on either side. At length a peace was patched up, and we all returned from whence we came, and not much wiser. I, however, had added something to my little stock of riches, and looked forward with greater pleasure to my meeting with Susan Muller, than to the idea of being dragged at the tail of any man's horse.

“My reception was kind and affectionate, and to cut the matter short, in a few weeks, and under the sanction of her father and mother, I called Susan my own; her parents having made a handsome settlement, which, with my own savings, secured me a competency. After a short period, it was resolved that my wife and I should return to Europe, to be followed the next year by my father-in-law and his family; but just as I was about to depart, I received a commission from the government to take charge of some jewels, destined as presents to the court of Bavaria. This I could not possibly decline, and indeed was very well inclined to visit Munich, as I had many friends residing there.

"We sailed with a favourable wind, only touching at the Bay of All Saints, a scene that exhibits all the richness of tropical scenery. The bay is of vast extent, and partly shut in by the rich and verdant island of Taparica. Here we completed our sea stock, and after a favourable voyage of seven weeks, landed at Hamburgh, from whence I proceeded without loss of time, and having given over my charge, and received both thanks and payment, I set about fixing myself for a time, when I received this note, (taking one from his pocket); it was directed to me at Munich, and runs thus—

"'Having been the cause of inflicting great injustice on you, I am rejoiced to hear that you are still alive, and that I may hope to repair the injury. On receipt of this, set out directly for Vicenza, where you will learn something that will be the means of restoring to you your family name and honours.'

"This note is, as you see directed to me in the name of Pietro Pertucci, which I have hitherto borne; whether it will be changed remains to be proved."

Orby, who had now not the smallest doubt that the brother of Clara was before him, eagerly

embraced the project of joining him in his inquiries, hoping to pay a tribute of gratitude to the manes of the lost Clara, and to ascertain the fate of her uncle, as he had little doubt but that he was the person he had wounded. He, however, did not communicate his surmises to his new friend, but as soon as the horses arrived the next day, he was ready to accompany him on his journey, having settled with his host, and forced a small gratuity on him. Orby did not scruple in letting his companion pay the expenses of the road, as he knew he could make it good in the first place where they should stop, in case the money he had left was not sufficient.

CHAP. IX.

NOT making any material halt, the travellers arrived without accident at Vicenza, immediately gave notice to Signor Martini of their arrival, and were invited to visit him. They found the pedagogue wrapped up in an old dressing gown, with a night cap on his head, who appeared much agitated by their arrival, but held out his hand to his late pupil, saying he hoped he had forgiven all the apparent austerity with which he had been used, which arose entirely from the suggestions of Signor Francesco, who wished to drive him away by harshness, and had succeeded—that, in fact, he was the only son of the late Signor Pisani, and as such, entitled to all his property and estates,

now usurped by his uncle, and with all such concurrent testimony in his favour, that there could be no dispute on the question.

“But, in fact,” continued Martini, “there will be no difficulty in the matter, as a great change has come over your uncle of late. He has been suffering for many months from a wound which he received in the neck on one of his expeditions, and his son has been recently killed in a duel, after a quarrel at a gambling-house in Paris. He has, therefore, no heirs of his own, and now looks out for you, to carry down the name of the family. He commissioned me to find you out, if you were still alive; and I have, with difficulty, traced your career through the French army, till your arrival at Munich. Here are some letters, which will be your passport to your uncle, and I wish you all success in your new career. You will forgive, in his present state of suffering, the misery Signor Francesco has inflicted on you, on consideration of the benefits you will derive—lose no time—farewell.”

The Signor would not receive any gratuity, saying, he was amply repaid by the pleasure it afforded him.

The travellers had no wish to lose time, and

proceeded without delay to Florence. By the way, Orby acquainted his companion with the relation in which he stood towards him, and both deplored, with anguish, the untimely fate of the sister and affianced bride ; while a movement of revenge took possession of the mind of Angelo, when he recollected his uncle's agency in that dreadful scene. They had sent a message to Signor Francesco on their arrival, and the day after they met Stafford was the time fixed for their reception. They accordingly repaired to his house, which was on a magnificent scale. They were shown through a suite of handsome apartments, at its termination, a door was opened and they were introduced into a kind of study where sat Signor Pisani, in an easy chair, his head and neck folded up with an immense bandage. He could only turn his eyes in the direction they came, and appeared rather surprised at the appearance of a third person. Stafford, however, was introduced as the friend of Orby, who had accompanied him on his previous visit to Italy.

The Signor offered his hand to his nephew with an air of restraint, but it wore off, when he saw it was received with kindness by this reli-

n. He said, "Angelo, I have done you much injury, from a false and foolish ambition of aggrandizing my own family; but I have been fully punished," added he, with a sigh.

"My dear Sir," said his nephew, "do not say a word about it; your present kindness is sufficient to cancel any supposed injury I have received."

"And you, Signor Inglese," said he, turning to Orby, "I fear you have a heavy account against me; but if you have any of our Italian feeling of revenge about you, you will be satisfied when you know I received from your hand a wound, which has never since closed, and is, I fear, bringing me to the grave. And I have ever since ceased to deplore the wound myself received, although I was not aware, till lately, of her death, which added more to my sorrow, than I can express. It was done in a moment of irritation, when I was no longer master of my passion, in seeing you escape from my power. To you, I fear, I can make no demands: but to my nephew, I must do all that justice requires of me. On ringing a hand bell, a servant entered, who was desired to bring in the notary, and in the presence of the two

know I should despise her, had she shown the same fickleness. It is beyond my strength to think or talk on that subject."

"My dear Frank, though you flatter yourself you are well versed in amorousmystery, yet you are still unacquainted with the depth of woman's love; what they will suffer and go through, rather than give up the object they have fixed their early affections on. You may be more enlightened on this point presently, and with that hope, I shall cease to annoy you on the subject, only claiming your acknowledgment to my superior wisdom, if I prove in the right."

The only answer was a mournful shake of the head. The travellers soon arrived in London. Orby had business to transact with his lawyer, which would require two or three days, and, perhaps, another to see some friends; while Stafford ran down to visit his father. It was, however, agreed that they should give no notice to their friends in the country; and on Stafford's return, and on the fifth day after their arrival, the friends started by the mail, which brought them to B—— in the middle of the next day. They walked together to Mr. Orby's, and on

their knocking, the whole family rushed to the door, and although evidently surprised and delighted by the unexpected visit, there seemed an air of disappointment in their looks, as if some one else had been more immediately expected. Stafford, with the rapidity of a lover's glance, threw his eyes over the group, and missing the smiling countenance of his Charlotte, he enquired with the utmost eagerness for her health, and if she was at home.

"Alas!" said Mrs. Orby, "we don't know what is become of our dear Charlotte. Four days ago she went to dine with Miss Paulett, and said she would walk home in the evening, if Philip went to meet her; which he did at the appointed time, but did not see her. He pursued his way to the house, where he learned that Charlotte had gone nearly a quarter of an hour. He retraced his steps, and searched every where, but since then we have not seen or heard of the dear child, although we have sent messengers all over the country."

While this was detailing, Frank Orby threw a glance at his cousin Philip, and he thought he quailed under it. Stafford was all fire and impatience to set forward on the search; but now

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kept, however, completely to himself, listening with apparent attention to the suppositions that were started, almost all of them equally void of probability.

Mr. Orby, the father, sat in mute grief at the loss of his favorite Charlotte, while her mother was drowned in tears; and Stafford, who had been a few hours before the personification of joy, now appeared plunged into a state of despair, and vainly endeavoured to collect his ideas on the subject. He would have even entertained the dreadful idea that the poor girl might, in some paroxysm, have made away with herself, had he not been assured by all the family, that up to the time of her disappearance, Charlotte had been in the best health and spirits.

The joyous day they had anticipated had put on a very dull look, and Frank Orby was glad to escape from such a scene of distress. There was a path which led to Selby, (now his own house,) through a thick copse, and by this Orby took his way, musing as he went, on all the vicissitudes of life, and particularly of the late affair. As he slowly wandered along, and had gained the thickest part of the underwood, he was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the

blow of a bludgeon, which having been thrown out of its direction, by the projecting branch of one of the young trees, only grazed his hat, and fell partly upon his shoulder. Instinctively springing forward, he guessed he must be attacked at odds, and therefore ran as quickly as he could to gain the open ground. He heard steps following him, which augmented his speed; but as he ran, he suddenly twisted off a bough, which in his progress he tried to clear of the leaves and smaller twigs. As he had lost none of his activity in the mountains of the Tyrol, he left his pursuers for a moment behind, until he gained the open ground. The part of the field beyond the copse where it opened was fenced in by a high stone wall, which, not being cemented, had fallen into one or two gaps. To one of these he ran in preference to the stile, where he feared some ambush, and just cleared it as the foremost of the pursuers was close to him. In place of continuing his flight, which want of breath would have partly prevented, Orby, on clearing the place, turned short round, prepared, with his defective weapon, to defend the breach. The fellow who had been nearest to him, not being in expectation of such a ma-

nœuvre, came to a check, and pointed out to his comrade another gap further on, where he could turn the enemy's flank. He was so intent on this movement of his comrade, that he did not pay much attention to Orby, who seeing the state of affairs, leaped back over the wall, had the ruffian by the throat and on the ground before he could recover himself, and before his senses were rallied, the bludgeon was wrung out of his hand, and his conqueror stood over him ready to consummate his work, had the other fellow shewn any symptom of moving to assist. He, however, seeing the nature of the case, slunk off, leaving his companion to his fate. Orby would not let the other fellow rise until he had tied his hands behind his back, and then twisting his left hand in the ruffian's neck-cloth, he led him along to his own park.

The servants, who were in joyful hope of their young master's arrival, had all sallied forth to meet him, and were no little surprised to find him with his hat broken and coat torn, leading along a fellow as prisoner. They would have performed summary justice on the delinquent, had they been allowed; but Orby sent for the gardener, who was a constable, and having given the pri-

soner in charge, the fellow was shut up in a strong room, where the plate was usually kept when the family was at home, but which was now at Mr. Reginald's house.

Having undergone all the congratulations of his domestics, who were in raptures at the return of their young master, Orby began to reason with himself on the late attack, which did not seem to have been for the purpose of plunder, and combining other incidents, a thought suddenly struck him; he sent for the gardener, and with him alone entered the temporary prison. He had not remained above ten minutes, when he came out, desired William the groom to get the gig ready, and went up to write a note to Stafford. All that it contained was, "Dear George, on receiving this, step into the gig with William without waiting for explanation." On complying with this laconic missive, Stafford found on his arrival an open carriage ready, the coachman with a stranger on the driving box, and Orby ready for a journey, while a servant was mounted behind on the dickey, the whole party well armed. As they proceeded, Orby told his friend of the attack on him in the evening, and the means he had used to ascertain

from whence it arose. The man on the box with the coachman was one of those who had attacked him, but not he that aimed the blow. The fellow, seeing the serious scrape he had got into, had been brought to confess that he had been employed by Mr. Philip Orby ; that he was ignorant who it was he was to attack, but understood that it was a magistrate who was a great prosecutor of poachers ; and as he had been some time connected with persons of that description, he had less compunction, more particularly as he had placed himself in the power of the man who was joined in the enterprise. During the confession thus made, it struck Orby as very probable that this person might know something of the retreat of Charlotte Orby. He found him very loth to let out anything, but on holding out a conditional promise of forgiveness, the fellow had come about, and said he thought he could give a pretty good guess ; but if they meant to rescue the young lady they must lose no time, and he would show them the way. Orby had the less difficulty in holding out the lure of pardon, as he knew he could not bring the fellow to justice without exposing his cousin Philip ; and although his conduct had been base, malignant,

and unnatural, he could not, for the sake of his relations, wish to see a public example made of him.

When the party left Selby Hall the night was something advanced; a servant had been sent forward to a town they had to pass through to have post horses ready to carry them on. Orby wished to time the expedition that they might arrive at the scene of action about an hour before daylight, but from some little delay, and a difficult and indirect road, the dawn had commenced as they passed over a wild and desolate common and entered into a green lane, at the extremity of which was the house they were in search of. It stood isolated, and secluded, and in the uncertain light appeared a most melancholy abode. As they turned a corner that brought them more immediately in front of the house they observed two horsemen coming towards them in the opposite direction, who, the instant they saw the carriage, turned round, and put spurs to their horses.

"You see, sir," said the man on the box, "you had not much start on this errand."

The carriage was pulled up before it left the green sward, and the party alighted to walk u

to the house door. A large dog, fastened up, gave an alarm at their approach; but there were no other signs of life about the place. Their guide now motioned to them to conceal themselves at the corner while he approached the door, which they did; the coachman alone attending the prisoner for fear of treachery. When those two arrived at the door, the man gave a particular knock at the window shutter, which he was obliged to repeat two or three times before any notice was taken. At length a small wicket opened high up in the hall door, and a female voice demanded who was there, to which answer was made, "Richard."

"And who have you with you?"

"A true friend."

The person then decended, and the bars which fastened the door were heard to withdraw. They had no sooner been taken away and the latch raised, than the whole party rushed forward, and before the female could recover, they had all made good their lodgment within doors.

The woman seeing she was betrayed, called out, "William, William, jump up;" but she was quickly silenced, when assured all the party were well armed. Seeing she must make a merit of

necessity, she immediately said, "What is the meaning of all this. You seem gentlemen by your appearance, and what reason can you have to force yourself into my house at this unreasonable hour."

Orby was certain he had heard that voice before, and throwing the door wide open to admit a stronger light, he exclaimed, "Maria Singleton!"

Stafford, who now also gained a view, exclaimed, "By heaven! and so it is." "What my fair nymph," said he, "has driven you from the groves of Blenheim, to this lodge in a warren, and who is the happy man that has the guidance of your fate? I had no expectation of meeting an old acquaintance in this wilderness."

The fair one seeing no subterfuge, admitted with tears, that she was the identical Maria Singleton, who had nearly stolen Orby's heart when at Oxford. Her name, she now said, was Walters; she had been married some time, and her husband carried on the business of a small farmer, higgler, and poulterer.

"Yes," said Stafford, "and I believe a few others."

"But we have a more immediate business with you," said Orby, "it is to enquire into the fate of a young lady, whom we have reason to think you hold in confinement."

He spoke this in a high tone of voice, and immediately a rustling noise was heard, and they heard a voice exclaiming, "Gracious Heaven, surely that is my cousin, come again to save me!"

"Yes, it is herself," exclaimed both the friends, as they rushed to the door, which was forced in a twinkling, and Charlotte appeared before them, so overcome with the rapidity of her sensations, that she fainted in the arms of Stafford.

When she had recovered, and they all became more composed, Mrs. Walters was called on to explain the meaning of this. She said, that the young lady had been brought to the house by her husband, as the sister of Mr. Philip Orby, who stated, that she was subject to fits of insanity; and that the family wished to try if a little confinement would have a beneficial effect. For her own part, she could hardly be brought to believe that there was anything the matter with the young lady, as, except that

she frequently cried, and persisted in remaining in her clothes, there was nothing extraordinary in her conduct. That she had expressed her regret to her husband, for having undertaken so unpleasant a task; but that he said she should be relieved of it that day, and when the knocking came to the gate she thought it was himself.

"What a precious youth is this cousin of mine," said Orby, turning to his friend; "probably out of revenge for something either you or Charlotte have said, he has plotted this plan and stood by unmoved, to see the distress of his family for four days. I hope I shall not meet him again."

Charlotte having been made acquainted with the mode of her rescue, was desired to get what thing she had ready to put into the carriage; but the poor creature was so flurried, and in such agitation, that she scarcely knew which way to turn, and Mrs. Walters had to perform the office for her, of putting together some articles of apparel that had been sent for her use by her brother, and the receipt of which had nearly in reality driven her to distraction, as she supposed, on that account, that her family were acquainted with her situation, and had abandoned

eyes, beaming through their dewy impediments, and with a smile of gratitude and love, and holding out a hand to each of her companions, exclaimed, "How happy ; how very happy I am !"

The friends only answered this exclamation by a gentle pressure each of the hand he held. They saw the development of her ideas taking place. Her curiosity was awakened to know how they found out where she was, and who had confined her ; and then, the bitter recollection, that she owed her recent misery to her own brother, again suffused her eyes with tears : to him, whom in the course of her life, she had never wilfully offended, but whom, on the contrary, she had often assisted in his youth, in the various peccadilloes, in which he had been involved. She was perfectly at a loss for even a guess at his motives.

Quitting at last this painful chain of thought, she turned with a smile to her cousin, and said, " You must think me very selfish, Frank, that, while taken up with my own ideas, I have never congratulated you on your return, as it were, from the dead. The pleasure I have derived from my deliverance, by your hands, had quite driven out of my head that you had ever been

absent, and it is only now, awakening as it were from a dream, that I am able to recollect the pain your long absence and silence have given us all. And, I suppose," added she, turning with a sweet smile to Stafford, "I am to return to this gentleman my thanks, for having brought you back."

"Really," said Stafford, pressing her hand, and smiling, "you owe me something, if you value this gentleman's society, as I had no small difficulty in dragging him back to the land of his fathers; but now we have succeeded, we must manage to keep him here; must we not, Charlotte?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied she. "You wont run away from us again, Frank, will you?"

To this, the only answer of Orby was a melancholy movement of the head. Stafford, seeing that it was yet too tender a subject to broach to his friend, turned the course of conversation to the recent events, by asking Charlotte how she had been carried off?

"I had been," said she, "invited by Harriet Paulett (at this name, Stafford observed a slight shudder pass over his friend,) to pass the day with her, as Mrs. Paulett had been complaining

a little, and she wished for the variety of my company. I willingly complied, and my father was going to order the carriage, when Philip observed, that it was a short walk, and that it would do me more good than being shut up in a carriage; that he would attend me there, and call again for me in the evening, or at least wait for me near the house at eight o'clock; as, he said, he was rather out of favour with Miss Paulet and would not like to go in."

They, therefore, set out to walk together, and he left her at a short distance from the house desiring her to return in the evening across the common, and by the green lane, which, though rather further, was free from dust; and that he should meet her soon after she left the house. She followed these directions, leaving Boyle's Court exactly at eight; it was quite light, and a fine evening.

"I was rather disappointed," continued she "in not meeting my brother; but I merely thought something had detained him, and I proceeded over the common without any feeling of apprehension. When, however, I arrived at the end of the green lane, I was rather surprised at seeing a post-chaise standing there, and filling

up almost the whole space of the road. A certain misgiving came across me, and I was about to return, when rallying against my fears, I thought that such an object, though unusual in that place, could have nothing to do with me; and observing beyond it, a person at a distance, whom I took for my brother, I proceeded. The lane was so narrow, that there was scarcely room for the carriage, and only a very narrow space on one side by which I could pass. On approaching, I could not see any person; but the door of the carriage on the side where I had to go, was open, and the steps down. I thought this was odd, and began to suspect something wrong was going on. I, therefore, hastened to pass, when three men leaped down from behind, two of whom seized me in their arms, and in a moment forced me into the carriage, while the third, who was the post-boy, hastily shut up the steps and door, and leaping on his horse, drove off at a gallop. I had screamed out at first, but soon felt my mouth closed by a handkerchief, that had nearly suffocated me, and which was removed only on condition that I should not cry out. To all my inquiries I could get no other answer than, that I need not be afraid, that no harm

should be done to me, and that it was useless to ask questions. I, therefore, was forced to be silent, but consoled myself with the idea, that I should be able to create an alarm in the first town we came to. But this hope began to fade, as I observed whenever we came to any village the post-boy urged on his horses, and my two attendants were always ready to apply the handkerchief, to enforce silence. As the night advanced the people would be gone to bed, and the chances would all be diminished. However, I thought if we had far to go, they would have to change horses, and then I should at all hazards call for assistance. In this, however, I was also deceived; as when the carriage stopped, and I was able through the obscurity to look for some object, I observed we were on an open common, and that the horses we were to get in exchange had apparently come to meet us. All hope then died away within me, and I lost myself in vain conjectures about my situation. The idea most consoling to me was, that I had been mistaken for some other person, and that the end of the journey and daylight would clear up the matter.

“We proceeded in this manner in the dark, and at length arrived in front of that solitary

house, from which I have been just released. We were evidently expected ; a light was shown, and when the door was opened I felt some relief in observing a female, apparently well dressed, holding a lamp.

“ On alighting, I immediately addressed myself to this person, saying, I was confident there had been some mistake in carrying me off in the place of another ; when immediately she replied, ‘ Oh no, we are quite right ; you are Miss Charlotte Orby. I am sure, miss, you are tired with your journey ; and, perhaps, will have something to eat and drink.’

This I declined, when she offered to shew me to a bed-room, to which I assented. Having lighted another lamp, she led the way up stairs to a room at the end of the passage, and having placed the lamp on the table, and offered her assistance, which I declined, she left me, as she said, to repose, and shutting the door, locked it on the outside ; by which I understood I was a prisoner, and that was further confirmed by finding my windows secured by bars. I flung myself on the bed without undressing, and passed, in unavailing grief, the interval until it was light ; but I was left for many hours longer.

to the indulgence of my tears, and the crowd of painful and horrible conjectures that rushed upon my mind by turns.

“At length my female gaoler appeared, and when I demanded in a peremptory tone the reason of my detention, and by what authority I was kept a prisoner, I was told it was by the direction of my own family, the measure that had deprived me for a time of personal freedom was carried into effect; that it was to prevent me from forming an improper union with a person below me in life, that I had been removed for a time out of the way. I could not refrain from a bitter smile at the absurdity of this assertion, but I remained in the dark; and the following day I was still more surprised by receiving a parcel containing some changes of dress, which I knew must have been taken out of my wardrobe at home. What was I to think of all this? my mind became a chaos, and I fear, that if I had not been soon released, I should in reality have become in that state my unnatural brother had given out as the cause of my detention, and which I only knew this morning, when Mrs. Walters, seeing all subterfuge vain, stated the truth. Still I am lost in wonder what I could

have possibly done that should have drawn on me such a retribution from the hands of Philip."

When this detail had finished, the travellers arrived at the town where Orby had left his horses, which being refreshed, were again put to, and they drove on to B——, which they entered with joyous hearts, only to be equalled by those that waited for them. When the carriage drove up to Mr. Reginald's door, the whole family rushed out with the words "Charlotte, Charlotte, my dear Charlotte, she's found!" and she was borne in in their arms, amidst the tears and exclamations of her parents and friends.

CHAP. X.

To have attempted to have given any colouring but the real one to the story, would have served no other purpose than to draw injurious surmises on the character of Charlotte ; therefore, however unpleasant the promulgation of such a scandalous history, it was better than to leave room for any insinuations.

Colonel Orby and his family had immediately been sent for ; they were out of town when Frank had arrived, and it was the first time his uncle had seen him since a boy, therefore, congratulations and felicitations, in his most magnificent manner, were showered on his nephew. When he heard the history of his niece's abduction, he addressed his brother, " I vow to

God, sir, an atrocious and *voluminous* conspiracy. These malefactors ought to be hunted from their dark abode, and suffer the *impediments* of the law."

Frank, smiling at this grandiloquent effusion, rose to take his leave, promising to return to dinner and sleep at his uncle's ; but that he must return home to settle some business, and to put into immediate train the arrangement he had made connected with the promises he had given, of forgiveness for the assault, to the man who had been the means of recovering his cousin.

He had no sooner quitted the party, than all mouths were open in his praise ; and regret generally expressed at the determination he had made known, of returning to the continent as soon as he had put his father's affairs into proper shape, and settled all the matters connected with his succession.

"Is there no way, Mr. Stafford," said Mr. Reginald Orby, "of changing your friend's resolution?"

"Why really," said George, smiling, "he appears very determined at *present* ; but I know Frank well, and if we can, by any chance, bring about an interview between Miss Paulett and

him, certain I am that all his resolutions would melt into air. But if it is done, it should be managed, as to appear purely accidental to both the parties."

Mr. Reginald Orby lost no time in his ministerial capacity. He set about immediately to procure warrants against Walters and his wife, and these were forwarded without delay to the solitary mansion, which, though distant, was still within the county; but on the officers arriving there to carry the mandates of the law into execution, the birds had flown, and it might easily be imagined that Philip Orby no more returned to his father's house.

Frank Orby's first visit to the house of his fathers, on his return home, had been in a moment of agitation, just escaped from the attack of ruffians; and then the information that arose from that affair had again hurried him away even before he could have called himself home. Now he had leisure, as the carriage wound slowly up to Selby Hall, to call to his fancy all those recollections of early days, which even in the hour of misery and misfortune, bring solace to the mind, and impressed him with double force when he brought to remembrance

the many, many happy days he had spent in rambling through the grounds under the affectionate eye of a father, and his heart beating high with all the aspiring hopes of youth. In how short a space of time had all this changed; his father was no longer here to welcome him, or smile approval, and no one remained with whom he could exchange an idea or to sympathize with him. He felt that all the visions of his youth had been obscured, and though surrounded with all the world supposes to be essential to happiness, he felt himself, like a blighted tree, alone, and stripped of all his brightest prospects. As he drove up to the door, the butler and housekeeper were in ready attendance to welcome him home, and congratulate him on the conclusion of his late adventure, which had already found its way among the servants. He moved on to his father's study, and here every thing brought back his loss to his recollection. The housekeeper would not allow a single paper to be moved or touched, and, with only the exception of keeping it clean, every thing was left until her young master should come home himself; the hope of which had

never, under all the sinister reports, forsaken the good old lady.

"My dear Mr. Frank," said she, "we are all so happy to see you come back; I never would believe one word they said about your running away with the Italian gentleman's wife, and I believe it all to be a story, made up by that ill-mannered cousin of your's, who would have come here and domineered over us all, if I had not given him a bit of my mind. I told him but two days since, that I was convinced all his inventions were ill founded; and how happy am I to find that I was right."

"Many thanks, my kind Hallett," replied Orby, "I hope that I shall be able to refute all the falsehoods that have been current about me, and," taking her hand, "when I had so good an advocate as you, I need not have been uneasy."

As there were several papers to communicate to his lawyer, who lived in B——, he made a collection of what he would require; and his servant having put a few things into his portmanteau, he returned to town with the intention of remaining at his uncle's for a couple of days, until he saw the most immediate legal measures carried into effect. When he arrived there he

was met by a party which, though strictly a family one, was quite happy. Colonel Orby, his wife and daughter came to dinner, and Brodrick had arrived to carry on his love affair with Emma. As they were arranging themselves in couples, Orby thought his cousin Margaret and he were the only disconsolate pair, and therefore he took her hand and endeavoured to entertain her; but his efforts were badly directed, his mind being elsewhere, and he could not help sighing in observing the happy and satisfied look of his two friends seated next those they best loved. After having asked his neighbour Margaret some disjointed questions, without waiting for an answer, he sunk into a profound reverie; from which he started as if stung by something venomous, when his uncle Reginald asked his brother if he had seen Miss Paulett lately.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "Mrs. Orby and I called there two days ago. What a *miraculous* fine girl she is; I wonder she has not been married."

"It is not, I believe, for want of offers," replied his brother, "she has, I understand, refused lately what would have been considered two of the

best matches in the country ; but I suppose she is waiting to find something more suited to her taste ;" taking a sly glance at his nephew, who sat in that enviable state, commonly called the fil-gets, and from which he was only relieved by Stafford asking him if he would accompany the ladies in a ride the next day, as they meant to meet young Newbolt and his bride, who were coming from Matlock. Frank was very glad of the turn the conversation had taken, but declined being of the party, as he would be employed the next day with his lawyer. When he had taken possession of his little bed in the room of his uncle's already described, he began to feel the effects of the blow he had received from the bludgeon in the copse, which kept him from sleeping, and gave fresh activity to all the unpleasant thoughts that had been raised in his mind by the recent conversation, and he lay for a great part of the night in a state not to be envied. Even when he did drop into a heavy sleep, his dreams partook of his agitated feelings. The scene in the Greek vessel was again acted before his eyes, with this difference, that Harriet Paulett seemed to take the place of Clara Pisani, and in lieu of dying at once, had pulled him

have thrown it all away, and now am I just punished for my folly and precipitation. He could no longer bear this train of thought, but turning suddenly round, made his way back more rapidly to the town. A degree of pleasure however, accompanied him in thinking that he had performed this kind of mournful pilgrimage without his movements being noticed, or room left for remarks.

On returning to his uncle's, the only one found in the breakfast parlour was his cousin Charlotte, who came up to give him her hand. Her eyes full of tears of pleasure and gratitude, and to thank him again and again for his kind rescue of the day before. "You have made me," said she, "all our hearts glad; but I am sorry to see, my dear Frank, that in the general joy, you alone appear sad. Is there anything within the power of any of us," continued she, "which will serve to dispel the care from your brow, which, I assure you, grieves us all?"

"You are, as always, very kind, Charlotte; I fear that it is not in your power to alleviate the sort of pain I feel, which time alone will dispel, and absence from the scenes with which I have now no sympathy."

"I think, my dear cousin," continued Charlotte, "you take this matter too much to heart. Mr. Stafford has given me an outline of what has happened since you left us, and I am sorry to find that you have been placed in very painful situations; but these were, in a great measure, owing to accident, and as you have nothing to reproach yourself with, there is no reason why you should not avail yourself of the resources still in your power."

"You argue the matter well, my fair philosopher," replied Frank; "but of what avail are riches and station, when accompanied with vacuity of heart?"

"But why," interrupted Charlotte, "should that be the case? You used to be partial to Harriet Paulett, and I am sure she has not forgotten it. During your long absence, no persons were more anxious in their enquiries than Mrs. Paulett and her daughter; and although I should not let out any of the secrets of my sex, I may say that the interest which Harriet showed in your fate, was beyond that she would have expressed about a mere acquaintance, or friend."

"You flatter me too much in this, my dear Charlotte. Harriet Paulett must despise my

conduct, I know she must, my apparent fickleness, and the rashness of my engagements. Yet I may confess so much to you, my kind cousin, that during all the illusions of mind and fancy, that hurried me on beyond my reason, the image of Harriet Paulett haunted me continually; and when anything struck me as extraordinary, or contrary to my own sense of propriety, I immediately questioned myself, 'Would Harriet have done, or said so?' But what avails all this to me now; I feel that I do not merit even a glance of her favour, and the sooner I remove from a spot where her very name has an influence, the better."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of others of the family, and, of course, became general.

After breakfast Orby attended his lawyer, but returned at time of luncheon; and he had not gone twenty paces from the house, on his way to resume his task, when he saw Mrs. Paulett's carriage drive into the street, and take the direction of his uncle's house. He lost no time in hurrying forward to bury himself again in leases, releases, and indentures. That day and the following were devoted to the same purpose,

and having settled all with which he had immediate concern, he returned home.

On his arrival, he found cards from all his country neighbours, accompanied with felicitations on his arrival, and escape from the attack. Among others, a note from Lord Montresor, expressing his own congratulations, and by their desire, those of Mrs. Paulett and her daughter; which they requested him, as a relative, to convey. Here was an embarrassment for Frank. He must, as a matter of course, return all the visits, and he could not, in common courtesy, make an exception as to Mrs. Paulett, after the interest she had expressed; and how was he to act? The best way, he thought, would be to avoid seeing the ladies. For that purpose he made enquiries, and found that Mrs. Paulett regularly had her carriage out every day at three o'clock, to take a drive. Having, therefore, chosen a fine day for the occasion, he mounted his horse a little after three, and accompanied only by his servant, rode over to Boyle's court. As he approached, he felt certain beatings of the heart, which he would fain have suppressed; and a sort of timid apprehension arose, that he might find the persons at home, whom he wished to be

boldly up the drive.
part of it which was the
greens, and arrived at
the first object he observed
herself, standing near
he had last seen her, in his
journey to Italy.

The morning, which was
now rather overcast; and
on a cottage bonnet,
looking over her floral
Orby, so suddenly, he
and the blood rushed
the time he had alighted
a deadly paleness had
and the hand she held
cold as ice. Orby's
moment, extreme, scarcely
to address her in ; but
to, not being exactly

abroad. As his servant went to open he was, in some degree, re-assured, by the fresh track of carriage wheels, and boldly up the drive. As he emerged part of it which was thickly screened by greens, and arrived at the open flow the first object he observed was Harri herself, standing nearly on the very spot he had last seen her, previous to his journey to Italy.

The morning, which had been but now rather overcast; and the young lady on a cottage bonnet, had resumed her looking over her floral charge. That Orby, so suddenly, had taken her, and the blood rushed to her forehead at the time he had alighted, and appeared a deadly paleness had overcast her face, and the hand she held out to meet him cold as ice. Orby's embarrassment in that moment, extreme, scarcely knowing how to address her in; but these symptoms, not being exactly those of concealment, ventured on a few common phrases, rather an embarrassed tone of voice.

Miss Paulett soon recovered

The doctor, immediately on seeing him, took him by the hand. "I had heard," said he, "Mr. Orby, of your arrival, and called at your uncle's this morning. Why you have been worse than the invisible girl: you have been neither seen or heard of for an age."

This remark might have given the conversation an awkward turn, had it not been interrupted by the servant announcing Lord Montresor, who coming forward, said, "Really, ladies, I am very fortunate in finding you at home. And Mr. Orby, you here also, that still adds to my pleasure. I regretted not finding you at home when I called."

"Oh!" said the doctor, "Mr. Orby has been so fully engaged since his return, that it is no wonder he has been invisible to his friends. He has been errant in the night, to qualify as a knight errant, and deliver distressed damsel from durance vile. Most likely when your lordship called he was combating some fierce giant or robbers in a wood."

"O yes," said Lord Montresor, "I have heard of all this; but pray, Mr. Orby, give us the true version of the attack made on you, and

the rescue of your cousin Charlotte, it is quite romantic."

With a blush on his countenance, Frank related the circumstance of the attack in the copse, which led to the information relative to Charlotte's confinement, and subsequent release. During this recital the colour rose in Harriet's cheek, and as the relator turned a glance on her, he observed a tear standing in her eye. He thought he had never seen her look half so lovely.

Mrs. Paulett seemed also highly interested, thanked Orby for his recital, and said that she had felt peculiar pleasure at the result, as Charlotte having been carried off when leaving her house, had added much to the anxiety which she would have otherwise felt on her account. The motives which could have led her brother to commit such an act of cruelty were quite beyond her conception.

CHAP. XI.

LORD Montresor then addressing Orby, asked him if he had any immediate engagement, and being answered in the negative, "well then, I must enlist you in my service. I am about to purchase a villa in the Italian style, on the borders of the forest; and as you are recently from that country of villas, I wish to have your verdict on my choice."

"Willingly," replied Orby, "as far as my ability reaches."

He found a removal from the scene desirable, where, although he had been more kindly received than he expected, or, perhaps, merited, he was not yet quite at home.

"But then," continued Lord Montresor, "my

mind would never be reconciled to my purchase, unless I had the opinion of a lady on the subject. Lady Montresor is too unwell to accompany me ; you, I see Mrs Paulett, have declined going out to-day, but I hope you will trust me with your daughter for this expedition, and that she will find no great obstacle in the way. Have I your consent Harriet, to order your horse, under promise of safe conduct, and to bring you back."

"Why, my lord," said Harriet, blushing deeply, "I fear that I shall be able to give you little assistance, but I shall be happy to accompany you ;" and she retired to change her dress while her horse was ordered.

The doctor declined the jaunt, having engagements to fulfil.

Lord Montresor said, his committee of taste would be, perhaps, better filled by having only three voices.

Miss Paulett returned in a few minutes in her riding habit, which displayed more fully the inimitable symmetry of her person, and as Lord Montresor led her down, Orby seemed fixed to the spot. He joined them just as the lady was assisted into her saddle, and they set out in high



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and the apparent pardon that had been passed on his transgressions ; who can wonder at his perfect intoxication of delight. When Harriet placed one hand on his shoulder, and gave the other, to assist in dismounting, the touch thrilled to the marrow of his bones. He was so overcome with powerful sensations, as to be scarcely able to move ; and when Lord Montresor came up, he asked, in some surprise, if Orby felt any pain from his hurt, as he seemed overcome and weak. A glance directed towards Harriet seemed to explain the real cause, and most likely was not misunderstood. Whether that fair creature did feel naturally some compassion towards her repentant lover, or had been influenced by some intelligence she had received from Charlotte two days before, it is hard to say ; but there was certainly nothing *ferocious* in the looks she directed towards Orby.

They wandered over the premises ; but it is likely Lord Montresor did not feel much satisfied with the answers he received from his two friends, whose taste he had wished to consult. His stay, therefore, was short, and the party returned home in the same order ; Orby in a state

of delight in which he remained the whole of the day. Having seen Harriet safe home, and made his parting bow to his lordship and Mrs. Paulett, he returned home ; not, however, without having obtained permission to repeat his visit. He had intended to have dined with his uncle, but could not bring himself to break off the delicious train of his ideas ; he, therefore, rode directly home, and during the evening and night, indulged in all kind of visions. He had been received in a manner more favourable than could possibly have been expected ; yet, with the diffidence that always accompanies true love, he feared that his reception had been, in a great measure, owing to his unexpected return, and the circumstances that had attended it. The proof was yet to be made, when he should lay before the fair Harriet the state of his heart, and plead to take his ground on the footing of an admirer. Doubts would fly across his mind, but he endeavoured to repel them, and hope for the best ; and, associated with these ideas, he passed the evening to his manifest pleasure and satisfaction.

The following day he repeated his visit, and

this time took care to be at Boyle's court before the usual hour of airing. He was equally well received as the day before, while the affair of Charlotte's rescue was again discussed, with all the details, which it seemed impossible to repeat too often. With this, other topics were touched on, but all allusion to Frank's late visit to the continent seemed to be studiously avoided, and he did not feel himself yet competent to allude to them.

Three days had he thus lived, as it were, in an atmosphere of his own. His mornings passed in the company of her who was now all the world to him. He had not yet, except by tenderness of tone, and expression of his eyes, indicated the state of his feelings. A movement of doubt and apprehension seemed to check him, at the moment he otherwise felt most inclined to give scope to the passion that devoured his breast. He could not bear the chance of forfeiting the advantages he already possessed, by a premature declaration, and possible rejection. He, therefore, fed himself on the usual hopes of a lover, and in the evenings of those days delighted in recalling to memory every word, look

or turn of expression that had proceeded from the idol of his thoughts.

On the third evening he was sitting after dinner, his bottle of claret standing neglected by his side, his legs raised on another chair, opposite to the open window, and gazing on the moon, that constant friend of the waking dreams of lovers, when a knock at the door disturbed his visions, and, in another moment, his friend Stafford stood before him. "Ah! George," said he, "you here, I am very glad to see you; how come I by the favor of this moonlight visit?"

"Why really, Frank, the ladies began to be uneasy lest something had happened, and as I had been found to be a good sort of *spaniel* in tracing your steps, I have been dispatched on my present embassy; luckily, not quite so far as the last."

"Why really, my friend," said Orby, "I have found myself these last two or three days in such a mood that I would have been very indifferent company for the party at my uncle's."

"So I told them," said Stafford, assuming a sort of mock gravity; "I told them you were so busy in packing up for the continent, and felt so

melancholy in leaving us all, that it was not fair to expect to see you amongst us. I, however, promised Charlotte to get you to execute a commission for her at Naples, and for that purpose am I here ; she wishes you to procure her a set of cameo shells, such as she saw a friend of her's, one Miss Paulett, wear the other day."

"Come, George," said his friend, "a truce with your joking ; I think you guess very well what has been the reason of my seclusion, and I believe I must plead guilty."

"Yes ; to say the truth, my good fellow, a little bird has informed me of your having been seen on the road to Boyle's Court, and verily you bear some of the marks of true love about you, sitting gazing upon the moon and neglecting your bottle. I shall help you to discuss your claret, and hear your confession, and if I am right in my conjecture, you shall find me as ready to assist you in your present career, as I was, on former occasions, to throw cold water on your *flames*. I suppose you have already sighed your soul out, pleaded pardon and gained it, with all that sort of thing?"

"No really, not so fast, my friend, I am a long way yet from the point you wish to see me."

The dence you are, how comes that about? collect once on a time you were not so ward in making yourself *intelligible* to the s.'

That is p erhaps true; but in the presence Harriet Paulett, and with all my sins on my , I feel so much timidity that I cannot bring elf to an explanation, for fear of dispelling he visions and castles in the air I have been ding up."

Pshaw! man, you talk as if you had been g on sweet curd, and nothing bolder could e out of your mouth. You say you were l received, and that she has 'given attentive ' to all you have hitherto said. You recollect motto quoted by Scott, '*Chateaux qui parle, femme qui écoute, &c.*' Lose no time in ing your attack; and here is the health, in mper, of Harriet Paulett that is, and Mrs. ank Orby to be. You should leave nothing chance; there are rivals in the wind, and one, haps, of whom you little dreamt; no less a son than your pleasant friend and cousin, ilip, (not *le bel*.) I have it from Charlotte, as fact, that he had, among other modes of king himself a substitute for you in society,

paid his addresses to the divine Harriet, (it must have been a rare exhibition,) and that endeavouring to carry her heart, *de vive force*, he had committed some solecism against good manners, that excluded him from Boyle's Court."

"The wretch," exclaimed Orby, striking his hand violently on the table.

"Nay, *doucement*," said his friend, all danger is over there; but take care, and don't leave the field open for a more potent rival."

It may easily be imagined that these three days were full of interest to the fair Harriet. In a few moments after their first interview she had ascertained that her former lover was at her feet; but the pleasure gained by this consciousness was checked, not only by the experience she had formerly had of his fickleness, but her mind had been, in a certain degree, prejudiced by the stories which she could not avoid hearing; and, indeed, Philip Orby took care she should have them in every shape. The most prevailing of these was, that he had carried off the wife of an Italian nobleman, and that they had been both killed at sea in an attack of pirates. Another version was, that the husband had pursued the pair, and sacrificed them both to his fury.

Neither Mrs. Paulett or her daughter gave faith to either of these stories to the full extent, and the great probability that Orby had perished left no other feeling than that of regret for his loss; but now he was returned, and every one was still in the dark as to the real cause of his long absence, and the mystery that hung over it. True, Charlotte Orby had pledged herself that her cousin had returned to England free of all engagements, although she could not explain more fully; and it struck the susceptible mind of Harriet, that even the slightest allusion to Italy seemed to be studiously avoided, and any approach to that subject to give evident pain, particularly on the occasion of their visit to the villa with Lord Montresor.

On the morning after the conversation between the two friends at Selby, Harriet Paulett had been employed, for some time, with her arrangements in the green house, her mind full of the thoughts we have alluded to, when the object of them stood before her. After the usual salutation, he complimented the young lady on her taste in the choice of plants, and mode of arrangement; but she disclaimed all credit on that head, saying that she owed what

little knowledge she possessed of botany to her mother, who delighted in the pursuit, and in endeavouring to meet her taste, she had herself imbibed a love for the science, which she found an unfailing resource through all seasons. The conversation continued a few minutes on this topic, until Miss Paulett asked her visitor if he would not walk into the drawing room, with which the conservatory communicated. They had scarcely entered, when, from the increased agitation of Orby, his fair companion instinctively augured that something was about to transpire; and although imbued with a considerable share of curiosity, and anxious from other motives to hear an explanation, yet, as the moment approached, it began to be painful, and, if possible, she would have flown from what she had most ardently desired but a few moments before.

"I have, Miss Paulett," said Orby, taking her hand, and leading her to a chair, "a long and painful disclosure to make, that I hope will be listened to with patience. I owe it to myself that the many disgraceful stories that have been circulated at my expense should meet a contradiction; and I make it in the first instance

to *you*, for reasons which I will explain as I proceed."

At the commencement of this exordium, Harriet's face became as pale as marble. She felt as if chained to the spot, and without the power of making a movement; and although the termination of the phrase seemed to hold out some prospect of a declaration, yet it was so undecided, that it gave her breathing time, while Orby proceeded with his narration, to which she listened with downcast eyes and perfect silence.

After touching slightly on the scenes of his youth, and their companionship in childhood, he made a reference to their meeting when he returned from Oxford. What were the impressions he received then, he would not at present state, but proceed to his melancholy history. He then ran over his journey to Greece and Egypt, and came to his first interview with Clara Pisani, the peculiar circumstances under which it took place, and the renewal of their acquaintance at Rome, with a full confession of his own precipitation, and subsequent regret, on his return to England, at having pledged himself so deeply; but having done so, he was no less bound in honour, when called on to perform

what he had promised, at a moment when the object to whom those promises were given was in a state of difficulty and danger. He then proceeded to relate his arrival, and the adventure at the convent. When he came to the removal of the dead body of the nun by Clara, an involuntary shudder seemed to creep over the frame of his auditor; and at the subsequent relation of the catastrophe that had closed the career of his love, he could observe the pearls stand in the eyes of Harriet, and his attention became more strongly fixed as he related the almost hopeless state in which he had lain for so long, and the shock he had suffered by the death of his father. He said that after that event, he had serious thoughts of remaining abroad, the great tie which bound him to his home being broken, and the hopes that he had once entertained in his youth being, apparently forfeited by his own imprudence. This allusion was so strong, that Harriet blushed on hearing it; this was noticed by her lover, who proceeded to say: "I have thus Miss Paulett laid open to you my unfortunate history, either for you to condemn, or pity me; and, to make my apparent offences still greater, I will also confess to you

that in the midst of all my aberrations, your image has never ceased to be present to my thoughts. In a moment of delusion and excitement of my imagination, I had pledged myself, but the instant the words had passed my lips repentance followed; and many and bitter were the reflections that came across my mind, when passion had in some degree cooled. On my return to England, the state in which I remained was that of perfect torture, until I received the summons to return to Italy. You may recollect, at that time, my apparent rudeness and mysterious conduct, to which you have now the key. Having thus, with all the poignancy of self reproach, laid open to you my unfortunate history, may I hope for at least your pity, if not your pardon, without which the remainder of my existence will be a blank?

Looking up, and seeing those drops that had recently stood in the eyes of his mistress, taking their course down her cheeks, he exclaimed with fervour, "Yes, yes, in those precious tears are the signals of pity and of pardon; may I presume further to hope, that love may yet find its way into that bosom, where nothing but tenderness can reign? I see it, I see it! that

heavenly smile beaming through your tears, gives me ground for hope. Say but that you pardon and forgive me, and that I am restored to your favour, my happiness will be complete."

He had taken Harriet's unresisting hand in his as he pronounced these words, accompanied by an imploring look; and the tremulous, and barely audible, "Yes," had been scarcely pronounced, when her lover caught her in his arms, and imprinted an impassioned kiss on those lovely lips. The extacy of such a moment repaid all his sufferings. When Harriet had gently withdrawn from his embrace, she allowed her hand still to remain with his, and these two long divided lovers sat, for many minutes, in that state of mute and unspeakable delight, that it is hoped many of our readers have experienced, and understand better than we can describe. At length Orby recovered himself, only to repeat, with the ardour of an impassioned lover, his vows of fervid attachment and constancy, and prayed permission to be allowed to speak to Mrs. Paulett.

"Not yet, not yet," was the reply.

"Why not, lovely Harriet? Every moment

that stands between me and certainty seems an age, and if I am left in suspense, it will turn my brain."

"At least then, let me speak to mamma first," was the answer from Harriet, as she rose to move towards the door.

"May I then hope for a good advocate?" said he, as he gave her another tender embrace.

With her cheeks bedewed with tears, her whole countenance animated and agitated, Harriet stood before her mother. What passed between them, it is needless to repeat; but in about a quarter of an hour, which to Orby seemed half a century, a servant announced that Mrs. Paulett would be glad to see Mr. Orby in her library.

With feelings something akin to that of a man who has been dancing attendance for four hours in the patience chamber of a secretary of state, Orby ascended the stairs to a small room, which was the favourite retreat of Mrs. Paulett, having been fitted up under the superintendence of her late husband. There she generally breakfasted with her daughter, and it was her usual resort when wishing to avoid company. With the highest respect for Mrs. Paulett, there was

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joined Harriet in the drawing-room, and it is supposed they were able, without much *conul*, to pass the interval before dinner.

Frank's servant had waited patiently for him the first day he visited Boyle's Court, but being made wiser by experience, he in future took his horses to the stables, and joined his friends in the servants' hall, where he heard many wonderful tales about his own master, of which he had never dreamt before; how he had killed two Turks in boarding a vessel; how he had swum across an arm of the sea, with a lady in his arms; and been assassinated, at least three times, by those blood-thirsty Italians; with many other veracious stories of the same nature.

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"And what might that have been?" said Mr. Orby, biting his lip.

"Three tea urns," was the reply; "I got the whole three for £4. 18s."

"Pray, my love," said her husband, assuming as placid an air as he could, "do you mean to set up a tea garden? We have already two of those engines of gossip, and what you mean to do with the other three, I think it would puzzle yourself to find out."

The conversation was likely to partake of the reserve occasioned by this *escapade* of the poor lady, when Charlotte Orby asked her admirer if he had discovered her cousin Frank, and where he had found him.

"Why, in the clouds," was the reply; "but I believe he descended to earth this morning, and is gone to pay a visit to Boyle's Court."

"Oh, how delighted I am," said Charlotte; and the whole party joined in shewing their joy on the occasion, which they expressed in different ways.

The lady who had just escaped the affair of the tea urns, wondered who was to be *the* Mrs. Orby now?

The colonel, drawing himself up, said, "I vow

to God, sir, a most auspicious prospect of *benignant* espousals."

Whilst Adolphus Armitage Newbolt, again took one of his old words into favour, by saying, that he was sure Mr. Orby must have reached the *apex* of felicity by gaining the affection of such a *monstrous* fine woman.

Every one, in fact, was pleased with the intelligence, and had not Mr. Orby been troubled with some unpleasant feeling as to the possible fate of his son Philip, he might have been said to be positively happy.

Let us now take a look at the career of this hopeful youth, and in doing so, we must use a little retrospection, taking up his adventure from the time he disappeared with the proceeds of his commission, or, at least, as much as he could secure on that account. On that occasion he returned to Portsmouth, to meet a person with whom he had lived for some time before, and as he came back with his hands full, was well received. This fair frail one had gained such influence over her paramour, that she at last persuaded him to marry her, and in carrying her plan into execution, she took very good care that it should be effectually done, and that he

dear Philip should have no loop-hole to creep out at. This great point effected, she gave natural course to her temper, that was unfortunately not of the mildest, and in the course of a very short time, Master Philip's earthly abode was no longer a *dulce domum*. As some variety to his domestic scenes, he met with Walters, who was the same midshipman that had assisted him in the hoax upon his uncle, and who had also been dismissed from the navy for some misdeeds. Finding the world wide where to choose, he had, as congenial to his own feelings, connected himself with smugglers, and had made two or three successful voyages to Cherburgh. Having a quick eye to business, and not being scrupulous about the means, he soon rose in that worshipful society of which he had become a member, and in the course of a short time had been entrusted with the superintendence of the land revenue. He had fixed himself in an obscure spot in the weald of Sussex, from whence he descended to the coast with his attendants whenever their services were required.

In one of his professional promenades he had met Maria Singleton, the nymph who had made such an impression on the boyish imagination of

Orby, and the same lure she had employed with him was again brought into play, reading a book and looking sentimental, under the "greenwood tree." Although Mr. Walters was not endued with much soft sympathy, he was struck with the appearance of the damsel, and learning that she lived with an aunt in a cottage in the forest, he found means to be introduced : and after a short time, to persuade the fair maiden to quit her seclusion, and to effect that purpose, made an offer of his hand. The lady, who found she had lately been playing a losing game, consented with sweet reluctance—became in a few days Mrs. Walters, and accompanied him to his rural retreat in Sussex, where she was not long in finding out the profession of her lord and master.

Latterly he had been so much pressed by suspicion, and such strict guard had been kept on the coast, that he began to find his situation rather critical, and having heard that he could procure a situation in one of the midland counties, the functions of which consisted in transferring certain birds from the preserves of land-owners to the London dealers, he had agreed to remove his talents to a different scene of action, and was at Portsmouth disposing of the

remains of his free trade when he met Orby, and a very joyous meeting it was. Philip, having forfeited almost all claim to the rank he held in life, was glad to consort with a genius similar to his own, and the feeling was reciprocal.

Philip, who had no particular tie any where, agreed to accompany his friend to his new abode, and thought from his own knowledge of the country he might be of service. The two respectable families were, therefore, to meet in London on their way down, and Philip, with his *better* half started two days afterwards.

On arriving in London, he heard the report of his cousin's death, and although it was perfectly vague, and might have applied to another as well as him, yet the ingenuity of Philip saw at once a field for his own invention. He caused several paragraphs to be inserted in the papers, giving various versions of the story, but all concluding with the same catastrophe—the death of the heir of Selby Hall. This intelligence he contrived should reach his father's family ; and having strengthened his own hopes that the fiction he had started was founded on reality, he had them in some measure confirmed by

finding at Frank's London bankers that they had no recent intelligence of him.

Having sent his wife down with his friends, he remained in London to complete his plans, and having, by dint of assurance and the slender documents he possessed, succeeded in getting three hundred pounds for a post obit of five hundred, he went boldly down to his father's, with all the proofs he could procure of the death of his cousin. It may be recollected that he met Stafford there, and the expressions used by him and his sister Charlotte were not forgotten, but treasured for a future day; and if the insinuation conveyed by them of villainy was well founded, he should take care to add a little by way of revenge.

On Stafford's departure to look for his friend, Philip saw no further obstacle to bolder measures. He in vain tried to persuade his father to administer to the property; but he endeavoured to fix himself at Selby Hall, as the heir apparent. The steward, who did not wish to give offence, and was at the same time jealous of his own authority, was doubtful how to act; he, however, had a bed-room fitted up for Mr. Orby, but on no account would he allow the rooms to be opened where the seals had been

. The young gentleman had, however, in the liberty of making use of the horses and carriages, and took upon himself, when from him, all the authority of the heir. He was, however, without some compunctious feeling, that the *real Simon Pure* would some day see his appearance, and he would fain have taken some decisive step to prevent such a meeting. When in London, he had bribed one of the waiters at Long's, to give him the earliest possible intelligence either of the arrival of Orby or his friend. In the midst of his projects he was suddenly alarmed by the announcement from an emissary, that Stafford was in Paris, on his way to England, as he had directed some things to be sent from Essex to meet him at the hotel. Though nothing was said about Orby, yet Philip's fears prompted him to imagine that Stafford might have discovered his friend, and that they were now together. With this intelligence, Philip immediately set off to meet his friend. He usually went over to the town, where, as related, his cousin changed horses, and having a gig, drove it to a small public house within a mile of the poacher's abode, and walked from thence.

The news he brought to Walters on this occasion was very embarrassing, as that worthy had looked forward, almost with certainty, to Philip's inheritance to make him independent; he, therefore, abruptly said, "But cannot you put this troublesome cousin of yours out of the way?"

Philip, bad as he was, started at such a proposition, and exclaimed, "No; not for the world."

"You are the best judge," coolly replied Walters; "but I think, if I was in your place, I would have very little scruple about the matter. Does he not stand in your way in every respect? With your affairs in a desperate state, and the inheritance smiling before you, while every one thinks the man is dead. Do you not owe to him the rejection you suffered the other day from Miss Paulett? had she not known him, or was even perfectly convinced that he was dead, you might have had her, and pensioned off Sally. How did you manage that matter?"

"Why," said Philip, "I believe I was rather too forward, and attempted some romping, when she immediately rung the bell, ordered the servant to call for my horse, and flew up stairs to

her mother ; and when I called again, found the door shut against me."

"And does not this stick in your *gizzard*, to be revenged for? I don't take you to be *chicken hearted*, yet you baulk when a hint is thrown out for your advantage. I'll be d—d, if I was in your place, if I would not soon settle this chap's hash."

Many other arguments, in equally elegant terms, were urged ; to which Philip replied, that he felt such a proposal go very much against him ; that suspicions would be naturally drawn upon him, and, besides, it was now too late ; had he known, indeed, where his cousin had been residing on the continent, something might have been done ; but now, how were the means to be found, free of suspicion ?

"Don't bother me," said Walters, "with all your *gammon* ; I tell you it as easy as for me to walk across the road. I have two lads here ready to do my bidding, and if you will only promise a cool three hundred for each of them, you shall not be troubled with this fine gentleman cousin of yours. And now, when I am about it, Master Philip, I'll tell you fairly, that if we do not come to some understanding, I'll not

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On their arrival he assumed, as much as possible, that stolid air of unconciousness, that served as a general cloke for what was passing in his mind ; but notwithstanding this, he quailed under the penetrating glance of Frank Orby. This added fresh rancour to the feeling that was working in his mind, and hearing the proposal, on the first day, of walking to Selby in the evening, he stole out to communicate to Walters this intelligence, who immediately laid the plan of the ambuscade in the copse, that was only defeated by the activity and presence of mind of the intended victim. The confederates, awaited in the utmost suspence, the result of the expedition, but were exceedingly alarmed on the return of their associate, with an account of the failure, and the capture of the fellow's comrade. There was no time to be lost in returning to the house near the common, and prepare for a removal, and Philip, in the bitterness of his disappointment, swore to remove Charlotte still farther from the enquiries of her lover. For this purpose, these two worthy friends started off in a gig, which they held ready for the purpose ; but by the time they got to a house, where they meant to refresh, one of the wheels of the vehi-

cle had been so much damaged that it was found impossible to take it on. They were, therefore, obliged to borrow two saddle horses, and set forth again in the middle of the night. It was thus a race between them and Frank Orby, and they had both reached the goal at the same moment; but the horsemen observing the carriage, and guessing the rest, retreated in time. They returned, however, in a couple of hours afterwards, when they found the coast clear, and were well satisfied the affair was no worse; but as they had no doubt that certain legal enquiries would be speedily made, which they would rather decline answering, they proceeded to pack up their goods and chattels, and with their two wives, who were put into a tilt cart, proceeded on their migration. Walters had been ostensibly a small farmer, and went about with poultry for sale. His stock in that way was all placed in baskets on his cart, and his man of all work, who had been so recently trying his hand at murder, now followed the vehicle in a smock frock, and assisted at each place where they halted in endeavouring to part with their stock. They had, at first, taken the road to Liverpool, but fearing that enquiries would be made in that

direction, they turned off short by a bye road, and after a somewhat circuitous route, arrived at Oxford. Here they sold their tilt cart and horse, the others they had previously disposed of, and took the direct road by the coach to Portsmouth.

On their way, Philip Orby began to feel some of the pains and penalties attending his misdeeds, as his very dear wife never ceased to upbraid him, when an opportunity offered, for having brought her into such a situation, as to be trundled through the country in a tilt cart; while, if he had known what he was about, and not trusted to others what might have been done by himself, she might, by this time, have been riding in her own carriage. At all the places they rested this was the constant theme, and more than once the wretched Philip was on the point of running off, to go he knew not where. When they got to Portsmouth they found a vessel in the harbour, which had come round from the river, and was completing her cargo of emigrants for Canada. On board her the wanderers at once agreed to take their passage, and try their fortunes in a new world. Berths were procured in the cabin for Orby, Walters, and the two *ladies*, while their follower

was accommodated in the steerage. The terms were soon settled, and they had only to employ the short time that remained in procuring sea stock. On coming on board, Philip Orby's wife met a man there whom she had formerly known, who was also going to emigrate and with whom she was on immediate good terms, to the infinite mortification of the unfortunate Philip; and his remonstrances on that head were laughed at, and recriminations returned, with interest, on his head. Worked up almost to frenzy, he had several times contemplated self destruction; which, in comparison with the prospect of the voyage in the society of her he had chosen as a partner for life, seemed a desirable alternative. On the second evening his remonstrances on her conduct were met by such a volley of vituperation, that he could stand it no longer, and having gone into the captain's cabin, (who was on shore,) and procured a sheet of paper from the boy, he wrote a few hurried lines, stating his real name and his reasons for the act he was about to commit; and then going on deck, and taking the first things he could find to give him weight, he lowered himself by the ladder over the stern, and might, as he passed

the windows, have seen his dear wife in very earnest converse with her late acquaintance. Most probably he did, as the party were immediately startled by the sound of something falling in the water, which, at first, was supposed to be a bucket; but the boy, who had attended Orby when he wrote, and had seen him afterwards go on deck in a hurry, gave the alarm, and it was soon ascertained that Philip Orby had left his cares behind him. Some men got into the boat that was alongside, and pulled about the ship; but it being quite dark, and a strong ebb tide running out of the harbour, their search was useless. On learning the certainty of her loss, his bereaved help-mate became outrageous, and would have leaped out of the cabin windows to join her *dear* Philip, had she not been restrained by her friends. After a great deal of sobbing, she became rather more composed, allowed herself to be placed in bed, and passed the night as well as could be expected. On the following morning she was making preparations to land, when she was persuaded by the excellent Mr. Bromham, her late found friend, to reconsider the case. She would land in grief and among strangers, whereas, if she continued on board, every thing should be

done to assuage her sorrow ; and Mr. Bromham with a devotedness seldom met with, offered himself to supply the place of the dear defunct. If it should be too much for her feelings to admit such an idea at the present moment, he would pledge himself at the end of the voyage to solemnize their nuptials. In making the offer, this generous person was actuated by several motives ; he considered that it would be a very pleasant thing to have a helpmate, while cultivating the *snow*, and a companion in the back settlements ; he had also an eye to the £300, raised out of the London Jews by the post obit. This he understood to be intact, in cash and notes, in the writing desk of the deceased, which would be no bad help in his future *location*, and that would furnish something in addition to a frost bitten nose, the usual fortune of many new settlers. He had, to be sure, seen one or two specimens of the widow's irritability ; but of that he did not make much account, being blest with the imperturbable sort of good nature, not to be moved or annoyed by any possible noise a woman could make, which he regarded not more than he would the sighing of the autumnal wind through a badly closed door. The arguments thus

pressed by her kind friend's arguments, and weight, and, after a few moments' reflection, she was agreed she should remain at home for the voyage by her kind friend's wishes, and, at the conclusion, she was rather happy.

This point gained, her kind friend's attention how important it would be during the voyage, that although she should be happy to take her part in case of any danger, still it would be better she should remain at home. These arguments were repeated, and occasionally reinforced by a glass of water. At length objections gave way, and it was finally settled, that as soon as possible before the ship was to sail, she should be afterwards should be the same as before, and become the affianced bride of her dear friend Mr. Bromham, who immediately proceeded to procure the license, and get all ready. These precipitate measures seemed to show the sensitive delicacy of Maria Wicket, who would at first, be brought to consciousness with astonishing haste; but at last, that standing power was induced to give her approval of her journey, much influenced by the idea that she would get

rid of the troublesome office of chaperon during the voyage.

Every thing went on regularly; to use the nautical phrase, the parties were spliced in that church where a three masted ship serves as weather cock, and finished the day by a sumptuous banquet at the Blue Posts; while, at the opposite extremity of Portsmouth, they were holding a coroner's inquest on the body of Philip Orby, which had been thrown up on the beach. This served as a shade to the otherwise too great brilliancy of the picture.

To get this estimable party off our hands, we shall state that they had a prosperous voyage to Quebec, and afterwards up the St. Laurence, where, if Mrs. Walters retained any of her early taste for reading under trees, she might enjoy it in perfection, provided she brought the books. On their first settlement, her husband, in a dispute with a Canadian *chasseur*, was shot dead; but as that is an excellent country for widows, she was not long in receiving the addresses of an eminent Peltry merchant from the north-west, and soon set forward in that direction under the auspices of Mr. M'Donough, changing her domestic avocations, from the inspection

of dead pheasants and partridges, to that of ermines, otters, and foxes in the same predicament. Mr. Bromham had hastened rather too rapidly to a conclusion when he thought he would lay his hands on the £300, in possession of his dear Sally. With becoming prudence, she laid out two thirds in the purchase of land in her own name, reserving the other portion for contingencies, and under this prudent arrangement they have continued to live and flourish in their new country.

We hope the emigration committee will give us credit for having *located* our friends so admirably, and shall return to B——, to observe the effects produced by the death of Philip Orby. His father had taken up a paper, with some sort of *presentiment* of evil, and his eye had scarcely glanced over its contents, until it fell on a paragraph, stating the melancholy suicide of a person who had gone under the name of Masters, but whose real name was Orby, by leaping overboard in Portsmouth harbour, the reason assigned being jealousy of his wife. This was also the first notice poor Mr. Orby had of his son's marriage, but it was confirmed in a few days by the arrival of a letter from him, found amongst

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CHAP. XIII.

WHEN the sad intelligence was conveyed to the family, she, of all others who had the least reason to regret the loss, felt perhaps the most. A sensation of grief, regret and shame pressed heavily on Charlotte Orby, while she reflected on the course of her brother's life, and its fatal termination. As Mr. Reginald Orby's house was now one of mourning, Stafford and Brod-rick, after leaving messages of condolence, took their departure for the mansion of the latter in Hampshire, where his friend Stafford had promised to give some hints preparatory to his master's marriage, and there we shall leave them for a few weeks.

As for Frank Orby, although shocked at the

manner of his cousin's death, he was not surprised at its having taken place, seeing the dangerous company he had got into, and their familiarity with crime; he thought, indeed, that in his case it was lucky that the adage had been reversed. As he felt neither love or esteem for the departed, he did not allow his loss to rest on his mind, or to interrupt the delicious course of life he had been leading of late, although he saw in it the possible cause of postponing the completion of his happiness; if that he felt now was capable of being increased. His passion, which had been in a state of abeyance, being now allowed its proper course, he remained in a delirium of enjoyment during the many hours he passed in the society of his beloved mistress.

This event could not fail of being the general topic in the small circle where Mr. Orby lived and it was treated according to the fancies or prejudices of each individual; some threw blame on his parents, others on his preceptors, but no one seemed much surprised at the catastrophe.

A batch of the worthy commentators on the news of the day, to be found in all country towns, had assembled at the reading room in

the Black Lion, and were giving every kind of colour to the late event, some even doubting its reality, when Dr. Waldron looking up the street and seeing that never failing *Quid nunc*, Ridgway striding along at a most vehement pace, "Aha," said he, "here is our polyglot friend in full career, and out of breath, he must have some weighty intelligence."

"I would not be surprised," said Mr. Leslie, "if he has seen the express from Doncaster; will any one take the odds against Mirabele?"

"No," said Dr. Williams, "I should think he has heard something about the cholera, which is of more consequence now than horse races."

"And I," said Theophilus Cane, "think that Mr. Ridgway has just come from the political union."

All these problems were soon solved by the appearance of the Universal Dictionary man, quite blown with his fears of being anticipated in his news. As soon as he found words, he called out, in a half suffocated voice, "The body has been found!" and as all waited further intelligence, he repeated, "yes; the body has been found, cast up by the tide on Southsea beach, and no doubt that it is that of Philip Orby; there has been an inquest."

"Well, and what verdict?" said Waldron, interrupting him, to give him time for breath.

"Why, from the letter he left behind for the master of the ship, and no evidence showing anything of insanity, the verdict has been given 'Felo de se.'"

"Why we all know," said Waldron, directly, "that he fell into the sea, but did they say who pushed him. Had I been on the jury, I would have given another."

"Aye," said the lexicon maker, "and what would that have been?"

"Justifiable homicide."

"Come, not so bad," chuckled Ridgway, "I must have that down for my Dictionary."

"What do you mean to stick the bodies of those who drown themselves in your leaves, like so many butterflies?"

"No, but I mean to insert an article on coroners' verdicts. Have you heard, gentlemen, that Philip Orby was married? I assure you it is a fact, that he was not only married at the time of embarking, but that he was so when here last, and courting Miss Paulett; I have it from the best authority. I saw it in the Hampshire

Telegraph, at Garrow's just now, as a comment on the verdict of the coroner."

Time, which spreads its healing wings over all our misfortunes, at length softened down the grief of the Orby family into regret, fortunately unattended with the knowledge of some of the worst passages in the career of their late relative, and the note of returning joy had once again gone forth. Stafford and his friend were on their way down to put the seal on their good fortune; whilst Orby looked with eyes of fire on the prospect becoming more immediate of his making Harriet Paulett his own, whilst her pleasure partook more of timidity; Mrs Paulett, with a sigh, when recalling to mind her own early days, looked on with complacency at the progress of love, and the enjoyment she felt was pure and unmixed.

During part of the interval occupied by the mourning of the Orby family, Frank regretted to think that his cousin Margaret should be the only one that could not partake of the returning joy. He sought an interview with her, and gently hinting that he was aware of the position in which she stood, offered his services to assist in overcoming those obstacles, which seemed to

stand in the way of her happiness. He learned that the opposition arose principally from her mother, who was very ambitious she should be united to some person of large fortune, as if it was in her power to choose amongst that class.

Resolved to assist his fair friend, he sought an interview with her mother, and as she looked up to him with a great deal of respect, the office of intercessor was not quite so difficult as he expected. He, however, found it necessary to throw in a sufficient allowance of flattery to the good lady, and to commence his approaches at a distance; by these means he gradually undermined her opposition, which gave way "bit by bit," until she had no other resource left, than by saying, "Well, if Colonel Orby can be brought to consent, perhaps I may."

In order not to let these two worthies put their heads together, the advocate for the lovers proceeded directly to the attack of his uncle. When he opened the business first, the colonel assumed an *official* air. "I vow to God, sir, a very serious matter, it requires a great deal of *preponderation*, and we ought to have much more substantial reasons before we proceed to an *ultimatum*."

"You recollect, my dear uncle," said Orby, smiling, "how long the attachment of these young people has continued, and the chances how miserable they would be both made if they were disappointed. As they will have enough to live on, and are young, with something to look forward to, we may hope that they will be happy and comfortable, and as they take the risk upon themselves, they will have no reason to complain if things do not turn out quite so well as they expected. I know you will feel for these young persons, as you yourself must have often felt the tender passion, and indeed, if fame speaks true, you were a formidable character amongst the girls."

In the early part of this address, the colonel preserved his unbending aspect, and looked difficult to be won; but in the latter part Frank had touched the right key; nothing flattered him so much as to be thought, even now, to have great influence *auprès des dames*, and any reference to his *foible*, (which he thought was his *forte*,) was sure to be graciously received.

"Why really, Frank," said he, with a grim smile, "you have argued this affair with so much *rhetoric*, that I begin to be a little of your way

of thinking, and I shall go in and consult Mrs. Orby."

Frank, however, who had thus succeeded in beating the enemy in detail, would by no means allow of this junction of the principal forces. He said that he had just come from his aunt, and obtained her consent, but that out of delicacy he had not mentioned that circumstance to the colonel, in order to leave his mind free from bias, except what should arise from his feelings of kindness and better judgment." He was tickling the trout again in the right place.

"Oh! well, Frank, if that is the case, I suppose I must consent."

Not to leave room for any after-thought, proviso, Orby ran into the garden, where he left poor Margaret in a fever of expectation, and taking her by the hand led her in to tell her father and mother, for what she little expected would be granted. He did not now mention the combination of the *higher powers*, but urged them on to repeat in his presence their consent to their daughter's union with Mr. Ravenswood, and he further persuaded his uncle to send an invitation to that young gentleman before he left the house. He returned to Boyle's C



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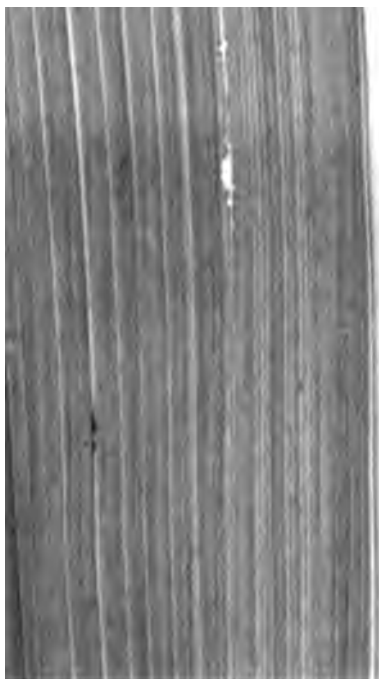
to Hampshire ; while Mr. Ravensworth and his fair Margaret went off to his regiment, from which he could only procure a few days' leave. As the latter stepped into her carriage that was to convey her away, her cousin Frank slipped a note for £300 into her hand, and then handed his bride, radiant with beauty and joy, into her carriage. They meant to make a tour of three or four weeks, and return to Selby. It had been previously agreed that Mrs. Paulett would try the air of Italy for the next winter, accompanied by her daughter and Orby ; they were to meet Stafford and his bride in London, and all proceed together to Paris.

During the absence of her son-in-law and daughter on their tour, Mrs. Paulett received a kind letter of congratulation from Lady Juliana Moncrieffe, stating that Mr. Moncrieffe would be detained till late in the season in town, and that if any accident should draw Mrs. Paulett in that direction, that she would be most happy to see her and the new married couple. This invitation was politely acknowledged and accepted before the London season was quite finished, which gave our friend Orby an opportunity of introducing his bride to all the f

ing in town, under the high auspices of La Juliana. When the latter presented the bride at Court, there was a general buzz of admiration in the circle, and the late King declared he had not seen, for many years, two such superb women in presence at one time. As his Majesty's decision in such matters was correct and final, it gave a further stamp to the celebrity of the fair ladies.

At the time appointed, Stafford and his bride came up to town, and the whole party took the departure for Paris, by way of Brussels. As Mrs. Paulett had not been there since she was a girl, and the other two ladies were quite new to the French metropolis, they had abundance of employment, until the fall of the leaf gave notice that it was time to move to the south. They, therefore, started in the middle of October from their hotel, in the rue Rivoli, with all the appurtenance of travellers, preceded by a courier; and having made a short stay in Geneva, passed the Alps, and descended into the plains of Italy early in November. After taking a view of all that was interesting in Lombardy, they proceeded by Bologna to Florence, where they arrived safe. They found Signor Angelo Pisani

in possession of all his rights, his uncle having died about six weeks before the arrival of the English party; and he had the satisfaction of presenting to his friend Orby his wife, who had arrived from Munich, and to congratulate him on his own marriage. He insisted on lodging all the party, and during their stay in Florence left no means unprovided for their pleasure and amusement; accompanied the ladies in visiting all the rare works of ancient and modern art, and was their guide in their excursions in the Vale of Arno. Having learned that Signor Luchesi and his wife had arrived in Florence, and that the former had been installed in his office, Orby found out their abode, and taking Harriet on his arm, proceeded to visit his late kind nurse and attendant. Poor Barbara was in raptures at seeing him, and to find that he had again looked towards matrimony. She complimented the bride by saying, that there was no one she would trust to more than Signor Orbi in the choice of beauty. Having made the kind hearted Barbara the present that he intended for her, and promised his assistance to her husband, should he ever stand in need of it, he took his leave of



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who had hardly arrived at Naples until she began to feel the benefits of the climate; her health had gone on improving, and was now perfectly re-established, and as soon as the summer arrived, he meant to return to France, and possibly take over his daughter to England, on a visit to her aunt. The ladies became soon attached to the mild and interesting manners of Josephine, who spent most of her time with them during the remainder of their stay at Naples, and was, on her part, delighted with the society of such amiable persons of her own sex. She accompanied them, with her father, on all the subsequent excursions in the ever interesting environs of Naples, and had, in a very short time, become as one of the family, so great was the affinity in her manner and sentiments with her new friends, and it was with a pang of regret, that she bade them adieu when they took their departure.

After seeing the spring well on foot, the whole party left Naples, and returning leisurely through Germany, arrived early in the summer in England, in sufficient time for an heir to the house of Orby seeing the light first in the land of his forefathers, and Stafford's bride was not long in presenting him with a like token of love.

Having thus brought down the history of our principal characters, we shall conclude with a slight glance at some of our remaining personages. As had been already surmised, the Widow Green had made sure of her mark ; or, as Dr. Waldron said, by shooting at a mark, she had made a dish of *ham* and *greens*. She walked off the bridegroom, after their nuptials, to sentimentalize on the continent. Their travels being directed to the north, they chanced to be at Cracow at the time of the Polish insurrection, and sat themselves down to compose between them a book on the subject, in which they expatiated on the horrible tyranny of the autocrat, and the unmerited sufferings and misery of the Poles. The gentleman furnished the sketches, and the lady worked up the pathetic, forgetting, in her extreme sympathy for the Lithuanians, having danced over poor Billy Green when he was dying.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie continued to flourish after a *fashion* ; he completed his work on farriery, which, under a feigned name, is in the hands of every sportsman ; whilst, out of the stable, the grey mare continued according to the proverb.

Doctor Williams still went on with his sto-

ries, which his rival called attic stories. And Theophilus Cane, between his political hallucinations, and the sublime of the *shop*, remained as absent as ever. It was told of him, but it can scarcely be true, that on the first day of the shooting season, of the year in which we close this history, he was met half a mile from the town, fully gaitered, jacketted, his shot bag across his breast, powder horn in pouch, and pointer at his heels, wanting nothing to complete his sporting apparatus, but—his gun.

Mr. Davis became a convert to the opinion of Chesterfield, that "being once a hunting was enough." He got over, in the course of time, that flagrant breach of morality, and became the saintly doctor of the place. Many *good* ladies came from distant parts to have his assistance in time of need, and thence he flourished.

About this time Mr. Ridgway was made happy by an engagement to furnish articles for a radical newspaper in Birmingham. It came in the nick of time, as he had been put much out of conceit of his Dictionary, by the analogy that his new invented words bore to the effusions of the neophytes of the Scotch church in London ; and besides he had, in his polyglot

labours, found the difficulty increase as he proceeded, so that, perhaps, if he had ever heard Scalliger's lines, he would have agreed with him.

*Si quelqu'un a commis quelque crime odieux,
S'il a tué son père, ou blasphémé les Dieux,
Qu'il fasse un Lexicon ; s'il est supplice au monde,
Qui le punisse mieux, je veux que l'on me tonde.*

Colonel Orby became gradually more reconciled to his retirement, and planted cabbages under the shade of his laurels; his son-in-law rose every day in his favour. When an opportunity offered, the colonel came forth with the money to purchase him a company, and when it was accomplished, pronounced it a *felicitous aggrandizement*. He now looked with some anxiety for the time of Captain Ravensworth's leaves of absence, as he learned, during those periods, the *wonderful* changes that had taken place in the discipline and clothing of the army since his retirement; on the other hand, he found an attentive listener in his son-in-law to his own former adventures. He initiated him into all the arcana of his government in the West India islands, and, as their intimacy ripened, gave him some details of the impression he had made, during his military career, on the hearts of the

ladies, which, by his own account, had been very tremendous; and even insinuated, that up to the present day, his influence in that way was not quite lost, although the immediate prospect of becoming a grandfather was rather a damper to this theme. Many were the histories he related while the captain and he were *tête à tête* over their bottle; in one of which he proved that he was not only renowned in love and war, but had, previous to the many military *avocations* occupying his time, turned his hand at a little poetry, and that he was the *real* author of those disputed lines, on a view of the heights of Abraham at Quebec, which commence thus:—

“ The brave General Wolfe, without dread or fears,
Marched up at the head of his bold grenadiers,
And what was astonishing, and very particular,
They climbed up the rocks that were quite *perpendicular*.”

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- Page 207, line 13, for put her on read put her on an
- 208, line 9, for entering read entering
- 246, line 13, for future her read her future
- 248, line 13, for vehicles read vehicles
- 248, line 6, for in Motor read in Motor
- 248, line 13, for main trides read main trides
- 248, line 17, for in Espagne read in Espagne

Vol. II

- Page 15, line 1, for Haves read Haves
- 92, line 13, for Haves read Haves
- 246, line 14, for equatic read equatic

Vol. III

- Page 85, line 10, for system read system
- 121, line 6, for picking up read picking him up
- 125, line 23, for things read things









